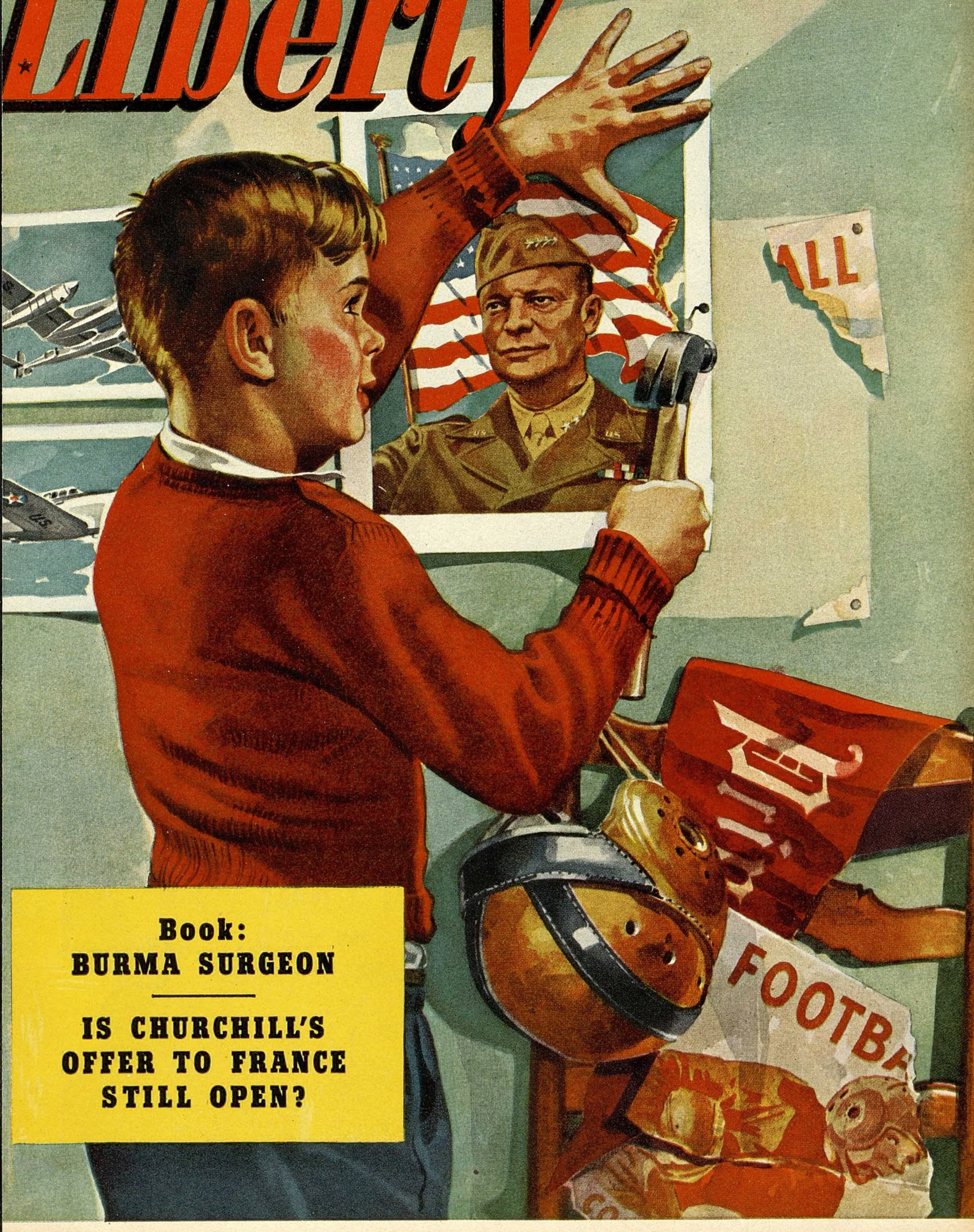
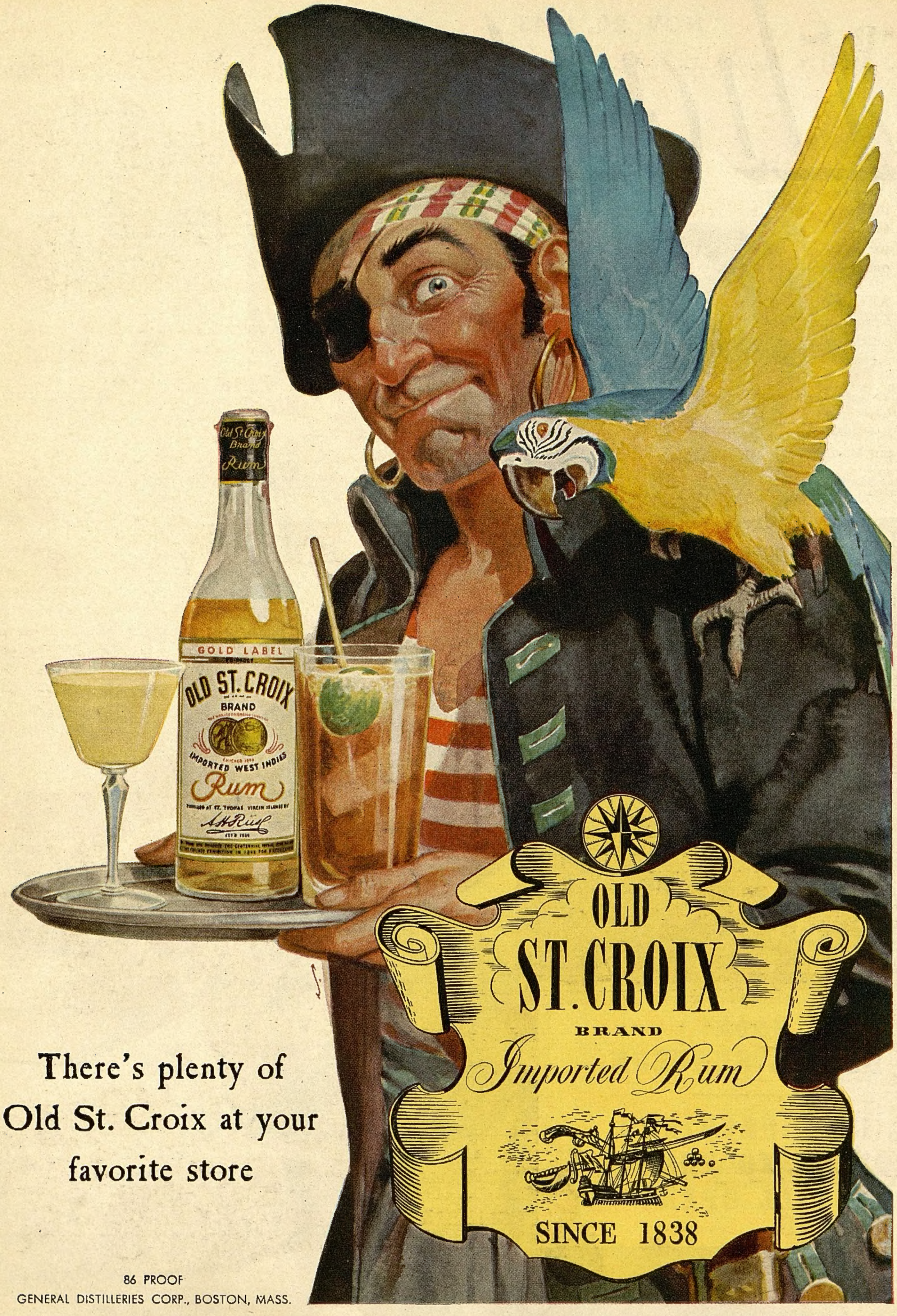
Liberty

NOV. 20, 1943
10c


US
US
ALL
FOOTBA

Book:
BURMA SURGEON

IS CHURCHILL'S OFFER TO FRANCE STILL OPEN?


Old St. Croix Brand Rum
GOLD LABEL
OLD ST. CROIX
BRAND
IMPORTED WEST INDIES
Rum
DISTILLED AT ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS BY
A.H. Riise
OLD
ST. CROIX
BRAND
Imported Rum
SINCE 1838

There's plenty of
Old St. Croix at your
favorite store

86 PROOF
GENERAL DISTILLERIES CORP., BOSTON, MASS.

"War's showing the public what QUALITY means in tires"

THERE'S one thing tire rationing has done for us Goodyear dealers: it has convinced many customers that Goodyears are even better tires than we said they were — by a handsome margin.

A lot of folks who bought Goodyears from us before the war are still riding on those tires—and mighty pleased at the mileage they've rolled up.

You can see what I mean from the Goodyears pictured below. Mr. W. D. Lostrom of Dos Palos, California, has put 50,622 miles on them since 1940, and there's still plenty of non-skid tread remaining.

Today numerous owners all over the country are traveling on Goodyears with mileages which equal *or better* this one — performance that attests the superior quality built into Goodyears.

You want Goodyear quality in synthetic tires

If you're a driver eligible to buy the new synthetic rubber tires now being produced in limited quantity, you'll be wise to get Goodyears. The same tire-building skill that has made Goodyears the world's first-choice tires for 28 years, makes these new Goodyears the best synthetic rubber tires that can be built today.

Bear in mind, please, that the tire shortage is still critical. So it's your duty to get all the miles possible from your present Goodyears — by having them inspected regularly, by observing wartime driving rules, and by installing LifeGuards to help prevent extensive injury from punctures.

When you see how much greater mileage Goodyears give you, you'll join the chorus that's saying: "*As soon as I can get new tires again, you can bet they will be Goodyears!*"

FROM OUR GALLERY OF GOODYEAR VETERANS

YES—50,622 MILES!

Note the excellent condition of the treads on Mr. Lostrom's Goodyears when recently photographed after 50,622 miles of service on California roads. Tires like these are striking evidence of Goodyear quality.

The New GOODYEAR

SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE
for eligible drivers

GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

BUY WAR BONDS to Speed Victory

A New Thrill in Radio
GOODYEAR "SALUTE TO YOUTH"
with Raymond Paige and his
Young Americans, Nadine Conner
NBC TUESDAY NIGHTS • *See local paper for time*

LifeGuard—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Always a Pleasure
COOK'S Imperial
American Champagne
American Wine Co. ★ St. Louis ★
Established 1859

BUY A WAR BOND TODAY!

MIDWEST'S
Best and ONLY Customer...TODAY!

THE French have a proverb — "The more things change, the more they are the same." How true that is of Midwest Radios! Once we counted our satisfied customers in hundreds of thousands . . . in every part of the globe. Today we have only *one* customer — America's fighting man. But you'll find him, too, in every corner of the world—and by his side, radio or electronic equipment built by Midwest, giving him the same dependable performance that for 22 years has made Midwest Radios an international favorite.

Send For FREE Calendar
An attractive International Time Calculator calendar will be sent FREE on your request if accompanied by 10c in stamps or coin for which we will send you a War Savings Stamp.

At Least 10% In War Bonds

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
DEPT. 29-A CINCINNATI, OHIO

In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER
Edward Maher, Editor

Associates

Edward Hutchings, Jr., *Articles*
Kathryn Bourne, *Fiction*
E. A. Piller, *Books*
Sid L. Hydeman, *Art*
Lee Pasquin, *Management*
Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood Rep.*

Staff: David Brown • Elsie Christie • Harry E. Dounce • Virginia Eiseman • Harriet Gould
Otto Kurth • William B. O'Brian • Daniel E. Wheeler

★ ARTICLES

John Bull Is Willing, *Johan J. Smertenko* 13
Carlson's Immortal Raiders, *Lucien Hubbard* 14
Booby Traps of Wrong Eating, *Dr. C. W. W. Hoffman* 18
Tonnage Finds Wings, *Isabel Leighton* 22
Sound-Track Star, *Michael Sheridan* 30

★ FICTION

Spot Landing, *Elizabeth Dean* 16
So Long—Short Short, *Bert Stiles* 20
The Fine New Land, *Leon Ware* 24
Destination Tokyo—Part IV, *Steve Fisher* 26

★ BOOK

Burma Surgeon—*A vivid, gripping book by Gordon S. Seagrave, M. D., abridged to a reading time of one evening* ... 31

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish* 10
Books in Review, *E. A. Piller* 46
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (*Unabashed*) 48
This Man's War, *Old Sarge* 62
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback* 69
Liberty Goes to the Movies, *Harriet Gould* 70
Crossword Puzzle 73

★ EDITORIAL

The Dignity of Labor, *Paul Hunter* 74

COVER: Make Way for a Hero—by J. C. Damron

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

PAUL HUNTER, PRESIDENT; EDWARD MAHER, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE BOYD, JR., SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, November 20, 1943. Vol. 20, No. 47. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York, 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow thirty (30) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1943, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

Free—THIS BRAND NEW MYSTERY...

To New Members of the Detective Book Club

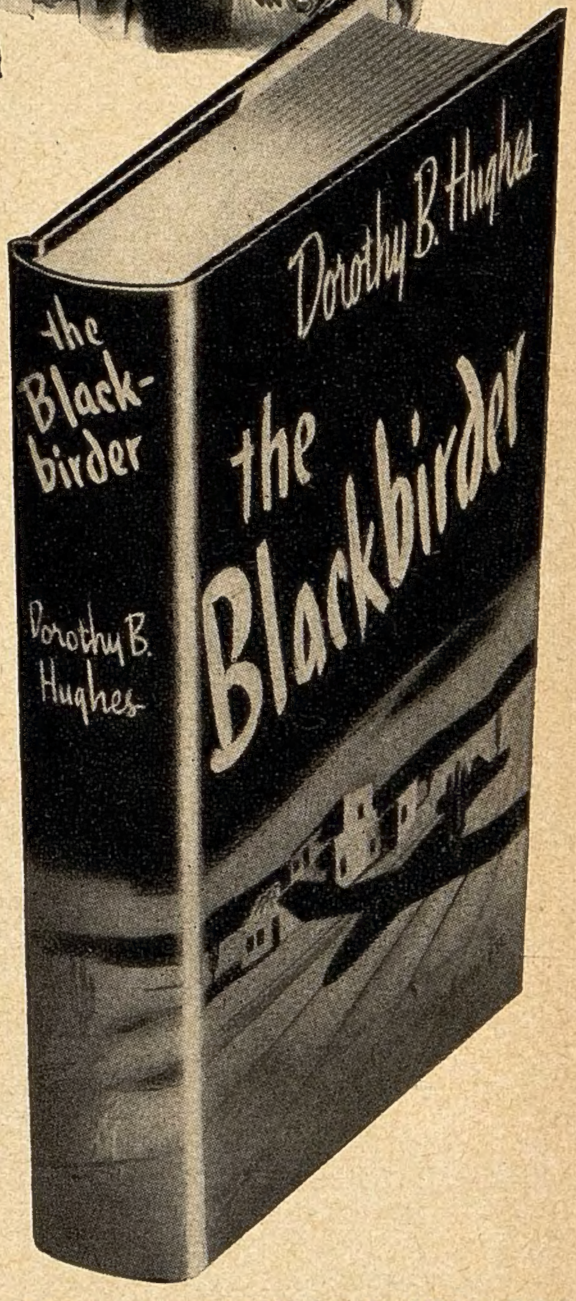
throbbing with high-powered SUSPENSE!

the Blackbirder

by DOROTHY B. HUGHES

author of the smash movie hit—"THE FALLEN SPARROW"

"YOU were with Maxl—the night he was murdered!"



Would You Prefer Torture by the Gestapo? Or Arrest by the F. B. I.?
Julie Wanted Neither—So She Fled to THE BLACKBIRDER!

WHAT would YOU do? Call the police? Tell them that the little Nazi sneak with whom you've spent the evening now lies murdered outside your window? Face a murder charge? Let the F. B. I. learn you have no legal entry papers? Let the Gestapo find where you have been hiding? Give up hope of rescuing your lover from the prison and a Nazi frame-up?

OR WOULDN'T YOU DO WHAT JULIE GUILLE DID? As soon as she saw the body lying below, she ran back downstairs . . . took from the dead Nazi's blood-soaked pocket the notebook in which he had written her name and address . . . and fled to Santa Fe, headquarters for the famous *Blackbirder!*

Who was The Blackbirder? No one knew. Yet it was whispered that if you paid him enough, he would smuggle you across the border into Mexico—by plane.

Julie's plan was simple. She would contact The Blackbirder . . . then find Fran and buy his escape . . . and together they would flee to a new life!

But Julie's plan had not included the limping Englishman or the beefy German waiter! Nor could she foresee that The Blackbirder *himself* was already making plans to take her on a long, long trip — —

But read *The Blackbirder* for yourself! It's the kind of suspense-packed mystery thriller that has a fearful moment on every page and a tantalizing puzzle in every chapter!

The Blackbirder is *brand new, just published,* selling everywhere RIGHT NOW for $2.00! But we want to GIVE you a copy, FREE—to show you the kind of topnotch mysteries you can get *every month* from the Detective Book Club.

How This Club Brings You The Best Mysteries

Each month this Club offers to its members an attractive triple volume containing THREE complete, full-length modern detective books—for the usual price of only ONE!

About 300 new detective books are published every year. You can't read them all. But if a mystery is by an author like Agatha Christie, Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, Dorothy B. Hughes, Frank Gruber, or Frances and Richard Lockridge, it's sure to be good! All of these and many other famous writers have had their books selected by this Club.

The selections are ALL books that sell everywhere for $2.00 each. Yet, as a member, you get three (a $6.00 value) for only $1.89! You do not have to take a volume a month—you may accept as few as four during the whole year and still save two-thirds the usual price.

You Enjoy These Four Advantages

(1) Every month you are offered the cream of the finest modern detective books. (2) You save two-thirds the usual cost. (3) Your books are delivered right to your door. Each book is fresh, clean, unopened. It will be right at your elbow, to read as leisurely as you please. (4) You receive volumes so attractively bound, that month by month they grow into a handsome library of masterpieces of modern detective fiction.

Mail Coupon Now For Your Free Book

By accepting this FREE copy of *The Blackbirder now* as a Charter Membership Gift from the Club, you will not be obligated to take every month's selection during the next 12 months. You may cancel membership whenever you wish. A description of the next month's selections will be sent you with each month's book, and you may reject in advance any you do not want.

Send no money with Reservation Coupon. To get this spine-chilling mystery hit, *The Blackbirder,* absolutely free, AND the current triple selection, address coupon at once to:

DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB
330 WEST 42ND ST., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY

DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB IQ
330 West 42d St., New York 18, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me FREE **The Blackbirder,** by Dorothy B. Hughes. Also send me the current triple volume, containing three complete detective books.

This does not obligate me to take every monthly triple volume during the next 12 months. I may take as few as four during this period if I so wish. I will receive advance descriptions of all forthcoming selections and I may reject in advance any volume I do not wish. For each volume I accept I will send you only $1.89, plus a few cents postage, as complete payment, within one week after I receive my book.

NAME______________________
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

ADDRESS______________________

CITY______________STATE__________

The new
Breezewood
Pipe
$1.00

A native-born pipe
is the new hit among
pipe smokers–Breezewood!

Right from the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains comes America's great new gift to pipe-smoking enjoyment. It's Breezewood, cool and sweet to smoke, zephyr-light in weight. Leave it in your mouth, fatigue-free: free both hands for your work. No wonder it's the big hit with pipe-smokers everywhere. Go to your dealer's—ask for Breezewood, buy yourself a Breezewood pipe today!

I GUESS IT WEIGHS 6 OUNCES
I GUESS 4 OUNCES
I GUESS 3½ OUNCES

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1¼ ounces.

Free your Hands for Other Tasks

The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you when working, driving, or whenever your hands are busy.

Copy. 1943. The Breezewood Pipe Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

BLOOMS FROM THE ORCHID PATCH

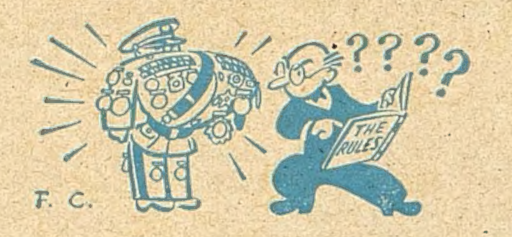
LAKEWOOD, OHIO—I just had to tell you how much I enjoyed reading Doctors Aweigh. (October 16 Liberty.) It is a marvelous story. Give us more like it. Hurrah for the courageous Navy!—*Julia Byda.*

KENNESAW, GA.—I want to say that I enjoyed the evening I devoted to reading Doctors Aweigh more than any in a mighty long time!—*Richard Crowder.*

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I have been reading Liberty for seven years and have no complaints to make. Regardless if it costs five, ten, or even fifteen cents, Liberty is still the magazine for me. —*Alfred E. Herbert III, S 1/c, U. S. N.*

MAYBE GENERALS DON'T KNOW

DALHART, TEX.—The portrait of General Eisenhower (October 16 Liberty) was an excellent one of the general. However, might we suggest your artist polish up on his military knowledge? Somehow we've always figured the D. S. M. came before the European-African campaign ribbon; and the Legion of Merit as well goes before it. Also, the generals seem inclined to wear their stars on both sides of the collar instead of wearing the U. S., as you have pictured, on the right side. How about it, Liberty?—*2d Lt. A. H. Dexter.*



We checked this portrait with an official War Department photograph, and the ribbons as shown agree with the picture.

MR. STERN EXPLAINS

BOSTON, MASS.—I have just finished reading Bill Stern's article Pressure in the Pinches (September 4 Liberty). He relates that Joe DiMaggio set his consecutive game-hitting record at Yankee Stadium against the Red Sox of Boston. I dispute that statement.

I saw Joe tie the record in the first game of a double header and break it in the second game against the Washington Senators at Griffith Stadium, Washington, D. C. I don't recall the exact date, but I think it was the 29th of June, 1941.

To further establish my claim, the picture accompanying the Liberty article shows Joe in the act of setting the record, and Joe is wearing a *dark gray* uniform with "New York" on the front, while the catcher is wearing a *white* uniform. We all know that the home team always wears white and the road team dark gray uniforms. Besides, the New York home uniforms have "Yankees" on the front.

How then could he have set the record at Yankee Stadium if the picture is captioned correctly?—*E. A. Herigstad, MM 1/c, U. S. N.*

What was implied was that Mr. DiMaggio made better than 60 per cent of that record in the Yankee Stadium. Perhaps it was not clear.—BILL STERN.

WAR OR PEACE?

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—In reference to George Rich's letter, One Man's Meat (June 5 Vox Pop), I wonder if Mr. Rich ever stopped to realize what is in the minds of thousands of his fellow men who are now on certain parts of the globe where the war is being fought.

Being one of these men myself, I can say there is only one thought in our minds every minute, day in and day out. That thought is war and the winning of that war. In my opinion, every American, both at home and abroad, should have that thought ever present in his mind until our victory is won.— —*Charles J. Sexton.*

Mr. Rich had requested fewer war stories, so we could forget there is a war on. Will some more Vox Poppers speak up?

YES, FOLKS, HAVE A HEART

FORT SILL, OKLA.—As a serviceman just on the eve of departure, may I make a plea to civilians to not use the long-distance phone unless absolutely necessary? With two hours to pack and prepare to move, I tried to phone my mother in Brooklyn good-by, but in the limited time I couldn't get a wire. And I'm afraid I'll have even less chance from the Coast. So have a heart, folks. —*Pvt. 1/c Tom Molloy.*

The telephone companies all voice the same plea. It must be hard to have to forgo that last good-by.

MOST BOMBED SPOT ON EARTH

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I have just finished your book condensation Malta Story (October 23 Liberty) and want to congratulate you on a fine selection and a masterly piece of cutting. I wonder how many Americans know anything of the history of the turbulent isle—set in the middle of the Mediterranean and the scene of wars and conquests from the earliest dawn of history. St. Paul's Bay is accepted as the scene of the wreck of the Apostle Paul as recorded in Acts xxvii and xxviii. It became, in 1522, the headquarters of the Knights of St. John of Malta, a fighting order of Benedictine monks vowed to the prosecution of war upon the infidels, the Moors and Turks, and it re-

mained a great bulwark against Turkish aggression until modern times. In World War I, as a British possession, which it has been since 1800, Malta was a most important naval base, and in World War II the defense of the island, called the most bombed spot on earth, has won for the inhabitants the St. George Cross of England—the only people ever to be so decorated *en masse*.—*C. E. Williams.*

THE FANS ARE AT IT AGAIN

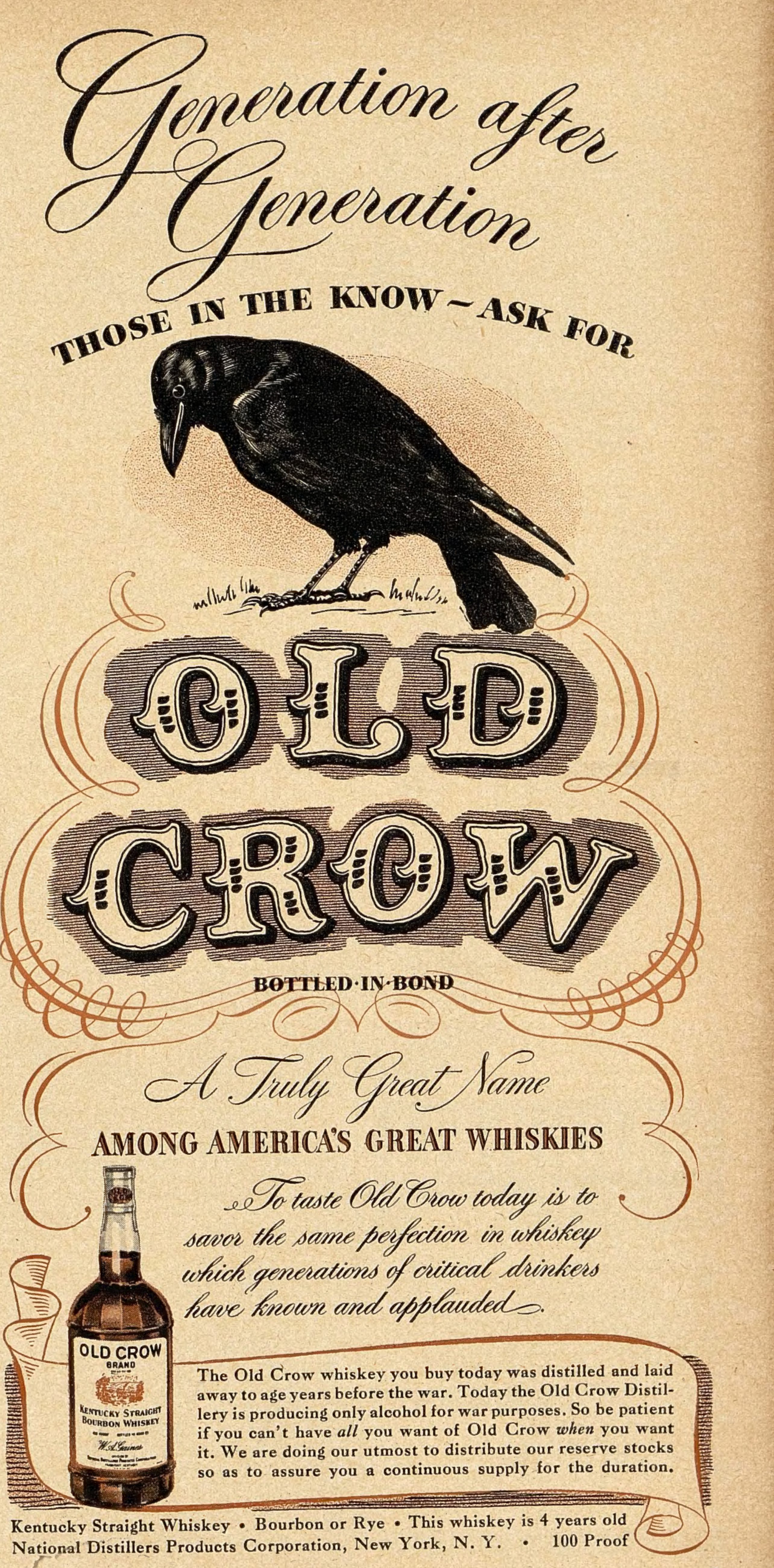
Long Beach, Calif.—
I agree with the note by M. Ayers;
Let me add my comments and most earnest prayers:
Let's have much more of Bing—
He really can sing.
Now, Frankie fans, cut out your glares!
—*Jean Webster.*

Detroit, Mich. — More of Bing — pleeaase!!! 'S nuf of Swoonatra!—*R. M. Gooding.*

Portland, Me.—One thing I ask. Please don't turn Liberty into a song fan magazine. The radio and movie

magazines can handle that. I'm so sick of Sinatra—nothing personal—I could swoon, but from boredom only. Liberty is in a class by itself as is (class A). Don't ever change it.—*Emily Morrison.*

Waterbury, Conn.—In October 16 Vox Pop there were some very nasty remarks about our beloved Frank Sinatra. Please publish our remarks: "We think Frank Sinatra is super. Bing Crosby stinks on ice."—Marion Causey, Helen Fitzgerald, Jean Smith, Margaret McKenna, Alan Edwards, Eleanor Maloney, Charles Byrne, Joseph O'Riely, Shirley Grant, Ann Anderson, Lorraine Lush, Agnes Butler, Joan Coleman, Betty Doyle, Bob Skelly, Angie Evangiluta, Ann Iris, Ann Nole, Loretta Pellitier, Alma Pellitier, Bea Degnan, Mary Dowling, Thomas Fitzgerald, Rita Scarino, Colby Fletcher, Francis Fahy, John McCormick, James O'Day, James Smith, George Smith, John Gorman, Joseph Gorman, James Gorman, Mary Lou Gorman, Loretta Gorman, Patricia Causey, Kathryn Causey, Robert Zabit, John Shea, Barbara Brown, Mary Duffy, Mary Fitzgerald, Peggy Sullivan, Mary Sullivan, Ann France, Kathryn Norris, John Maher, James Ryan, Irene McManus.



Generation after Generation

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

To taste Old Crow today is to savor the same perfection in whiskey which generations of critical drinkers have known and applauded.

The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have *all* you want of Old Crow *when* you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

You cannot Snub a Toilet Germ!

No use pretending a toilet is clean—just because you hate to scrub it. Sani-Flush makes toilet sanitation easy. Quickly removes film, stains and incrustations where toilet germs lurk. Cleans away a cause of toilet odors. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. *Cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is safe in toilet connections when used as directed on the can.* Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
For Cleaning Toilet Bowls
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

LOOSE TALK COSTS LIVES

MARKWELL STAPLERS

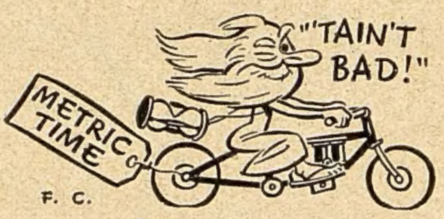
Staple Sam says—
FIRST WAR NEEDS—
THEN
FACTORY
OFFICE
HOME

MARKWELL MFG. CO., INC. NEW YORK

WELL, TIME IS MARCHING ON

Waterbury, Conn.—In Vox Pop for October 30 Harry K. Misner asks if it would not be a good idea to adopt the 24-hour way of telling time, as is done in the Army and by certain air lines.

It may interest Mr. Misner to know that in a very few years his watch may show not twenty-four but only twenty hours to each day, with one hundred minutes to each hour and one hundred seconds to each minute. Research engineers of some of the largest watch companies are developing this metric time plan and it is almost certain to come into general use.—*H. T. Haskell.*



BUT SOLDIERS DON'T STRIKE

University of Oregon—Corporal J. B.'s letter, Enemies at Home (September 4 Vox Pop), is typical of the average enlisted man's conception of what we are fighting for. As an individual he cannot be blamed, because of the exaggerated publicity of an insignificant number of strikes.

Does he forget that the right to strike is one of the freedoms for which we fight? I know—this is wartime. Still, industry, farm, capital have not relinquished their profit-making motives. Why should labor?

However, if a balance sheet were made on the actual score, labor has been the group that has come closest to all-out war effort, with nine out of every ten families in the organized labor movements having one or more sons in the service.—*Pvt. M. Chesy.*

THE HEROIC "TIN-CAN" NAVY

Care of Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.—I just received the May 8 Liberty and read that article Stormproof Fleet, by Alan Waxman. And I would like to take this opportunity to express my feelings and I know a lot of other "tin-can" sailors who feel the same way too.

Why is it that you folks always play up those men who just arrived in the Navy after the war started? We, the "tin-can" sailors, were sailing those same rough storm-swept seas long before the war ever came to the United States. We went out there on patrol—yes, neutrality patrol—and were the bait for those subs. Yet we never read or even hear a single story about these men and the jobs they are doing.

We aren't in the States right now, but let me tell you that when we are you can be darn sure that when *you* see a group of young men coming down the street "with that certain gait," you can be sure they are real tin-can sailors and not Corsairs. The way the author wrote that article, you'd think that those guys were the only ones who sailed rough seas.—*Lester M. Rosenthal, Y2c, U. S. Navy.*

With the record of the destroyers, there can be no doubt of the courage and ability of the men who man them, and in Atlantic Convoy, which appeared in the October 23d and 30th issues, Liberty paid a well deserved tribute.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

HE MAY NOT LOOK as if he once played basketball for Wisconsin University, of which he is an alumnus, and now finds joy in chopping wood with his little girl of seven at his home in Woodbury, Connecticut, but they are pleasant facts in the life of Johan J. Smertenko, whose keen and significant John Bull Is Willing is in this issue. Mr. Smertenko was born in Russia, came to this country when he was ten and a half, and, besides attending Wisconsin University, studied at the Sorbonne, Paris. He was formerly professor of English literature and journalism at Grinnell College, is the author of a biography of Alexander Hamilton, and is a member of the International Editorial Board of Free World.

TEACHING AND SELLING antiques were gainful occupations of Elizabeth Dean until she became a housewife and also began writing. She married a physician, but she says she could also use a lawyer, a geologist, a mining engineer, as well as a few others, in her new game of author. On the side, her son of seven keeps her pretty busy, as do one Scotch terrier, Tony, and a pet white Leghorn hen called Casper.

YOU WILL NOT FORGET Carlson's Immortal Raiders in a hurry—it certainly strikes 13 in these pages. Lucien Hubbard, who wrote it, was a tiptop newspaperman until he began to write for the movies about twenty-five years ago. At one time or another, he has been a producer for most of the big Hollywood companies. It was a lucky day for us when he ran into Colonel Carlson and got that great story.

GRADUATE OF Northwestern University, Leon Ware likes to do his traveling in freighters. He lives at the foot of Mount Wilson, above the Santa Anita race track.

THE EDITORS.

Liberty
NOV. 27, 1943
10c
Book:
RETREAT FROM ROSTOV
HIGHER PAY IS OUT—
by Fred M
G.I. THANKSGIVING IN ALASKA

NEXT WEEK

✓ HOW WAGE STABILIZATION BENEFITS YOU

By Fred M. Vinson, Director, Office of Economic Stabilization

Inflation is the toughest enemy we have to fight on the home front. Read why extra dollars can be dangerous dollars.

✓ TWO-WAY STRETCH

By John D. Weaver

Here's Rocky Ford again. If you're a man, you'll applaud his ingenious ideas on how to handle a wife. If you're a woman, you'll marvel at how little men know about it.

✓ AIR POWER ALONE WON'T WHIP THE JAPS!

By Ira Wolfert

A noted author and war correspondent gives us a vivid picture of the specific problems to be faced by proponents of the all-out-for-air-power theory.

✓ RADIO'S DIALECT QUEEN

By Earl Wilson

A hilarious account of one of radio's drollest dialecticians—Minerva Pious who was Mrs. Nussbaum to you on Fred Allen's show, and is now Mrs. Blossom Rappaport on Jack Benny's program.

✓ BARBED WIRE FOR THE DURATION

By Gregor Ziemer

How are American prisoners of war treated by the Nazis? This authoritative article should bring a measure of consolation to the families of Yank captives.

✓ BRITISH LABOR POINTS THE WAY

By Donald Wilhelm

What are the fundamental differences between British and American labor-union organizations? Donald Wilhelm says we can apply with profit the lessons learned by British labor.

✓ RETREAT FROM ROSTOV

By Paul Hughes

Liberty's Book Condensation

At Rostov the Germans were defeated for the first time in this war. This tense, dramatic novel tells the story of the people who inflicted this defeat—men and women whose courage changed the course of history.

brushless
MENNEN
LATHER SHAVE

He gets what he wants

Where our fighting forces go, their favorite products follow. All branches of the Armed Forces have their Post Exchanges, Ship Service Stores or Canteens, where the men can buy those necessities which make life away from home a little easier.

For the past three years, U.S. forces here and abroad have been asking for and getting ever-increasing quantities of Mennen Shave Products and Quinsana Foot Powder. Despite these heavy demands on production facilities, we have been able to provide our civilian customers with limited quantities of all products... excepting Mennen Skin Bracer, which goes entirely to the services, mostly overseas.

It is truly American that military authorities make available only those brands which the men themselves want. Thus, the men in service have the same "Freedom of Choice" that they enjoyed at home.

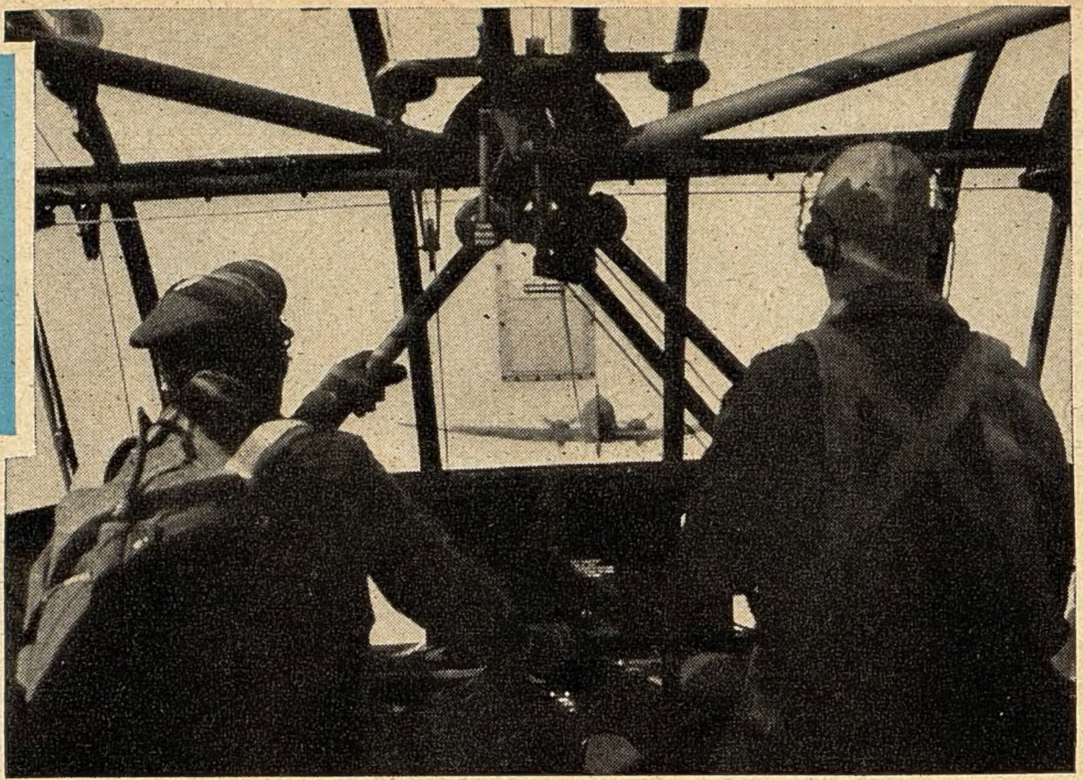
MENNEN

for men in service — for men at home

Novel Radio Program—
Ed Sullivan Entertains
CBS Monday nights
7:15 pm EWT 9:15 pm MWT
6:15 pm CWT 8:15 pm PWT

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



This is a glider pilot's view of the plane that tows him to his destination.

Plane Production

This page of On the Beam is being written in Los Angeles, where your correspondent is winding up a tour of aircraft plants in southern California—the greatest concentrated center of aircraft production in the world. If the Axis leaders could have made this same tour, they would not be very happy; for aircraft production in this part of the country is one of the inspiring sights of all time.

Don't be fooled by all of the discussion about manpower shortages and other production "headaches" of industry. There are enough headaches to wear down the most sturdy executive, to be true, and manpower shortages are in the offing; but the volume of airplanes coming off the assembly lines is very formidable and impressive.

One of the truly heartening phases of production is the manner in which each airplane model is being constantly improved. Changes are made without more than minor interruptions on the assembly lines—so many, in fact, that there are scarcely any two planes of the same model that are exactly alike. Each change makes for a more deadly aerial weapon, and the changes are based upon actual combat reports coming from the field.

Many surprises are in store for both Germany and Japan. When General H. H. Arnold, commanding all of the Army Air Forces, said bigger and better bombers are coming, he wasn't kidding. What the southern California manufacturers need now are more workers to boost the output.

Splash Bombing (Liberty Exclusive)

On this page we have told you about precision bombing, dive bombing, and skip bombing. Well, here's a brand-new story about a new kind—"splash" bombing. Source of the story is Major General Ralph P. Cousins, commanding the West Coast Training Center of the Army Air Forces, and the subject is one of General Cousins' alumni, Captain Thomas G. Lanphier, Jr.

Before the splash-bombing incident, Captain Lanphier had led a flight of Lockheed P-38s which sank a Jap destroyer with cannon fire, and he had sunk a Jap freighter by skip bombing with a P-38, which is a fighter, not a bomber. All in all, he has seven Japs to his credit. But let General Cousins tell how the captain got a Jap freighter by splash bombing:

"This is how it happened. When he sighted the Jap boat he had no bombs but did have a couple of 'belly tanks' full of high-test gasoline. So, with American ingenuity, he went to work. He dropped those tanks on the deck of the freighter and then sprayed the results with incendiary bullets, starting a pretty fair bonfire which destroyed the boat."

Under the wing of the P-38 are shackles which carry either bombs or droppable fuel tanks for long-range flights. Captain Lanphier proved he can get equal destruction with either.

First Woman Flight Dispatcher

The distinction of being the first woman flight dispatcher for Pan American Airways goes to Betty Jo King, tawny-haired twenty-three-year-old operations employee of the globe-circling air line. Flight dispatching is one of the very last fields in aviation to be invaded by women. Even now they are rare outside of the Navy, where Waves are being used at a few air bases.

A flyer with 100 hours to her credit, Betty Jo is a graduate of the University of Southern California, where she studied commercial aviation. She's a member of the "99ers," women's flying organization, but decided she could be most useful in the war doing a tough job on the ground, where men are badly needed. She had to learn how to transmit weather data to pilots in flight, supervise loading of planes for perfect balance, and familiarize herself with the route taken by the Pan American planes from Los Angeles to Mexico City.

This route is flown by PAA's Mexican subsidiary, Cia. Mexicana de Aviacion, of which able Wilbur Morrison is general manager. It is Betty Jo's job to talk to the pilots by radiotelephone in the sector between Hermosillo, Mexico, and Los Angeles. Before she took over officially she had to win her federal airport control tower license.

Davis Wing

One of the reasons why the Liberator B-24 bomber can carry such a heavy load of bombs (its manufacturers make the flat statement that it can carry a heavier load faster and farther than any other bomber in the world) is the Davis wing.

Considered one of the most efficient airfoils ever developed, this 110-foot tapered high aspect ratio wing was a radical departure from airfoils in use when the Liberator was designed. The wing plan form has just the right amount of camber together with a peak pressure point in the right position to make an ideal wing for a fast heavy bomber. Power-operated Fowler flaps are installed on the trailing edge. These slide out to increase wing area when needed for take-offs and landings and for extremely high altitudes.

Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation is exceedingly proud of the four-engined Liberator's record. It is on probably more separate war fronts than any other bomber, and cargo versions have carried many famous personages, including Prime Minister Winston Churchill and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

Strike Fund for War Bonds

Executives of Ryan Aeronautical Corporation of San Diego have tried to keep workers' morale high, but they hadn't realized how they had succeeded until the Third War Loan Drive was launched. Ryan's quota of $350,000 was reached in two days when the financial secretary of the CIO local announced:

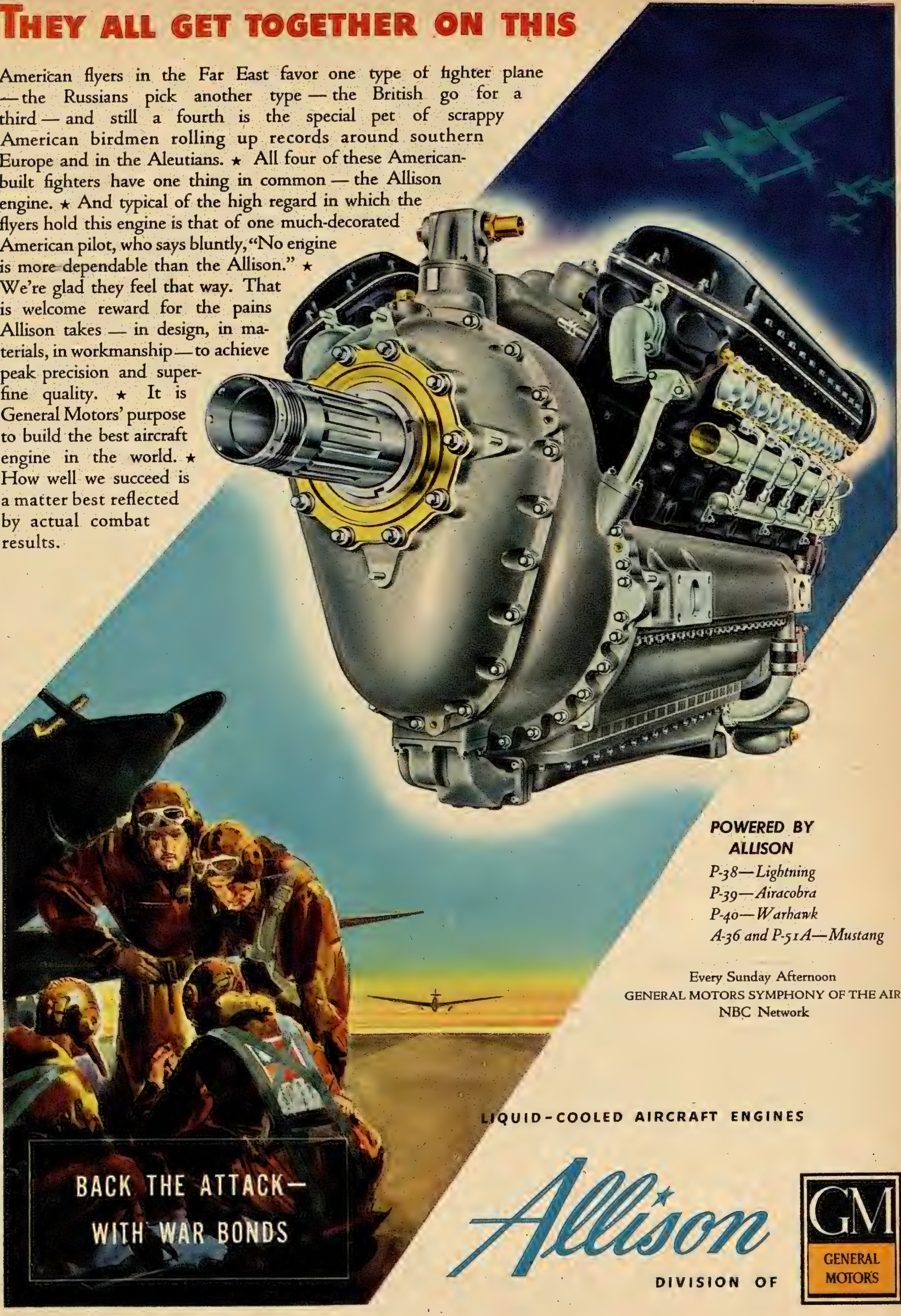
"We've decided to close out our Strike Fund here at Ryan, and put it all into War Bonds. We've learned that this company's slogan, 'Ryan is a better place to work,' really means what it says—and we don't see any need of a Strike Fund here."

The Airways' Lost and Found

Lost and found clerks of air lines have discovered that passengers leave strange things behind them when de-planing. Two passengers, a man and a woman, stepped from a transcontinental plane at Burbank each wearing only one shoe. Dorothy Roberts, American's lost and found clerk at Burbank, lists single shoes as the most unusual things left aboard planes.

THEY ALL GET TOGETHER ON THIS

American flyers in the Far East favor one type of fighter plane — the Russians pick another type — the British go for a third — and still a fourth is the special pet of scrappy American birdmen rolling up records around southern Europe and in the Aleutians. ★ All four of these American-built fighters have one thing in common — the Allison engine. ★ And typical of the high regard in which the flyers hold this engine is that of one much-decorated American pilot, who says bluntly, "No engine is more dependable than the Allison." ★ We're glad they feel that way. That is welcome reward for the pains Allison takes — in design, in materials, in workmanship — to achieve peak precision and superfine quality. ★ It is General Motors' purpose to build the best aircraft engine in the world. ★ How well we succeed is a matter best reflected by actual combat results.



POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
A-36 and P-51A—Mustang

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

Do you know....

How many G-E lamps on a four-motor bomber? About 200. That means something over 200,000 G-E lamp bulbs to equip a 1000-bomber mission . . . all the way from tiny bomb indicator lamps to powerful airplane landing lamps.

How many G-E lamps on a M-4 tank? 27 . . . about the same number of lamps that you would find in the average small home.

How many G-E lamps on a battleship? About 30,000 . . . made not only to fit special needs, but to resist vibration and the shock of pounding seas.

How many G-E lamps on a fighter plane? Around 50, each with its special job, from signalling to sighting deadly guns.

How many G-E lamps to equip an armored division? 60,000 . . . almost as many as are used in the homes of a city of 25,000 in the course of a year.

How many G-E fluorescent lamps in a well-lighted war plant? Over 2½ miles per 1000 workers . . . cool "daylight" for better seeing, better work.

How many G-E lamps for a life jacket? Only one lamp. But that one can be the difference between life and death for men lost at sea.

To fill the many needs of the armed forces, General Electric is making several hundred different types and sizes of lamps, specially designed for military use . . . in addition to lamps for war production and other needs. Each one of these lamps benefits from the same research and manufacturing precision that makes your General Electric lamps at home so efficient, so dependable. They're all *made to stay brighter longer!*

MADE TO Stay Brighter Longer

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC
GENERAL ELECTRIC
STAY BRIGHTER LONGER
STAY BRIGHTER LONGER
MAZDA
MAZDA

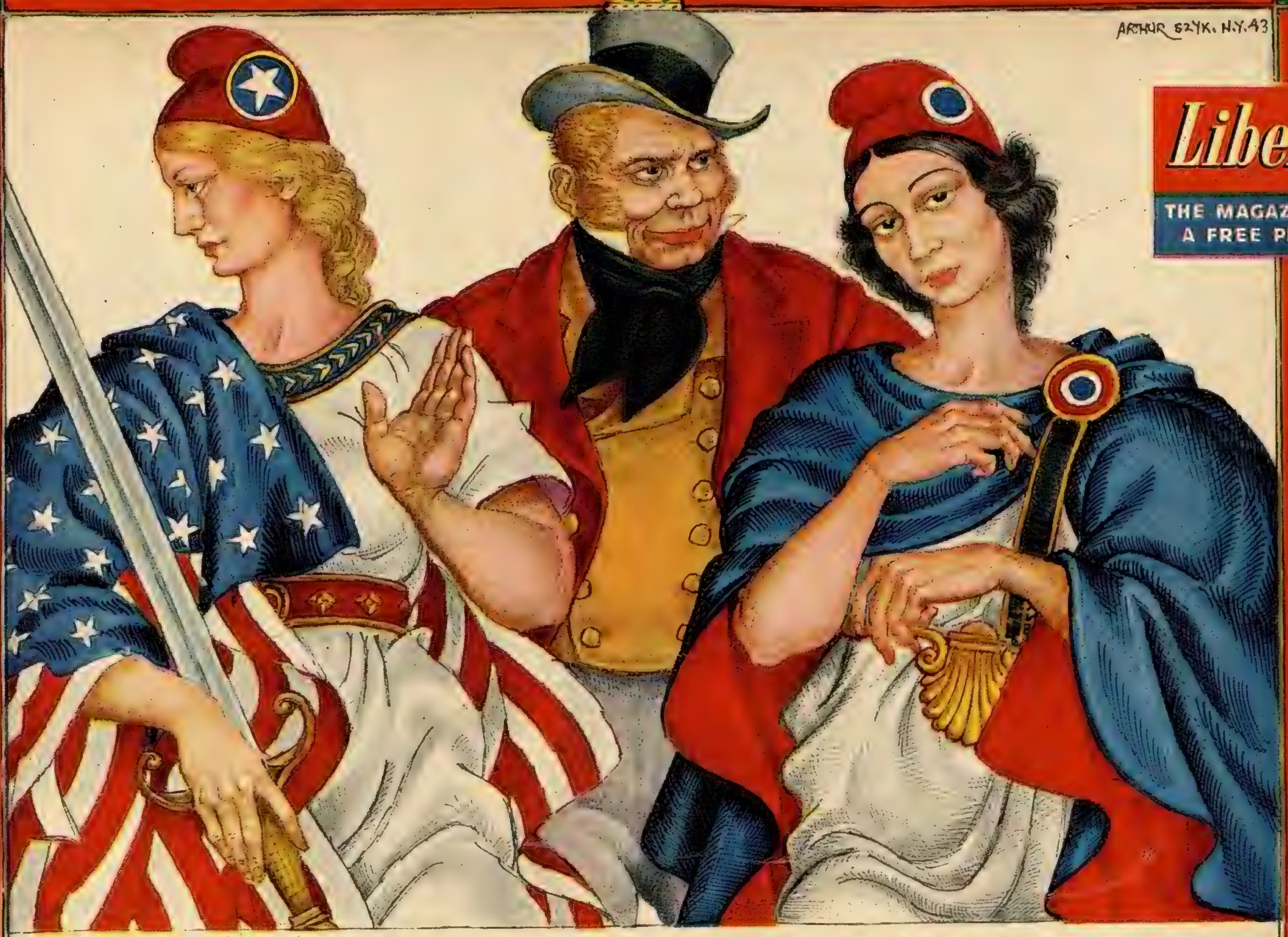
G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra", Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today" news every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.

Why not buy an extra War Bond this month?

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE



JOHN BULL IS WILLING

BY JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

CARTOON BY ARTHUR SZYK

Is Churchill's offer of a union with France still open? What lies behind the war's most underplayed story? A startling forecast of postwar British diplomacy

WHEN Winston Churchill addressed the American people on Labor Day, the war situation was at its brightest point to date. Even as he spoke, he had the secret news that Marshal Badoglio and the Italian King had accepted our terms of unconditional surrender and that within forty-eight hours the Allied armies would be invading the mainland of Europe. He had the heartening reports of the Ottawa Conference that increasing successes in the South Pacific had freed Australia from all danger of invasion, that the U-boat menace was licked, and that fresh offensive action on new and old fronts was mapped and timed to the minute. Most important of all, he had direct information from the Soviet High Command as to the precise strength and extent of the force that was pounding and pushing the entrenched Nazi armies out of their strongholds in Russia.

With these auspicious signs of ultimate victory before him, His Majesty's Prime Minister proposed a military alliance with the United States "for a good many years, not only till we have set up some world arrangement to keep the peace, but until we know that it is an arrangement which will really give us that protection we must have from danger and aggression—a protection we have already had to seek across two vast world wars." To be sure, this was an informal, unofficial statement made at a college ceremony, but no one in this country or in Great Britain failed to understand that if the American people and the Congress indicated their approval of the idea, this proposal would be made again officially with all the formality demanded by diplomatic protocol. It was also clearly understood that, once united in such an alliance, Mr. Churchill was counting on other factors, like our common language, to bring about "some day . . . a common citizenship."

Yet it is only a little more than three years since Churchill offered "common citizenship" to another nation. The situation then was completely different. While now we can see "the beginning of the end" of Germany, at that time the Nazis—and most of the world—believed that the end of Britain was clearly in sight. Norway and Denmark were in German hands, Holland and Belgium had fallen, and only the miracle of Dunkirk had saved the bulk of Britain's weaponless army from total extermination. France was on the verge of collapse.

On Sunday, June 16, 1940, the French Cabinet was in continuous session at the Prefecture in Bordeaux. Disheartened and disheveled men, red-eyed from lack of sleep, sat around a table debating the fate of their nation. Churchill had flown to meet (*Continued on page* 53)

Returning to Pearl Harbor, Col. Carlson, Lt. Col. James Roosevelt, and Lt. Comdr. John R. Pierce jubilantly discuss the success of the raid.

CARLSON'S IMMORTAL RAIDERS

BY LUCIEN HUBBARD

Hand-picked marines swarm out of submarines and onto a Jap-held island. Suddenly their long-rehearsed plans go haywire. What happens neither you nor the Japs will forget

THE island lay dead ahead of the two submarines, perhaps three quarters of a mile. Its dark mass could be seen dimly, even in the moonless and practically starless night. There was an unusually high sea running, with a strong current making along shore.

The submarines, running on batteries to avoid detection, held their position with difficulty, now backing, now clawing cautiously shoreward.

Hatches opened and men came in incredible number through the conning towers and spilled out on the decks. For many nights they had slept spoon fashion in wooden bunks built in every available foot of space. Their days, for the most part, had been passed in those same bunks—for there was no other place to go—poring over maps and holding classes, their instructors standing sidewise in the narrow aisles.

The land ahead was Makin Island, in the Gilbert-Marshall group, deep in Jap-held territory. The date was August 17, 1942. The day which was about to dawn would witness one of the war's first offensive blows against the Japs.

For six months the men of the Second Marine Raider Battalion had been trained for just this moment. They were volunteers all, and for every man there on deck ten others had been rejected.

For three months the chosen ones had been given general training in physical fitness, handling of weapons, methods of hand-to-hand killing, basic commando tactics. For another month they had practiced rubber-boat landings. All this was in California. Finally, on an island in the Hawaiian group they had laid out the exact dimensions of the island that was now bulking black before them, and over and over at night they had landed on the beach and overrun its stake-and-rope "Government House," "radio stations," and "strong points."

Now they were to put all their planning and rehearsal to the test. The assorted burdens they carried turned out to be radio equipment, machine guns, mortars, ammunition, and rubber boats now quickly being inflated.

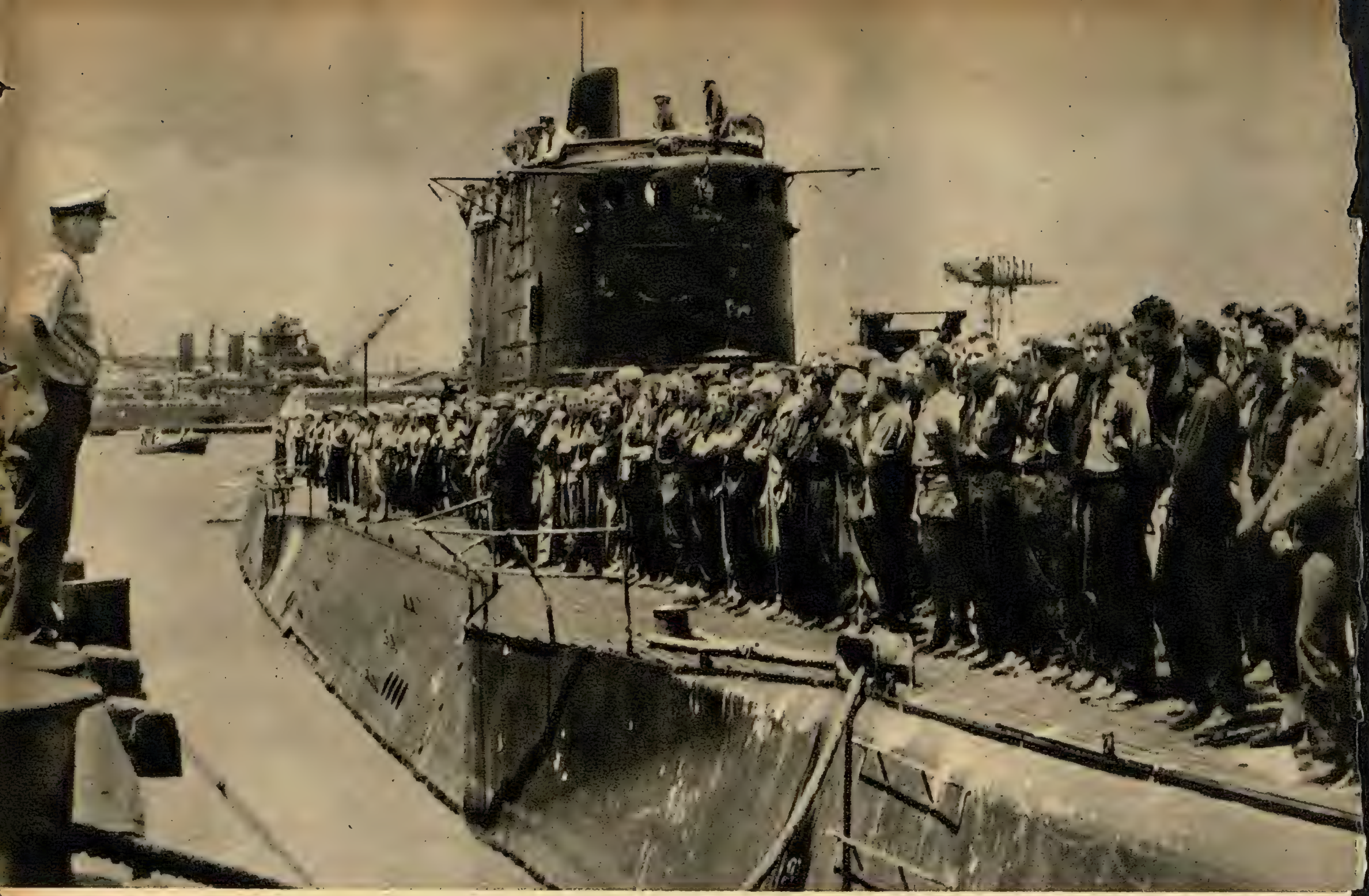
Swiftly and expertly the work went forward in the dark. The submarines pitched and tossed, almost disappeared beneath the surface, then rose high on the huge ground swells. Finally the raiders were afloat.

Then the motors of the rubber boats refused to start.

Tested dozens of times in normally rough seas, they had been literally drowned out by the torrents that now rushed from the vents each time the submarines rose out of the water.

So it had all come to nought—all the planning, the tedious days of rehearsal, the careful timing which was to ensure that all parts of the island would be seized simultaneously before the Japs had time to resist. In those crashing seas, with a current so strong it dragged the rubber boats flat against the sides of the submarines, it obviously would be impossible to reach their prearranged positions.

What happened?



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

Bearded and disheveled, Carlson's Raiders line the deck to receive the "Well done" accolade from Admiral Nimitz at Pearl Harbor.

The commander of the raiders didn't hesitate. "Pass the word along to all boats to follow this boat," he said. *"Gung ho!"*

He abandoned, in an instant, everything but the one priceless quality they had—the ability, through a unique course of training and indoctrination, to think for themselves as typical alert, intelligent, skilled young Americans, not military automatons.

The long, coiling line of boats inched its way into the inky darkness, the men doggedly wielding paddles. Instead of landing at many points, as had been planned, they landed on one beach just as day was breaking—any beach, the nearest beach, because the effort to reach the island before the current swept them clear of it was backbreaking.

They did land unseen; the Japs did not suspect that an American was nearer than Honolulu, 2,000 miles away. And they did get their weapons out, their boats up beyond reach of high tide, before the Japs discovered them.

Then not one of their prepared plans was feasible. They were in the wrong spot at the wrong time.

But in the next forty hours the raiders of the Second Battalion killed every one of the 300 Japs on Makin Island. They destroyed three radio stations, a warship, a transport, two planes, and 1,000 barrels of aviation gasoline. They withstood a heavy bombing attack by planes sent over from Jaluit. So completely were the Jap aviators befuddled that they attacked the portion of the island still held by their own men, causing many casualties.

Returning to the beach at a prearranged time, the raiders met the submarines and got aboard through the same high sea. They lost, in all, eighteen men in battle. Twelve others were drowned making their way through the surf.

They went back to Honolulu in the same cramped quarters. Coming up the bay, the battalion was met by Admiral Nimitz, who personally commended it for its achievement. Twenty men in the little unit were decorated—one Congressional Medal of Honor and nineteen Navy Crosses.

This Makin Island raid was a remarkable exploit, requiring a remarkable leader and an unusual outfit. The leader was Lieutenant Colonel Evans F. Carlson, and to understand the outfit you must understand him.

Carlson's Raiders, they came to be called. Carlson had started with these propositions:

1. There is no more basically intelligent human being in the world than the typical modern American youth.
2. War is a business.
3. When you hire American boys in any peacetime business, say running a factory, you use *all* they have to offer—their brains, their suggestions, their initiative, their enthusiasm. That is one reason we are the greatest industrial nation in the world.
4. Then why, in the name of common sense, should we not run the business of war on the same basis?

Carlson's Raiders, then, were organized on a theory of group effort, of true co-operation on the part of every man in the outfit, officer and private alike. Their record shows the astounding results group effort can achieve.

Immediately after the Makin raid the battalion was sent to Guadalcanal. For thirty days, from November 4 to December 4, it operated behind the Japanese lines and across Jap-held Mount Austin. Living on scanty rations of rice, bacon, tea, and raisins, completely cut off from the main American forces on the island, the Raiders killed more than 800 Japs, with a loss of but sixteen of their own men killed and eighteen wounded. They protected the east flank of the main American force, found and silenced "Pistol Pete," the hidden Jap 75 which had been harassing Henderson Field, and assisted materially in the final rout of the Japs from the island.

For this exploit—in addition to many individual decorations, including a third Navy Cross for Carlson—the entire battalion was cited by the Marines' commanding general, Vandegrift—the first time such a thing had been done since the heroic defense of Wake Island.

Evans Carlson, son of a Connecticut preacher, is forty-seven years old, gaunt, broad-shouldered, erect. His deep-set eyes glow with an inward fire.

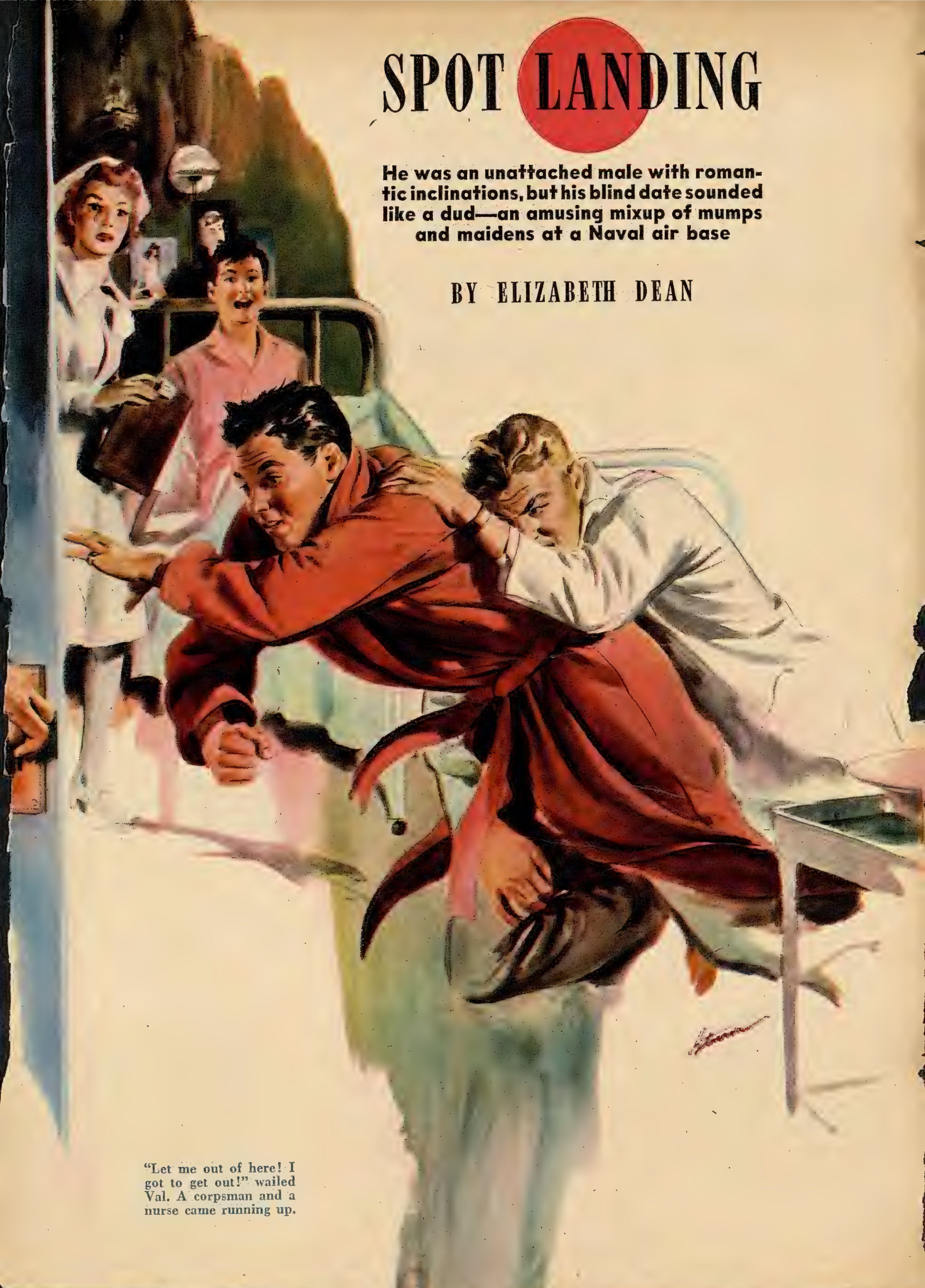
(*Continued on page 66*)

Col. Carlson and Lt. Col. Roosevelt display the flag which flew over Jap headquarters on Makin Island.

SPOT LANDING

He was an unattached male with romantic inclinations, but his blind date sounded like a dud—an amusing mixup of mumps and maidens at a Naval air base

BY ELIZABETH DEAN



"Let me out of here! I got to get out!" wailed Val. A corpsman and a nurse came running up.

AVIATION Cadet Valentine Simmons sat at a table beside the swimming pool and moped. It was a beautiful day, the Florida sky was hot but clear and blue, the PBYs were taking off and landing on the glinting water of the bay, the pool was full of pretty girls. But none of these things distracted Valentine Simmons. In fact, they each added to his despondency. It was beautiful flying weather—a five-thousand-foot ceiling, Val estimated, and no wind—but he wasn't flying. It was hot and the pool was cool, but he wasn't swimming.

Cadet Simmons' situation was crucial. He was being treated for an infected sinus, and in the meantime his class had finished ground school and started flying the training planes, the Yellow Perils. Not for worlds would Cadet Simmons have admitted being eager—that that was a sin, he had learned at E base. He could dope off from drill or athletics with the most chronic malingerers; but flying was different. Val liked to fly, and until the docs said his sinus had healed, he couldn't; his sense of balance was spoiled. And he couldn't swim—that might give him more bugs. And because he was under treatment he couldn't even get leave to go back to Cherry Point, Iowa. There were plenty of girls there who would be glad to go dancing with Cadet Valentine Simmons; whereas, in this accursed spot—

Cadet Simmons glowered at the girls in the pool and padded back to the bar for another coke.

Because part of Cadet Simmons' mope had to do with girls, babes, flirts, wrens. There weren't any. The deceptive creatures in the pool were married, all married, to ensigns, lieutenants, doctors, commanders, dentists, even to captains. There weren't any girls in town either, because there, as soon as a girl graduated from high school, she promptly married some one on the station. Val's roommate, Johnny Buckley, had figured that out. But the situation wasn't crucial for Johnny. He was flying; he had something to do with his time.

Val plodded back to his table and found it occupied by two pretty, dripping creatures.

"Oh," said the blonde curly one, "did we take your table?"

Val could have said, "Not at all," with dignity, and have walked away. He thought of that, but the black curly one was giving him the eye, daring him to say it was his table.

"You sure did," Val grinned, "but I don't mind. If you'll give me back a piece of it."

Val knew it was useless, but it didn't do any harm to pretend, did it, that he might get somewhere with the Blonde? The Blonde had dimples. They showed as she said, "Sit down. You're among friends."

"Sure," said Blackie. "Sit down and tell us the story of your life."

A smarty, eh? Val ignored her. "How about a coke or a beer or a sandwich?"

They settled for a coke.

Val bought the cokes with mixed feelings. He'd willingly buy the Blonde a dozen, but the Other wasn't worth a nickel of any man's money. He wondered if there was any way of getting rid of her, short of pushing her in the pool. And she would probably float like a rubber boat.

"The nice thing about the Navy," the Blonde was saying, "is all the cokes."

Val's spirits went up a degree. She hadn't said, "The nice thing about *being in* the Navy—" There was just a chance; she *could be* visiting some one. Val knew all he had to do was ask, but he didn't want to break the dream.

"I bet," the Blonde was going on, "there isn't a single coke in Estes Park, but," she added wistfully, "I bet it's cool there."

Val knew how she felt; that was his country too, almost.

"Boy," he said, "I bet it is. I bet they're sleeping under blankets at Grand Lake. That's where we've gone"—he tried not to sound superior, though of course there was no comparison between Estes and Grand Lake—"every summer since I was a kid."

"Years and years," said Blackie.

Val scorned her. "We go for the sailing."

"Don't tell me"—you couldn't keep her quiet—"that you gave your yacht to the Navy."

Val felt like taking a pop at her. "The captain," he said instead, "used to go to Grand Lake too. He had us over for dinner a couple of weeks ago—me and Johnny Buckley; he's my roommate and I cut him in—"

Val broke off and stood up quickly, joyfully, because Blackie was getting up.

"I will leave you," she said, "to your reminiscences and apple polishing. Did you know," she added, "that the captain's kids have got the mumps?"

"Wouldn't you know it!" Val forgot for a moment the line he was on. "Some captains have sixteen-year-old daughters, but ours has a bunch of brats."

"*Army* brats," corrected the Blonde. "It's Navy *juniors*. I've only been here a month, but I've found that out."

Val went back to work. "I've been here a month too," he said, trying to make it sound as though that was the least they had in common.

"And there does seem to be a shortage of girls."

"Girls!" Val spoke as though he threw them away by the dozen. "I don't need any girls, now that I've met you." It was corny, Val knew, but he'd used it before.

APPARENTLY the Blonde hadn't heard him. She was looking up, waving to two men who were approaching. Even in their trunks, Val knew them. One was Dr. Purvis, and one was in charge of Val's sinuses, Dr. Trask.

"Hello, darling," said Dr. Trask.

"Where's Sadie?" asked Purvis.

The Blonde made a gesture toward the bathhouse to take care of Sadie and said, "Hello, darling," to Dr. Trask.

Val was standing up, because they were, of course, superior officers.

"Well, well," said Dr. Trask. "How's the head, Simmons?"

"Better, sir," said Val.

"Sit down," Trask went on. "You've met my wife?"

"He bought us a coke," said Mrs. Trask, "and said the nicest things about you."

She was a pal, anyway, though really too old.

"Well," Dr. Trask moved over to the edge of the pool, "we'll have you up and about in a few more days."

Trask dived into the pool. Purvis followed him with a big splash.

"My name's Ruth," said Mrs. Trask. "Ed pointed you out to me one day. He was sort of worried about you. He worries about all the cadets."

She didn't say because they were young and sometimes lonesome and pathetic.

"Oh, I'm really all right," he said. "I could be out now, only they keep you in there—"

—"to make it look as though they were doing something?"

Val took a swallow of coke, because, of course, that was the scuttle butt about the docs.

"Oh," he conceded, "you have to have the docs in case of a crash."

He was very young, Ruth Trask thought, and probably lonesome, or he wouldn't have talked to her and Sadie, but she didn't think he was very pathetic. However, he would do. You had to start somewhere. You simply couldn't take a nice girl to the Saturday-night dance and throw her to the wolves. You had to get her one date; after that, it was up to her.

"I HAVE a young cousin," she said, "who is coming to visit me—"

"Honest?" Val leaned forward. "An honest-to-heck babe that hasn't been spoken for?" Val knew he was being eager, but he didn't care; this woman was a pal. "No kid'," he went on. "When? Can I be first on the list? I'd be a well man if I could have just one date."

Dr. Trask came dripping out of the pool.

"I was telling him about Mary-Ellen."

"Thank heaven," said the doctor. "Will he take her off my hands so I don't have to dance with her?"

"Why, Ed, you like to dance."

"Not with Mary-Ellen I don't."

Val thought probably all the doc could do was waltz.

"Have him come to dinner. I'll even pour him a drink if he doesn't have a temperature."

"Darling, that's white of you." Ruth showed her dimples. She turned to Val. "Saturday, six-thirtyish?"

"Lady," said Val, "you can count on me. I'll be on time. Sir," to Dr. Trask, "this is mighty nice of you."

"Don't thank me. Wait until you've seen Mary-El."

Hey, Val thought, what was this? The doc talked as though there was something wrong with this girl.

"Darling, don't be absurd. Hello, presh! Feeling better?"

Blackie, née Sadie, was back.

"And while I think of it," Mrs. Trask went on, "come to dinner Saturday, for Mary-Ellen. Cadet Simmons is taking her to the dance."

Sadie sat down. "Anything for a free meal," she said, "even your cooking." She looked Val over speculatively. "Has Mary-El still got braces on her teeth? Stand up," she commanded Val before Ruth could answer her. "Mm, she *may* not be any taller than you—"

"Precious," Ruth's voice was disturbed, "Mary-Ellen hasn't worn braces for *years*, and she's not *that* tall. You'll have the poor lad wishing he hadn't said he'd come."

Dr. Purvis heaved himself up on the edge of the pool beside them. "Hello, boys and girls. What's the argument?"

"Look," Sadie began. "You remember Ruth's cousin, Mary-Ellen, the summer we were up there?"

"Sure do. Is she the tall skinny one?"

"There, I told you!"

It seemed to Val that Sadie shrieked with glee. He, Val, was growing numb.

"What about her? Has she had that harelip or crossed eyes or whatever it was wrong with her fixed?"

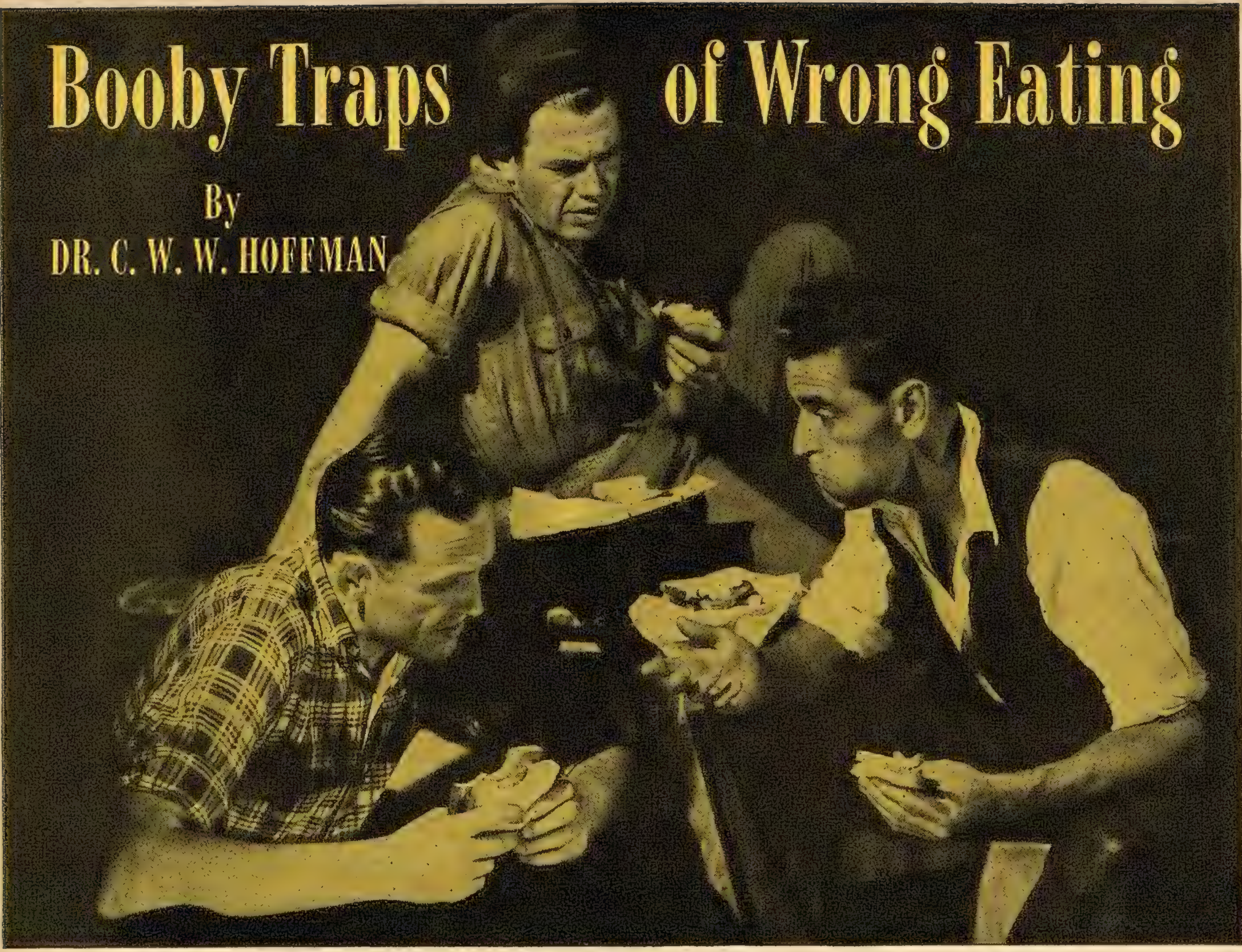
"You two devils!" Ruth Trask saw

(*Continued on page 59*)

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON

Booby Traps of Wrong Eating

By DR. C. W. W. HOFFMAN



Feeling low and listless? Maybe you're the victim of "hidden hunger," the insidious ailment that is sapping the energy of millions. A noted nutritionist tells how to prevent it

NOT all the booby traps are on the battlefield. The foods which taste best to you and which you go for day after day may contain elements of danger as great as the most devastating booby trap.

They don't blow up in your face, of course, but if your stomach could talk it would beg you to consider what irreparable damage you are doing by your foolish selection of wrong food. It would tell you that you can't do a day's work day after day on only coffee, doughnuts, candy bars, dried-out white-bread sandwiches, and pop.

Aside from the fact that you feel uncomfortable and breathless and your funeral has been moved up a few years, there is another important factor to consider. An unsound diet reduces your mental and physical efficiency. Although your stomach does not cry out in a loud voice, it does protest with a dull achy feeling, a deep gnawing pain, or by just refusing to accept any more food. It is trying to tell you, "Give me the food I need."

Finally that day comes when you feel the full impact of the booby traps of wrong eating. You have real pain, a terrifying "all-gone" feeling, cold clammy sweats—and, boys and girls, you are really sick. It has happened—the trap has sprung and it has put you out of commission. *You* are an *absentee*, unwittingly sabotaging the nation's war effort.

You are the victim of a new disease "hidden hunger"—a deadly enemy which saps your strength and vitality so gradually that, before you are aware of what has happened, you are a liability to your employer, your family, and yourself.

In fact, the slackening of efficiency in your job is often the first symptom of hidden hunger. Your work actually suffers before your system shows any evidence of nutritional deficiency, before even a physician can find anything wrong with you. But the organic signs are not long in coming.

In any other game you would be out for good. But Nature is good to her children. She gives them the fourth strike, and this time you cannot afford to miss. So you call a doctor, and you learn why you cannot live on coffee and doughnuts for breakfast, and candy bars, sandwiches, and pop for lunch, and work the hours you do.

Your doctor is patient. He explains that you are suffering from a latent nutritional deficiency—which, translated, means you have been trying to run your body on short rations. You feel down in the mouth, under the weather, below par—or just tired to death.

You are not alone. More than 40 per cent of the boys selected for induction into the Army in the first draft were rejected, and 90 per cent of those rejected were suffering from diseases traceable to faulty nutrition.

These facts galvanized your government to action. It called a Nutritional Conference in Washington. More than 2,000 nutrition-minded physicians, biochemists, dietitians, and others gathered to help solve this pressing problem. They decided that although we were the best fed nation in the world, something was wrong with our diet.

They set the standards for the daily minimum requirements of essential vitamins, minerals, and other protective foods your body needs each day. They broadcast these facts, and all over the United States many people became diet-conscious and did something about it.

In turn, it did something for them. In one large aircraft plant, 506 men, "guinea pigs" for an experiment in supplementary feeding, immediately reflected the benefits of the vitamins and minerals they took. Production in that unit went up 33 per cent, absenteeism was cut 90 per cent, and waste was down 37 per cent.

The underlying philosophy of modern nutrition is not new. It was outlined four hundred years ago, in the city of Venice, by a man whose determined courage and resolution changed, as if by magic, his broken and disease-ravaged body into one of rugged health, and won a serenity of mind theretofore unknown to him. His name was Luigi Cornaro. His four health discourses on The Art of Living Long, written at the ripe old ages of eighty-two, eighty-six, ninety-one, and ninety-five respectively, earned for him everlasting acclaim.

Boiled down, Cornaro's health philosophies add up to this:

Habit is the governing factor in the universe, compelling man to practice and think as he does. Moreover, habit often triumphs over reason. Health can be a habit. Some people actually enjoy ill health. Ill health can be a bad habit and an escape from reality, much as a drunkard uses liquor to drown his sorrow.

Unfortunately, the chains of habit are much too small to be seen before they become too strong to be broken. Every one, including you, has intended to do something about his health and wrong eating habits, but you and I know the road to hell is paved with good intentions.

In the matter of what to eat, a man cannot be a perfect physician to any one save himself alone. Therefore it behooves us to examine our own eating habits. It is simple and logical deduction that any one, by dint of experimenting and experience, can acquire a perfect knowledge of his own constitution and of its most hidden and peculiar qualities.

In this way we find out what food, what drink, and what quantities of each agree with our system. It is impossible to have equally accurate knowledge of these things in another person, since it is only with difficulty we discover them in ourselves.

Cornaro proved that not to satiate oneself with food was the art of radiant health. He observed what foods agreed with him, and exploded that old proverb, "Whatever tasteth good will nourish and strengthen." Life began at forty for Cornaro, who substituted good eating habits for bad.

WITHOUT any modern research laboratories, without the vast knowledge and understanding of nutrition we have today, without knowing one vitamin from another, this simple man, broken in health before the age of forty, lived nearly a hundred years. His teachings served as a guide for thousands, among them Thomas Edison's great-grandfather, who followed Cornaro's rules of eating and lived to be over one hundred years of age. Thomas Edison's grandfather and father followed the great-grandfather's example and lived over ninety years.

Edison himself was an adherent of Cornaro's teachings, and though it was said he slept but four hours daily, he lived to be eighty-four in a civilization where the demands on mind and body were becoming more and more devitalizing.

How far the influence of Cornaro's teachings may have been felt is unknown, but you might be reading this by candle- or lamplight were it not for the fact that the brain cells of a genius like Edison were nourished by simple foods, not stagnated and saturated by the poisons of autointoxications.

If Cornaro and Edison had followed the same eating habits as the majority of industrial workers today, they would not have lived long enough to collect their social security—if there had been social security in their times.

Even grandma had a distinct advantage over her grandchildren. She did not know anything about vitamins and minerals, but she lived to a ripe old age. She was not exposed to the over-refining of food and the improper cooking characteristic of our hurry-up modern civilization.

A few years ago the only way little Billy could get his A-B-Cs of diet was in alphabet soup. But with the advent of war came a newer knowledge of nutrition which brought to light many revealing facts.

Let us go back a year before the war and look into a situation that then existed. It is almost unbelievable, but every word of it is true. It is the story of the children of Obion County, Tennessee, in the fall of 1940.

In Obion County the land is rich, producing crops that are well above the average yield. The county has good homes, and the people are good old American stock; their Scotch and English ancestors trekked there into a wilderness five generations ago. Obion County was selected by the United States Bureau of Education for an experimental program in family life mainly because it holds its head high and is a county that derives its sustenance directly from the soil—good country food and plenty of it.

Read this next sentence twice. In this county 1,116 children were examined, and 841 of that number were found to be suffering from malnutrition because of deficient diet. Seventy-four per cent of this large group were not getting the food they needed. They were getting plenty of food, and food they liked, but not the food that would keep their bodies nourished so that they were fit. As a result of that examination, there are today more than 2,500 farm families in the state enrolled in the Home Supply Program. Obion County, Tennessee, is now eating far differently, and the Tennessee families have already gained weight and strength. They show the latter in the fact that they stand straighter; it takes strength to stand straight. Tennessee adults, who have gone in wholeheartedly for this experiment conducted by the State Board of Education, already have their reward in the improvement in their own health and that of their family. More than that—they have learned their lesson, and have sent the facts out to the entire nation.

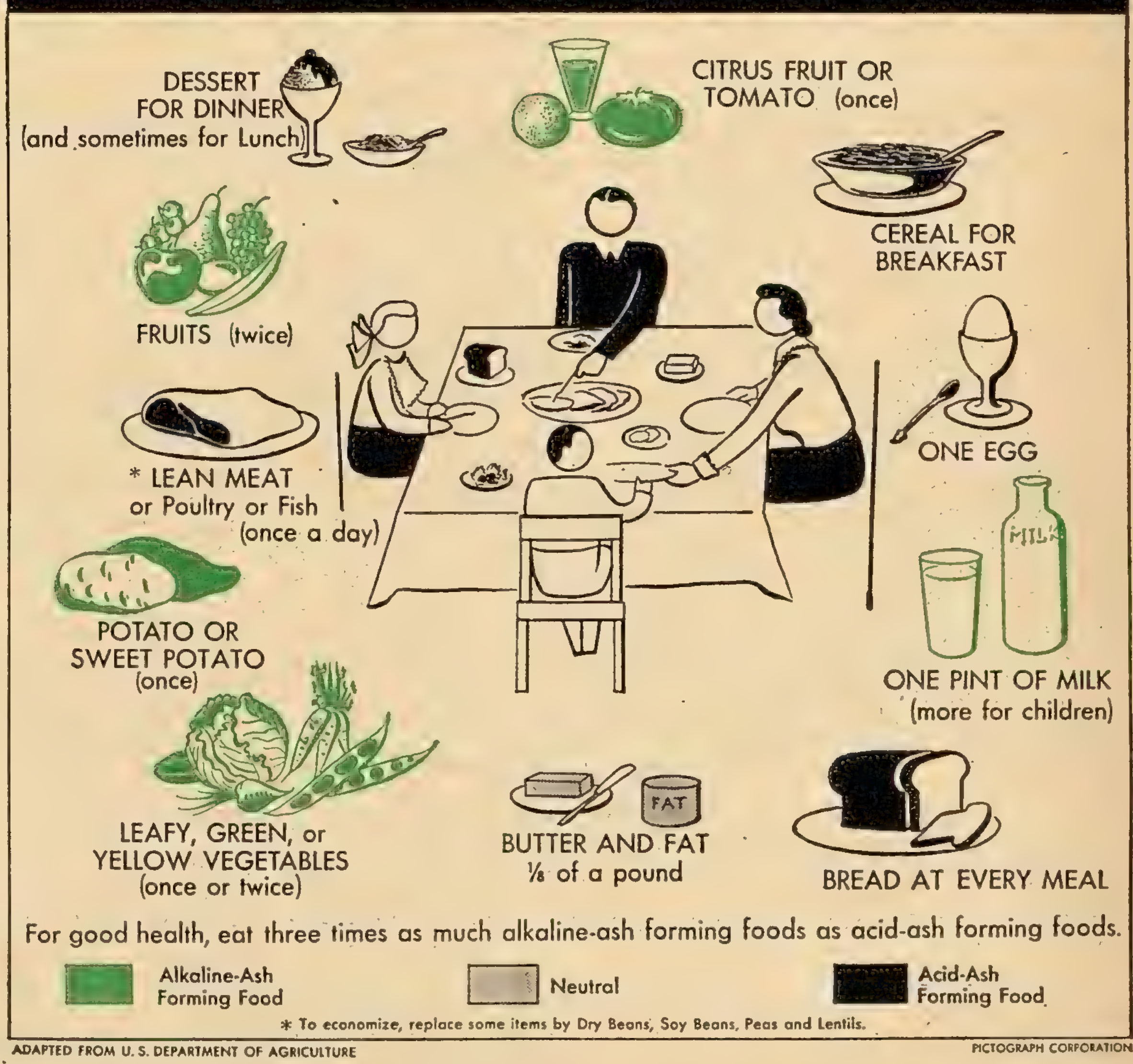
SO, you see, you may eat plenty of food, but it may not give you a strong healthy body. Unless food produces an abundance of energy, your body may be actually tired from digesting and eliminating large quantities of stuff for which the body has little or no use. You must eat to live, not live to eat. In this way you store up a supply of energy that will help you do a better job.

Heaven knows there is enough published material on the food values of the various items available for the American diet. Books, magazine and newspaper articles, radio talks, government pamphlets, and the advertisements of food manufacturers supply a wealth of information on the subject. And if in doubt, ask your family physician.

Remember, an ounce of prevention is worth a *thousand* pounds of cure. The best way to prevent illness is to subscribe to a balanced diet. O. K.—when do you start? Right now. Right in the middle of this sentence make up your mind you will do it, start now to do it, and keep it up daily. You will find the essential elements of a balanced diet in the chart on this page.

THE END

WHAT YOU SHOULD EAT—EVERY DAY


DESSERT FOR DINNER (and sometimes for Lunch)
CITRUS FRUIT OR TOMATO (once)
CEREAL FOR BREAKFAST
FRUITS (twice)
ONE EGG
* LEAN MEAT or Poultry or Fish (once a day)
MILK
POTATO OR SWEET POTATO (once)
ONE PINT OF MILK (more for children)
FAT
LEAFY, GREEN, or YELLOW VEGETABLES (once or twice)
BUTTER AND FAT ⅛ of a pound
BREAD AT EVERY MEAL

For good health, eat three times as much alkaline-ash forming foods as acid-ash forming foods.

🟩 Alkaline-Ash Forming Food ▨ Neutral ■ Acid-Ash Forming Food

* To economize, replace some items by Dry Beans, Soy Beans, Peas and Lentils.

ADAPTED FROM U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

PICTOGRAPH CORPORATION

SO LONG

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

Their hearts were hungry and it seemed futile to fight against war-imposed loneliness, but they discover morals are more important than morale

BY BERT STILES

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

THE sun above the Basic Flying School in Kansas in the month of July shines with a sullen fury; and for Aviation Cadet Summers, Joe, walking off the last ten minutes of his punishment tour, the end seemed near.

His uniform was a soggy mess, and his outlook was shot all to hell. Saturday at Independence Army Airfield in the sunshine, with BT-14s taking off the south runway.

You, too, can be an aviation cadet, he thought shakily. Maybe it would be a lot simpler just to walk down on the line and head for the nearest propeller. Ugly, but so simple. He thought about it for a whole ten minutes, walking in a bitter daze in the stained white gloves and service hat at one hundred and twenty steps a minute along the bright street in front of the orderly room.

No one would care, he decided. No one. Alone in a hot world. No friends, no girl, no anything.

The rest of the boys had an hour's lead on him in town. Barracks T-235 was deserted when he changed clothes. He didn't want to go to town—nothing in there, either—but he sure didn't want to stay in this place.

"Aviation Cadets will observe Open Post between the hours of 1600 and 0000," the bulletin said. One hour already shot, another going fast.

He had to wait fifteen more minutes at the gate for the bus. When it came it was almost empty. Joe found a seat clear at the back and let go. What a week—what a life! It had all started last week in Kansas City. A big night in a big town that got just a little too big to handle or remember. He'd missed the train back, stood up for five hours on the way back. When he'd checked in seven hours late, it hadn't helped any.

At chow on Monday the wing O. D. had read off the Detachment Order 80 saying Aviation Cadet Summers, J., was hereby awarded ten permanent demerits and ten punishment tours.

An AT-6, slick and lovely, was circling to land. Joe closed his eyes. He didn't want to think about flying. What a sad job he'd made of it. Skidding and slipping on every turn, and those horrible chandelles growing, every day, infinitely more horrible. Plus ground school in a room at 102 degrees Fahrenheit, 39 degrees Centigrade, plus night code classes, plus parades, and parade rest, with little cascades of sweat behind the ears. Plus the obstacle course—he'd never forget the obstacle course.

"HOW long," he said aloud to the world, "does it take to go nuts? You know, all the way. Really nuts?"

A G. I. four seats up front turned around with a look that said, You don't need to worry, buddy—you're there already.

He didn't go to the cadet club when he reached town, but just wandered around in the late glare. It was getting dark when he bought a coke at a drugstore and looked at a couple of magazines. He stopped when he came to the picture of Ingrid Bergman.

What a dame! What a beautiful, beautiful lady!

That was the real trouble. He knew it deep in his mind and in his blood. A girl. A girl somewhere to hold to.

He took Kay's picture out of his billfold. Back in Classification Center, she wrote to him every day.

"Some day, darling, you're coming back to me wearing those wings. . . ." Some day.

While he was in Preflight the letters dropped off to two or three a week. And here—it had been an even month.

She worked at an air base. She was surrounded by wings, guys with thousands of hours, flying big stuff, flying it smooth and sweet.

There were a couple of strays at the fountain. One of them wasn't bad—a blonde. He looked her over carefully. She smiled vaguely in his direction.

Another little delinquent, he thought, ready, willing and eager.

Then he turned away. He didn't want another one of these one-night stands—where you have to pack a lifetime into a couple of hours.

He tried Ingrid Bergman again.

Some day, maybe, out of nowhere, out of the sky, a lady like this one.

Basic Flying School is a bad time. It seems that those BT-14s will never act right. They skid and slip and groundloop and raise hell all the time.

The war is a long way off. Somewhere off around the world, flyers are doing their jobs.

And how, Joe asked himself, am I ever going to fly that damn thing well enough to take my place beside those guys?

How? And for whom? Whom to tell the stories to?

It had been Kay, with her long dark hair and those clear eyes, never quite believing. That last night he'd had her convinced that it could really last—and would—and would grow up some day and be beautiful.

He decided to call her again. He'd never been able to get through before, but maybe tonight he could. Maybe talking to her would bring her back. Maybe.

He didn't even notice the night long-distance operator who took his call in the telephone building.

Washington? She smiled and shook her head. But she'd try.

He sat down and there was hope again. A wordless thing faint within all this hopelessness.

Maybe if this came back, the other would fall in line: the flying—the ground school—even the obstacle course. Maybe the laughter would come back.

"I've got Washington," the operator said, amazed.

He noticed her then. Brown eyes in a steady brown face. Sunshine in the hair.

A sign said she was Mrs. Day.

Hello, Mrs. Day, he thought, and then forgot her again.

She was calling the number.

"Take booth four," she said. "They're ringing now."

Two thousand miles backward into time a phone was ringing.

He could hear Kay's mother say hello.

"Independence, Kansas, is calling Miss Kay Wright."

Be there, baby doll, he prayed. *Be there.* Then he suddenly thought, Saturday night, and it fell away.

He heard Mrs. Wright say Kay was out for the evening. No, she didn't know where the operator could find her.

"It's very important," the operator said. She knew.

BUT it wasn't important any more really. Nothing was. He hung up mechanically and pushed the door open.

"I'm sorry," the operator said simply in a low voice.

He smiled at her sadly.

A girl out of the night, he thought, like this one. With a brown face and a shy smile. It was a hungry desperate lost thing within him.

"Would you like a milk shake?" she said suddenly.

He laughed dazedly and said, "Sure."

She, too, would like a milk shake very much, and the milk shakes around the corner were very big, she said.

So Joe went off around the corner to fetch.

"Good?" she asked halfway through.

"Plenty good," he said.

She was beautiful when she laughed, and he just looked at her while she handled a Salt Lake call.

Maybe now—out of nowhere, this girl with the brown eyes. The hope was a bright flame now.

"Look," he said when she had finished with Salt Lake City. "You get through here when?"

"Half hour."

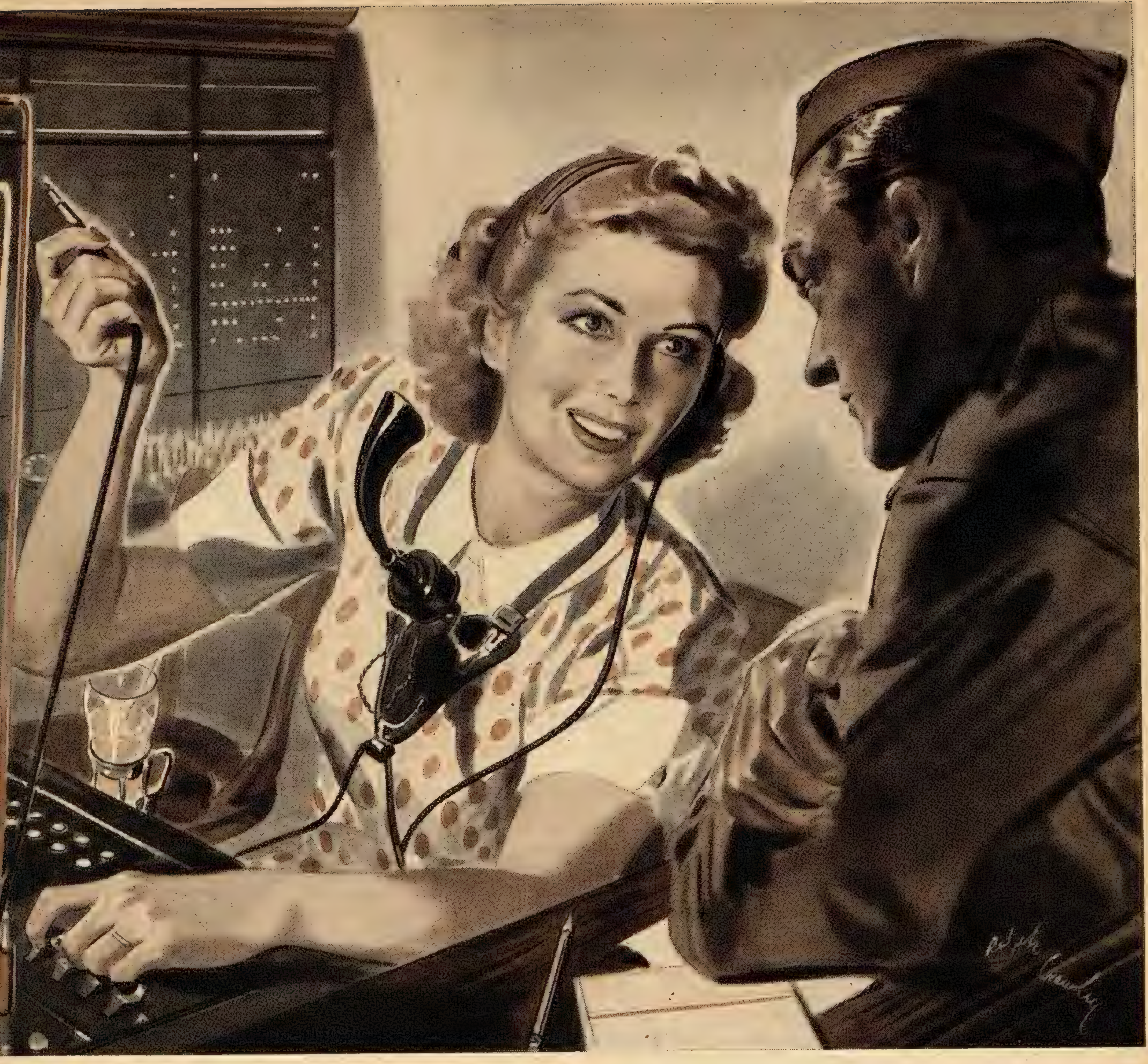
"We could wander—we could. . . ." A moon—a deep blue Kansas night, and this girl. The answer took a long time.

"I have to write a letter," she said slowly.

He shook his head and tried to hold back the sickening endless dive he was in.

No one anywhere at all.

Then she was talking. Low and fast



She was beautiful when she laughed, and he just looked at her while she handled a Salt Lake call.

she was telling him how it all was:

“Look, kaydet, I’m lonely too—just as lonely as you—but over in China I’ve got a husband sort of like you. Looks a hell of a lot like you. And I miss him plenty. And I think he misses me just as bad. But, even so, I’d like to go out and play. I’d like to go out with you and look at the moon—because it’s a pretty night and the stars are cool and oh, so lovely, and you look like a nice boy, Mr. Summers.

“But I’m not going, because I don’t want to take any chances on the big thing. Probably it would be O. K. and probably he wouldn’t mind. But it’s a big moon and it’s big in China, and maybe tonight they’re up over Hong Kong or Nanking trying to win a war. And you know—don’t you?—how it is.”

He could have told her it wasn’t night yet in China because the sunset tables in his navigation course said it wasn’t. He could have said, “O. K., lady, the hell with you.”

But what he said was, “O. K., comrade, that’s good enough for me.” And he smiled and he meant it. Because in a queer mixed-up way he was glad. He was proud of her.

They talked for awhile. Husband Day was flying a 17—big and graceful and deadly.

“You too, some day,” she said.

“Me?” He laughed ironically. “Maybe so.”

But she’d given it back to him. And, listening to her, quietly he got himself straight again inside.

You’re in Basic now, and you’ve got a long way to go. But if you get back on the ball, maybe you’ll make it—and get on over to China to help out with this affair. And maybe, too, some day you’ll find the girl; she’ll come out of an elevator or a haystack or a wooden shoe and say hello. And she’ll be as straight and true as this one.

Miss Miller of the next shift came in twenty minutes later. And Miss Miller was really bad to look at.

He walked Mrs. Day home. Her house wasn’t very far. The moonlight sifted through the big old trees, the wind was soft and sweet.

She faced him at the steps. Dark eyes with moonlight in her hair.

Some day, some day, some day. The lump in his throat was as big as the night.

“Well,” he said, “I’ve got to be checking. . . . So long.”

“So long.”

She let it linger on her lips and then said it again as two words. “So long.”

Then she kissed him and turned away fast, not looking back.

As kisses go it wasn’t much, neither long nor short—just a kiss. But some way he felt like he’d been kissed for all time.

So long, he thought. So very long to China. But he walked back toward the bus station like a man going somewhere.

THE END

TONNAGE FINDS WINGS

BY ISABEL LEIGHTON

Air express has grown mightily during this war—and will blaze new postwar skyways. Here's how it started—and where it's going

A swift modern freighter of the air takes aboard its varied cargo.

AIR EXPRESS
DIVISION

ON July 4 of this year London announced that for the first time in aerial history a fully loaded glider had been towed across the Atlantic. It was hauled over by a Douglas C-47 transport plane, and made the trip from Montreal to London in the spectacular flying time of twenty-eight hours. The total distance was 3,500 miles, the longest single leg of the journey was 1,177 miles nonstop.

Aeronautical experts had scarcely digested what this revolutionary feat might mean to the future of air cargo when on July 19 a new record was set. The War Department, in a statement issued from Washington on July 23, disclosed that two fully loaded tow gliders had made a 1,243-mile nonstop flight.

The Washington communiqué admitted further that this flight from Sheppard Field, Texas, to an Army base in North Carolina might have far-reaching implications "in solving maintenance problems for air force units."

Aviation enthusiasts who have been predicting that everything from hay to sand and gravel will eventually be shipped by air seized on this statement to prophesy, "Watch and see—this is only the beginning."

But, actually, the beginning of air cargo was many years ago—as far back as November, 1910, when the first air express package was forwarded. It was a shipment of silk valued at a thousand dollars, and was shipped from New York to a Columbus, Ohio, department store.

Not even the greatest optimist could have called this venture practical. It was merely an experiment and a step in the right direction. The silk moved by rail the first lap of the journey and by air only from Dayton, Ohio, to Columbus. The pilot and his lone passenger on that early Wright biplane sat on the lower wing and the package traveled in the only space available for it—the passenger's lap.

In November, 1919, a more ambitious experiment in transport of merchandise by air was attempted. Chartering a huge four-motored Handley-Page bomber, the American Railway Express Company, predecessor of present-day Railway Express, loaded it with express traffic early one November morning at Mitchel Field, Long Island. As propellers roared, the huge ship trundled down the runway and rose into the early morning mist, headed for Chicago. It was a spectacular start, but the ship was forced down by head winds at Mount Jewett, Pennsylvania. The express shipment was taken immediately to the nearest railroad station and continued to Chicago by train. That maneuver, incidentally, air express officials like to point out, was the forerunner of the present-day combined rail-air express, whereby some 23,000 express offices are linked by rail to the cities having air-line service. At least one third of air express shipments now moving originate at an off air-line point or are consigned to one, or both ends involve connecting rail service.

It was not until September, 1927, that anything approaching a real air express program was launched.

About that time the American Railway Express Company, anticipating the inauguration of regularly scheduled air-line passenger service, made a dicker with those companies holding air-mail contracts. The deal involved the use of the somewhat sketchy cargo space the air-line planes afforded, and was to be operative once regular runs got under way.

In most instances the space available measured only a few cubic feet, much of which was not wholly usable because of struts and control wires. Nevertheless, during the first four months of operation 5,160 air express shipments were handled, with a gross revenue of $38,176.41.

At its modest start air express served twenty-six points directly, using the facilities of four air lines.

Today the Railway Express Agency holds contracts with eighteen air lines, serves 350 airports, and during the year 1942 handled 1,405,000 air express shipments representing a gross revenue of more than $9,000,000. To help handle this business, United Air Lines has just put into service all-cargo air liners, veritable "flying freight cars," each of them capable of carrying three tons of freight.

Air express has made this tremendous growth in the face of strong sales resistance to the idea of forwarding by plane which has not yet been entirely overcome. People were willing to concede that flying an iron lung to a hospital or a vital serum to Alaska made sense, but to use an airplane for ordinary everyday merchandise just didn't seem economically sound.

But certain kinds of business—business in which timesaving was the prime factor—automatically swung over to the airways. Air express was used to transport securities between brokers, investment houses, and banks.

Overnight transfers of things having a high personal value were regularly made. As varied a cargo as ships' manifests, pawn tickets and the accompanying cash for their redemption, newsreels and electrically transcribed radio recordings took to the sky. Industrial emergencies, in addition to the more dramatic surgical ones, were met through shipment by air. New parts to replace worn or broken tools or machinery in factories where production was in danger of being halted were shot out by plane.

Dealers in a variety of perishable luxury items discovered the value of air express. Employing the facilities of Pan American Airways, orchids were flown from South America to Miami, where they were transferred to a domestic air line for flight to the New York flower market. Gardenias were shipped from California. Stone crabs made the trip daily from Florida to the Stork Club in New York.

Then there was Harwa, a 2,800-year-old mummy who rode the air express compartment from Los Angeles to the New York World's Fair. Harwa had his picture taken at Newark Airport just like any plane-traveling celebrity. And there was the Columbia student, homesick for a taste of mother's apple pie. The pie was baked, and flown oven-hot from Minneapolis to New York. Junior was at the airport when the plane came in.

Other items shipped the sky way, some for dramatic emphasis, others as a matter of necessity, have included a gizzardless hen, a baby grand piano, porpoise milk for experimental use, Sun Valley snowballs packed in dry ice, a Southern fried chicken dinner, herbs to cure a Chinese merchant's stomachache, and vaccine air-expressed from New York to the Argentine to curb an equine sleeping-sickness epidemic.

EVEN pet shops climbed on the sky wagon. The manager of the Air Express receiving room at LaGuardia Field remembers a day at the old Newark Airport when you'd have sworn the package room was an annex of the Bronx Zoo. Twenty monkeys, destined to furnish lifesaving serum, arrived from town boxed in a single crate on their way to a Midwestern city where an obscure illness was beginning to assume epidemic proportions.

The cargo control man sent for the shipper and explained that, cargo facilities being what they were, the crate would have to be split up into smaller units if the monkeys were to travel by air. During the pet-shop owner's efforts to conform, the animals somehow got loose. In less than a minute what had been an orderly, well run express room became a screaming, chattering bedlam. Not until the shop owner coaxed, beguiled, and finally bribed the wily monkeys into their new quarters was the room restored once again to "business as usual."

Aerial shipment of animals is out for the war's duration, except for the movement of leeches that arrive by boat from Portugal in large pails packed in layers of wet moss. These are forwarded to those parts of the country where they are still homeopathically prescribed for black eyes. Some have recently gone out to New Guinea for experimental purposes and others have been sent to the research laboratories of several universities.

The carrying of food items is also a war casualty, except for packages sent to members of the armed forces or the gifts and souvenirs the servicemen themselves send back from where they're stationed.

The receiving room at LaGuardia Field presents a very different picture with a war in progress than it did in peacetime. The shipment arrival routine remains much the same since in air express, war or no war, time is always of the essence. Pick-ups of merchandise are made every hour from early morning until late evening. After leaving the sorting station the shipments are driven by truck to the airport, where they are unloaded and placed on a conveyer that runs them into the parcel room. Here they are checked and put into bins, according to their destination. Each air line has its own compartment which faces the field.

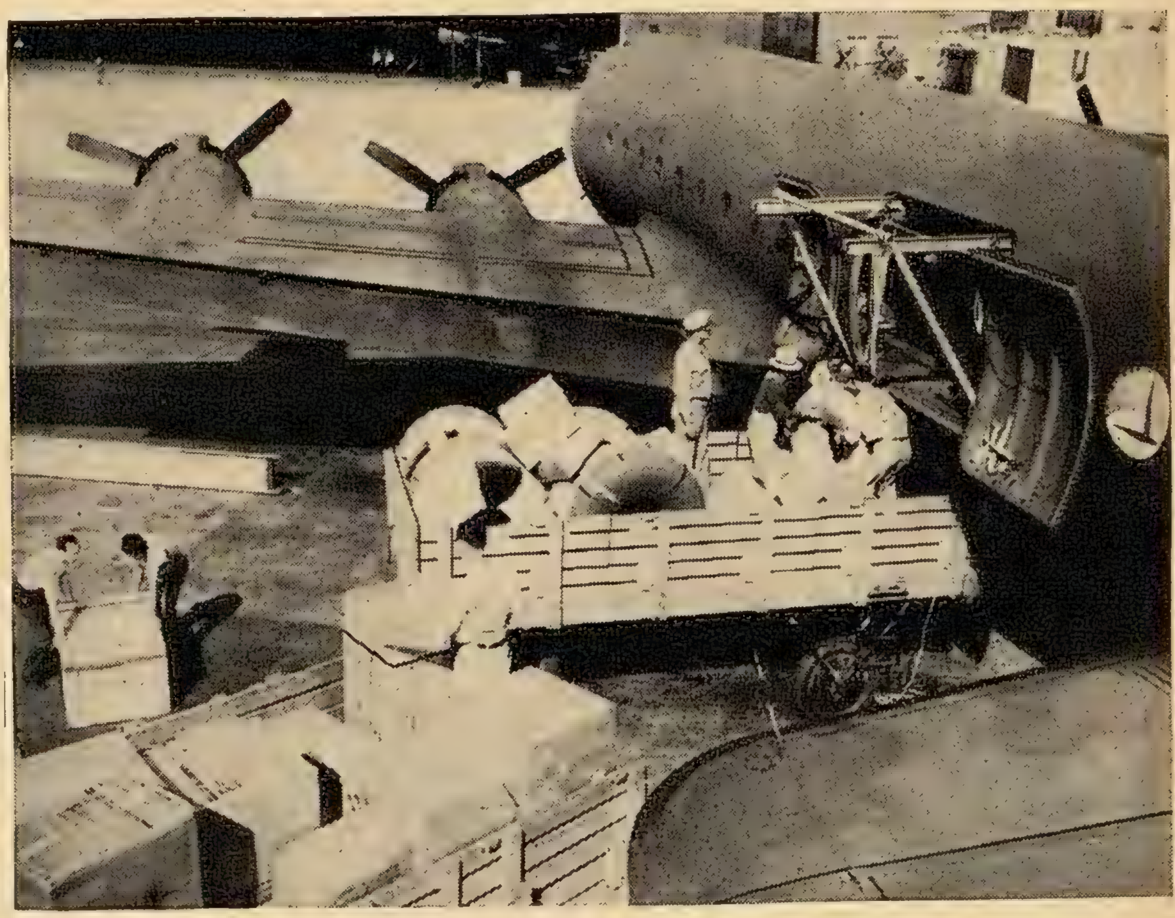
When you examine the cargo piled up in that room—much of it ticketed with priority stickers—you realize how largely air express has been converted to war use. On a typical day you are apt to find Bren gun forgings on their way to Canada, blueprints from leading naval engineers on their way to shipyards, Liberator spare parts going where they're wanted most, precision instruments for factories that need them sorely. Going out of the country you may find bundles of used clothing addressed to an American Red Cross depot that expects to dispense them soon. There may even be a batch of brass-band instruments going off to some island outpost where they'll raise the spirits of thousands of our men who will hear them before long.

Priorities for merchandise are applied for and granted on much the same basis of urgency as passenger air priorities. Right now there are four classes of goods priorities in general use. The need for the merchandise determines into which of these the shipment falls. A priority can be applied for by any

(*Continued on page 56*)

Columbus, Ohio

Air express had its beginning in 1910 with a shipment of silk from New York to a Columbus, Ohio, department store. Phil Parmalee was the pilot.



Supplies and equipment for our troops are loaded aboard a giant plane of the Air Transport Command to be carried to a distant fighting front.

THE FINE NEW LAND

She was a foreigner in a strange country and her accent set her apart, but she learned that the American way of making friends was no different from her own

BY LEON WARE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

THEY stepped out onto the small porch and Eyvind closed the door carefully, making certain it was locked. Nan looked down at the tiny front yard. It was a mass of neglected petunia vines sagging with dampness. The fog was so thick that drops of moisture fell occasionally from the edge of the eaves overhead. The low picket gate hung forlornly on its bent hinges. Eyvind stepped up beside her and paused. He was in civilian clothes and the felt hat on his head always looked out of place to Nan. He was handsome in his captain's uniform, but somehow the suit he was wearing didn't seem to fit.

"I think we'd better take it," he said. He spoke in Norwegian. "We're lucky to find a place with a refrigerator and a stove. You should be comfortable here, Nan."

"It is nice," she replied. She forced herself to smile at him. "I will be really American—with an electric refrigerator, a gas stove, central heating, and lots of hot water. By the time you bring the Austfeld back, I will be so American you will not know me, Eyvind."

He caught her arm. "You're American now," he said in English. "You're pretty, you have your first papers, and a hat with a veil."

She blushed and laughed. And he laughed with her. It was always good to hear him laugh. It was always reassuring. Countless nights she had lain awake while the big freighter slipped through narrow channels or thick fog, and when she heard Eyvind's laugh from the bridge, she always knew everything was all right. She would miss his laughter now, and a sudden thought seized her: Maybe this was the last time she would ever hear it. She fought the fear back fiercely. This was no thought for a sailor's wife.

"Also," she said carefully in English, "when you are returning back, I will be speaking better."

He squeezed her arm again and they stepped out into the fog. "All you need is practice," he assured her. She envied his fluency, but then, he had been sailing out of American ports since he was a boy of fourteen. "When I get back you'll be gossiping over the back fence like an old hen. . . ."

The house was shadowy in the thick fog, but even now it looked inviting. She could smell the sea from here, and when the weather cleared, the house agent had said, she would be able to see the Oakland bridge.

Eyvind stood up, sniffing. "It is a little like home," he said. "The fog and the sea . . ."

She thought of Fredrikstad on Oslo Fjord, and her throat ached. For more than a year she had heard nothing from her family there. Perhaps there was no one left to hear from. There had been bombings and uprisings in Fredrikstad and her old father would never take orders from a Quisling. She tried to thrust that idea away, too. There was so much to try to forget, if she was going to seem happy for Eyvind before he went away. She was suddenly very grateful for the pressure of his hand. For six years she had sailed with him and leaned on him in everything. Now she would be alone in a strange country while he took the battle-gray and armed Austfeld out in convoy.

He chuckled. "Sausalito. It is a good name for a town, don't you think?"

She smiled at him. "It is strange on the tongue of Norwegians," she replied. "But it is a good name. It will be good to have a home, Eyvind. One we can keep . . ."

A scowl blackened his forehead. They had had a home—in Fredrikstad. A new home, all furnished with fine things from the Orient. They had spent three months in it—in 1939. Now they didn't know whether or not it was there any longer.

"Yes, this one we will keep," he said, and there was warmth in his deep blue eyes again. "Shall we go back to the ship tonight, or stay in a hotel?"

"A hotel," she said quickly. "If you go back, you will find something to do and I will not see you. It is always so." She faced him soberly. "I do not want to see the Austfeld again, Eyvind—not until you come back."

He nodded, "All right. I'll send the things ashore tomorrow." A car passed them and he turned. "Hey!" he yelled. "Taxi!"

As they climbed into the cab, she was proud of him. He was so quick, the words came so easily to his tongue that he was almost really an American. It would not be hard for Eyvind to send his roots down here. She looked out of the window and her eyes were wet with tears. She would try very, very hard to make herself American, so that when he came back they could be happy together in the new land. Her throat ached. It was a terrible thing to have to give up your own country.

Late that night she got out of the big bed and stood before the open window, listening to the city sounds down on the darkened streets. In the dimout San Francisco was a strange, weird city. The air was stuffy and she wondered if there would be a breeze, nights, at their new home in Sausalito. Eyvind had said the house was on a little point, and if that was so, there would surely be a breeze at night.

"What's the matter?" he asked out of the darkness. She knew from the softness of his voice that he, too, had been awake a long time. She turned.

"My throat is hot—and dry," she said in Spanish. She curled up on the bed. "Eyvind, I do not think I like Spanish food. It stays hot too long."

He chuckled and slid an arm around her waist. She could feel his hard palm through the silk of her gown.

"It is part of being American," he replied, also in Spanish. The bubble in his voice told her he was teasing her. "When in Rome, we do like Romans."

"But we are not Spanish Americans," she retorted. "We are Norwegian Americans." She added slyly, in Norwegian, "It is well to keep the old country customs alive, Eyvind. We should eat Norwegian foods."

He grunted. "Fruit soup, boiled potatoes, boiled ling cod."

"What is better?" she demanded loyally.

"A thick rare steak smothered in onions." His retort was in English. He chuckled and pulled her down beside him. "Come on, lie down and go to sleep."

She laughed softly and stroked his hard jaw. "Eyvind," she said, "you are so much more American than I am. I will never catch up. . . ."

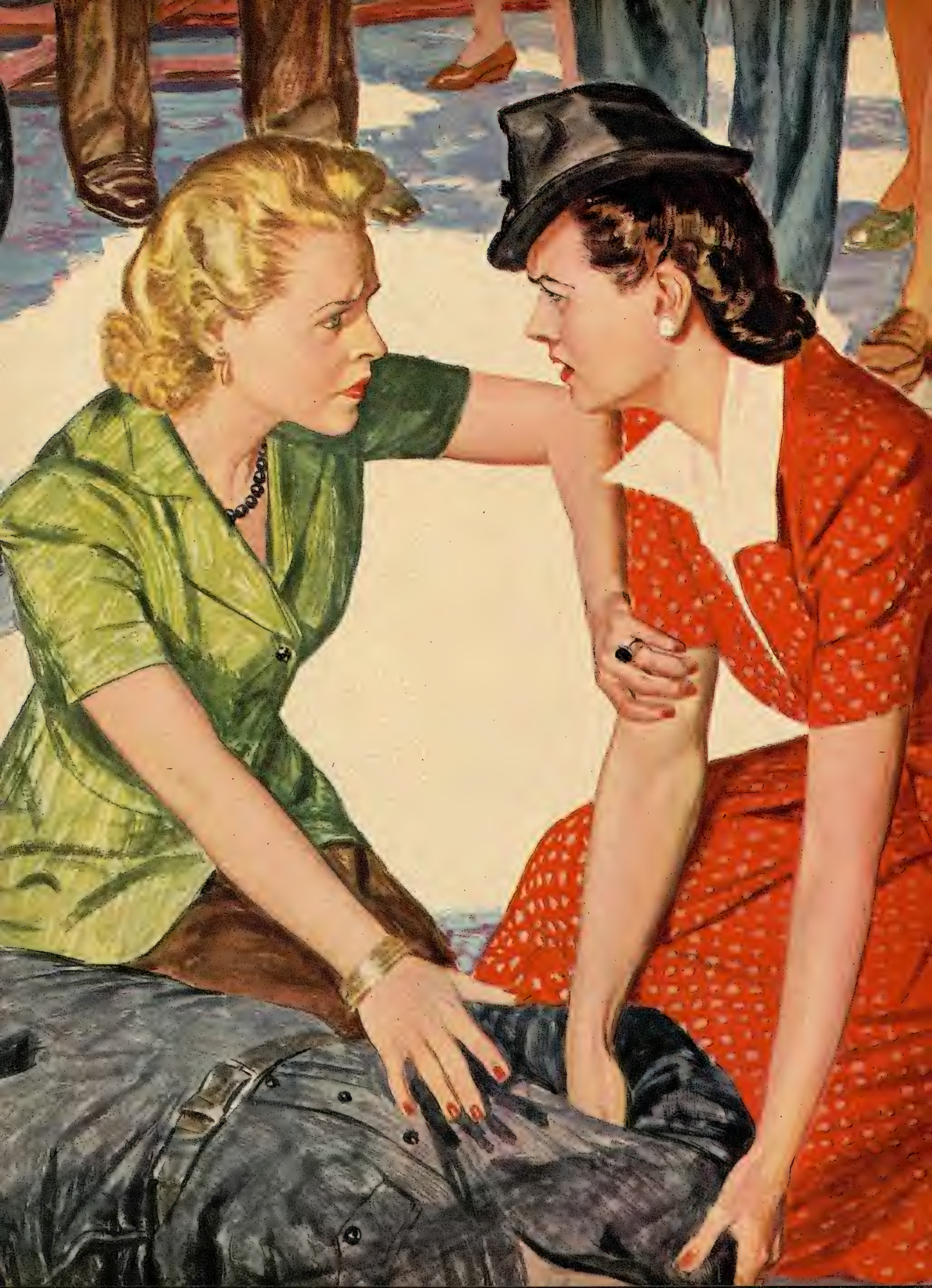
SHE was tired the next night, but it was good to be tired. You do not think so much when your body is weary. Right after breakfast Eyvind had gone out to the ship, expecting to return for lunch. But when she got back to the hotel from shopping, the clerk had given her a note from him: The fog was increasing and there was a storm coming; the convoy was ordered to take advantage of the situation and sail at once. He had sent the things over to the new house in Sausalito. All his love was forever hers, and she must not worry too much while he was gone.

She had returned to her room and stood in the window a long time. When next the fog lifted, the great bay would be empty, and only a handful of people would know when the ships had gone. She had finally packed her things, checked out of the hotel, and taken the bus for Sausalito.

It was dark now, and she was settled in her new home. A pot of coffee bubbled on the stove and the house was warm with its central heating. The electric refrigerator was filled with supplies from the corner grocery. The wind suddenly blew a gust of rain against the dark windows. There was a rumble from beneath the house, and she was startled a moment, until she realized it was only the water heater turning itself on, making fine hot water. She sat down to eat. Water streamed down the dark surface of the window

(Continued on page 63)

"Maybe it's the way you foreigners do—but it ain't the American way," Mrs. Crandall said.



DESTINATION TOKYO

There they were! Scores of Jap ships covering miles of ocean and only the Copperfin in position to thwart their mission. A thrilling interlude in the submarine's voyage to Japan

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES R. KINGHAN

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

UNTIL he was twenty-one years of age, Russel Quade had lived in Japan. Then he went to Los Angeles. His first object was to find beautiful Betty Miller, whom he had met in Tokyo the year before; his next, to continue his studies for the diplomatic service.

Russ was remembering the past years with Betty as he lay in his bunk aboard the U. S. S. Copperfin. The submarine was on a secret mission, part of which was accomplished—refueling ten PBYs in the Aleutians. Now, Quade knew, the ship was pointed toward Japan. He himself had boarded the sub not knowing where he was going or what the Navy would require of him. He had grown to know the personnel of the sub: Captain Cassidy, a hero in the war with Japan; his officers, and some of the crew.

Russ remembered how it had been Betty who had found *him*, at a moment when he was filled with despair and loneliness—on a New Year's Eve.

So they had started the new year together, determined that nothing should ever part them.

One day Betty came home glowing with excitement. She had got a job with a studio at last! It was then Russ told her he was ready for Washington. Betty declared she would go with him.

There was no job for Russ in Washington. The lovers went to New York, there to live in poverty while Betty tried to get work in the theater, and Russ wrote of life in Japan.

Then, one night, Betty did not come home at her usual time—six o'clock.

PART FOUR

BY eight Quade was frantic.

He could imagine a hundred terrible things that might have happened to Betty. Moreover, he was jealous, suspicious. He paced the floor.

The electric-light company had turned off the current. Candles burned now from the mantel, gloomily, casting flickering light on the ceiling. There was no heat in the apartment.

It was early December and snow was falling. Quade stopped pacing and stood and watched it. The night was impenetrably black, but in the squares of light that reflected from the lower-floor windows he could see the garden below—the tiny fishpond, frozen over, and the rosebushes without their leaves, the ground turning white with snow.

He was worried sick! *Where was Betty?* His stomach was empty—he'd had nothing since breakfast, and he felt weak. Shaky. As though he had fever. *Where was she?* Without her he would lie down and die right now. He wanted to walk the streets looking for her, but he was afraid she would come home while he was gone. He hated her for doing this to him. But his rage was sick. Impotent.

At eight ten he heard footsteps on the stairs. He ran to the door and opened it. She was just coming up the last step, exhausted from the climb. Her face was haggard. He stood silent as she walked past him into the apartment.

Then he banged the door closed and stood against it, facing her.

She shrugged tiredly, then looked at him with tender, hurt sympathy, endearingly. She still did not speak, and the candlelight glowed warmly against her face. Her figure was half in the shadow. At last she put her hand in her pocket and drew out a handful of coins—quarters, dimes, half dollars.

He stared at them, and she smiled obliquely.

"We eat, darling. Come on, let's go out. I'm famished!"

He began to shake with rage.

"Where did you get the money?"

"I got a job," she said. "I'm a waitress in Childs."

"Waitress!"

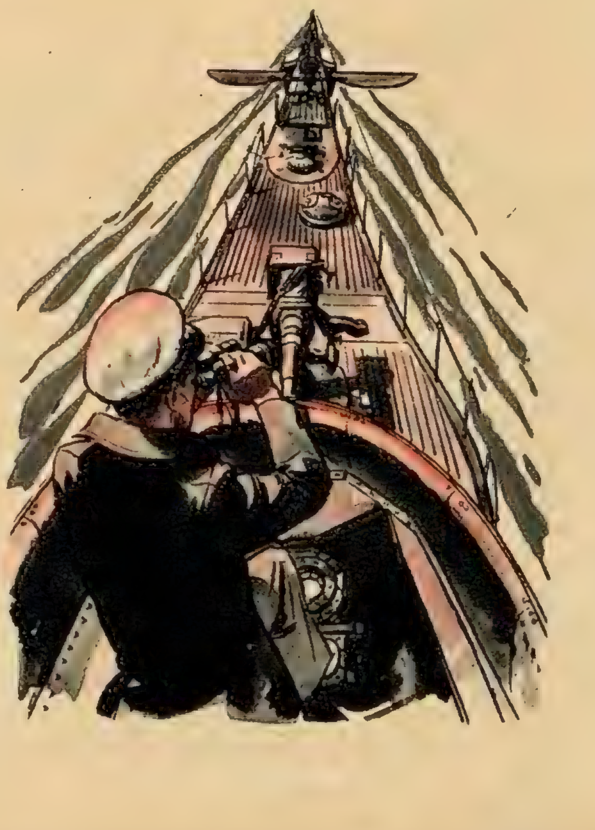
"Yes! We have to eat, don't we?"

"Waitress." His voice was icy.

She just looked at him.

He lost all control of himself. He began to shriek. "Do you want to *ruin* me? Ruin my career? What if people found out? The wife of a diplomat waiting table! *How far do you think I'd get?"*

"I'm not your wife," she responded. *"I don't give a damn what you are!"*



"Stop it! You scream like a Japanese!"

He heard the word "Japanese," and before he could stop himself he slapped her. She stumbled backward, the money spilling to the floor. And she stood with her back to the wall, staring up at him. He moved toward her, dazed, his fingers still stinging. The imprint of his hand was red against her cheek. There in the candlelight (his teeth chattering from cold) he could see that. For a moment he gazed at it, and then suddenly he was choking. He was on his knees, choking, ashamed.

PRESENTLY she was down beside him, compassionate, understanding—sharing his misery.

"Oh, Betty," he said, "I ought to kill myself!"

"Russ, please—I shouldn't have said what I did."

He looked up. "You don't understand!" He caught his breath. "Letting a"—he could scarcely say it—"letting a *woman* take care of me! Letting a woman wait table—support *me*—while I sit here writing about—*sukiyaki* and—" He looked at her. "And while *she* might be—making a lot of dough on the Coast." He broke off. "Oh, I don't know, it's just—"

"Come on, Russ. Get up."

He got to his feet. His legs felt wobbly.

She soothed him. "You shouldn't feel that way. We're just—beginning."

There was a welt on her cheek where he'd hit her. He looked at it. It was agony to look at it, but he did.

"Why did I go to school—so I could learn to do *that?"* He touched the welt. "So I could starve to death and freeze and hit you because you wanted to give me food?" He turned away. "I'm no good for you! I'm no good for *anybody!"* Snow was banking on the windowsill. "It's incredible that at twenty-three any man could be so utterly useless!" He faced her again. "The things I *planned*—the things I *wanted*—"

She smiled, a lopsided smile because her face was swollen. Her cloth coat was frayed, wet with snow, and her stockings were wet above her galoshes.

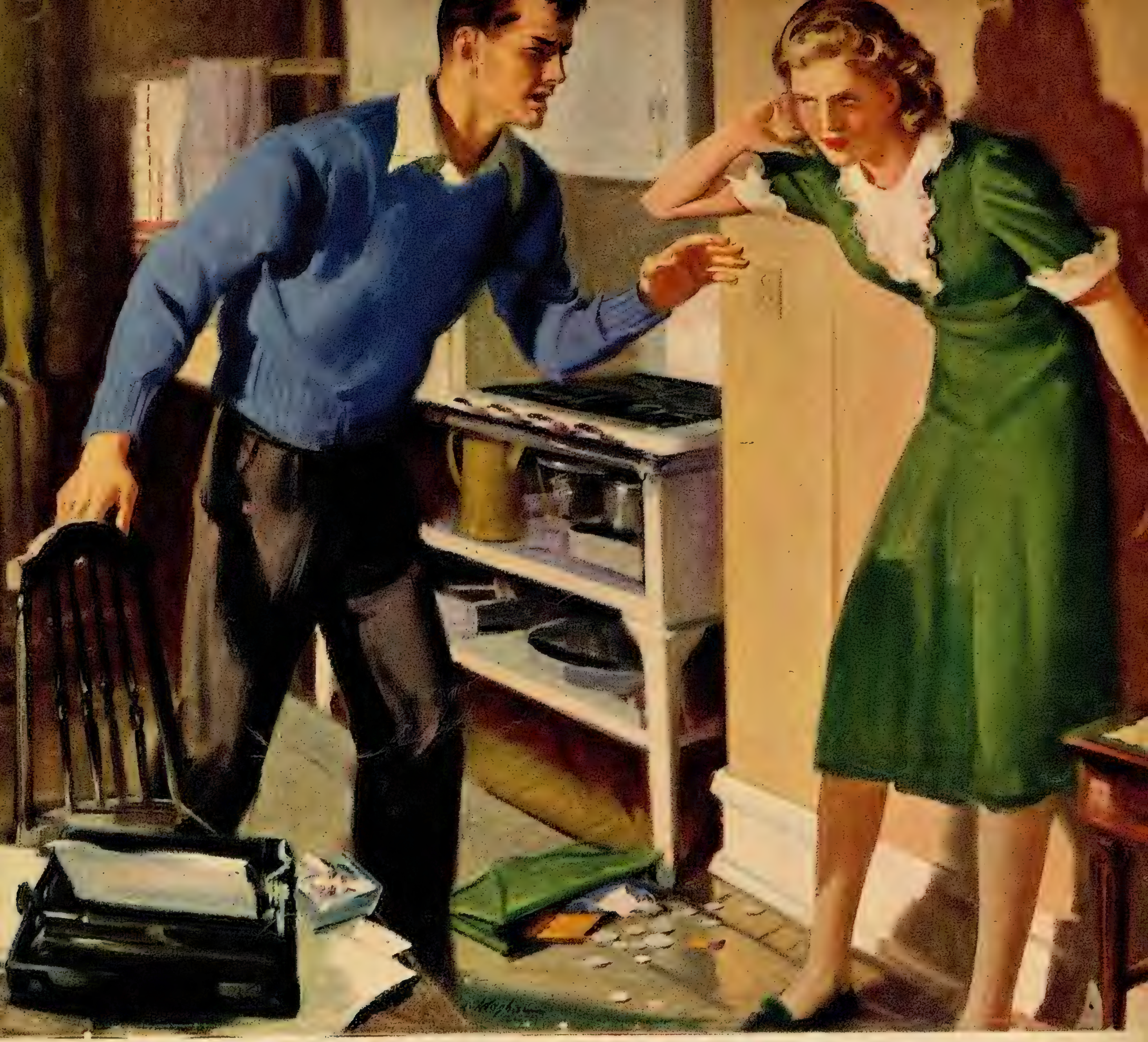
"You'll get everything you want, Russ. Bye and bye you will." She brightened. "We'll get it together! Remember what you told me in Tokyo? 'I'm going to be tops,' you said. You said, 'Honey, I'm going to be as big as they come. You wait and see.'"

Shamefacedly he met her eyes.

Later they went out and had dinner at a cafeteria; and then they came home. They went to bed.

In the morning Betty returned to her job as a waitress. But two weeks later she had a squabble with one of the girls at work and was fired.

On December 23 there was an evic-



Before Quade could stop himself he slapped her. Betty stumbled backward, the money spilling to the floor.

tion notice tacked on the apartment door.

They moved out on Christmas Eve. Quade had finished his book and returned the rented typewriter. There wasn't much to carry—only two large bags, a smaller one, and two hatboxes of Betty's.

On the street, Quade did not know where to go. It was snowing again, the flakes big and fluffy and the night warm. He and Betty moved along, carrying their things. From somewhere, through a radio, they heard Bing Crosby singing Silent Night, Holy Night. Christmas wreaths hung in windows. Traffic swished by through the slush. They walked and did not say very much. At Fourteenth Street they took a subway train.

They rented a cheap furnished room on West Sixty-fourth. They had saved exactly seven dollars, and six of this was the first week's rent. They had no idea how they were going to get money to eat.

Then, on Monday, Quade sold his book.

He received a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar advance. They were wealthy! They moved out of the room and into a fifty-dollar-a-month apartment on Riverside Drive at Ninety-sixth Street, facing the river. They paid two months' rent. Betty was sure by that time she could get work in the theater, and Quade, encouraged, returned to writing articles. He sold two of them in one week.

THREE months later, in April, the thing he had been praying for (and dreading) happened.

On the day he came home to tell her, she was taking a shower. In a moment or two she came out, pushing her hands through her hair.

"Darling, I didn't expect you so early! Were you at your publisher's?"

He nodded.

"How's the book coming?"

"All right," he said. "Listen."

His tone brought her head up sharply.

"Yes?"

"I—through the publisher's—that is, the publisher himself belongs to certain clubs here, and—"

"And what, darling?"

"And he has a few friends—political. Big people." He spoke with difficulty. (Actually, he had been going through this for days and hadn't told her.) "I met them. Had lunch. They seemed—interested in me."

"Oh, *wonderful!*"

"So there's—well, there's an appointment for me."

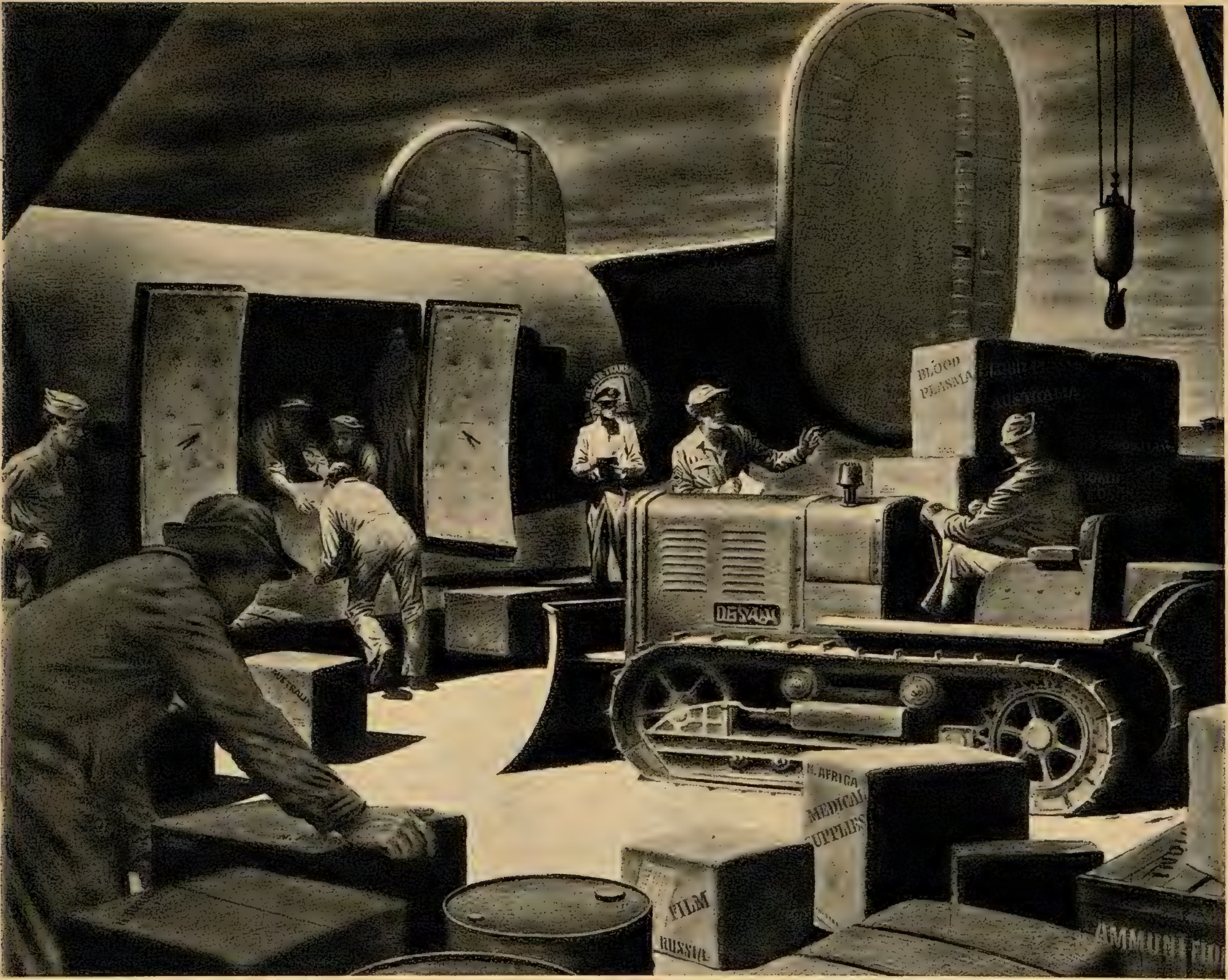
"Russ!"

He hurried on: "American Embassy. Paris. All O. K.'d and everything."

"*Russ!*" She was almost crying with joy.

"I leave almost at once. Within a week." He was trying not to look at her. "You see"— he stood up; she searched his face—"there's a drawback. I don't know whether I should take the job or

(*Continued on page 48*)



Snowplows in the sky

ONLY A YEAR OR SO AGO, air-minded men used to talk about hauling tons of freight by air — someday.

Today they are doing it.

The great planes of the Air Transport Command are flying the global skyways with tons of *everything* our world-based fighting men need so badly — even snowplows for blizzard-locked Alaskan airports, and complete gasoline trucks, cut in half for shipment and welded together again at their destination.

Cargoes flown, with destinations and flying time, have included medical supplies to North Africa, *27 hours* — bomb fuses to Britain, *17 hours* — aircraft engines to China, *37 hours* — blood plasma to Australia, *35 hours* — ammunition to India, *43 hours* — mail to Iceland, *13 hours* — precision tools to Russia, *24 hours.*

The whole story of the magnificent job these airmen are doing cannot be told until after the war. To tell it now — even if we could — would endanger the lives of men and reveal military strategy.

Today these trans-oceanic fliers are making schedules — not headlines. It's a routine job to them — flying each high-priority cargo to the spot where it will do *us* good and the Axis harm.

Often that spot is halfway around the world.

But to Air Transport Command pilots, *no spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time* from the military airports "somewhere in the U.S.A." from which they operate.

On their timetables these pilots clock off the Atlantic and the broad Pacific like locomotive engineers. One Liberator Express was in the air only 33 hours and 27 minutes from the time it left Australia until it came down in California. Another flew from Newfoundland to Britain in 372 minutes. And a pilot on the New York-Lisbon run recently made 12 crossings in 13 days.

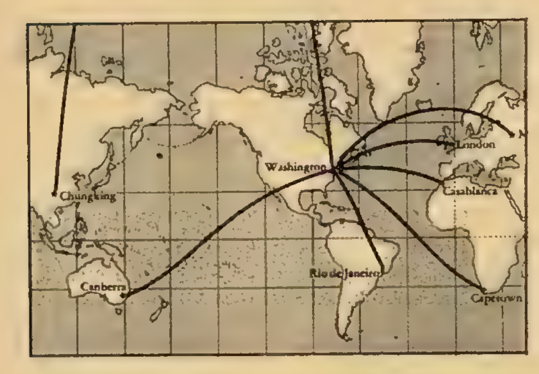
So it's too late, now, to wonder when the Air Age will come. *It's already here.*

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

And it's still too early for rash speculation about what the postwar years of the Air Age will be like. Our job today is to win the war so that there will *be* a postwar world worth living in.

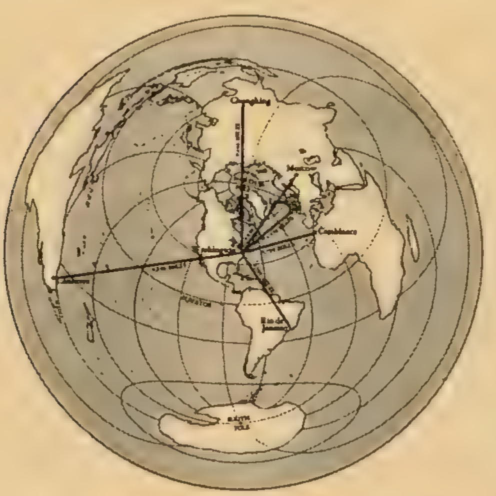
But the impact of air supremacy in winning this global war points more clearly, every day, to this fact:

When Victory has been won, air power, in the hands of the freedom-loving nations of this 60-hour-wide world, can well become "the strong right arm of peace."



MERCATOR PROJECTION

Our old maps *do not always give us a true picture of the new "aviation" geography. If a Liberator Express pilot tried to chart a Washington-Chungking "great-circle" route on a Mercator projection* (above), *he would find that it disappeared off the top of the map!*



AZIMUTHAL EQUIDISTANT PROJECTION CENTERED ON WASH. D. C.

Maps like this *enable us to show great-circle airline routes from Washington to any spot on the globe as a straight line. Such a map can be drawn so that it is centered on your home town or any city.*

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE
AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

San Diego, Calif. • Vultee Field, Calif.
Fort Worth, Texas • New Orleans, La.
Nashville, Tenn. • Wayne, Mich.
Allentown, Pa. • Tucson, Ariz.
Elizabeth City, N.C. • Louisville, Ky.
Dearborn, Mich. • Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

10 planes an hour — *It is estimated that U. S. aircraft manufacturers are now turning out planes at a rate of about 1 plane every 6 minutes, around the clock, every day of the month.*

• • •

The danger of ice formations on airplane wings has been completely overcome, according to a statement by TOM M. GIRDLER, Chairman of the Board, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp. This feat is accomplished by a new thermal anti-icer, pioneered by the N.A.C.A. and perfected by Consolidated Vultee. Hot exhaust gases now are used to keep all leading edges of the plane at a temperature well above freezing when icing conditions are encountered.

• • •

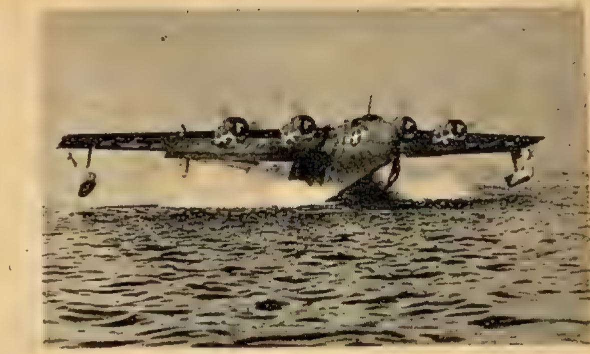
Teamwork for Victory — Consolidated Vultee was the first to build multi-ton bombers in volume production on a moving assembly line. To help maintain Allied air supremacy, the Consolidated-designed Liberator bomber is also being built by Ford, Douglas, and North American.

• • •

To speed production, more than 10,000 subcontractors and suppliers, in cities all over the U. S., are working to provide subassemblies, parts, and materials for the planes being built in the Consolidated Vultee plants.

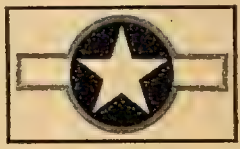
• • •

Tomorrow's fledglings—Elementary aeronautics is now being taught to students in more than 14,000 American high schools.



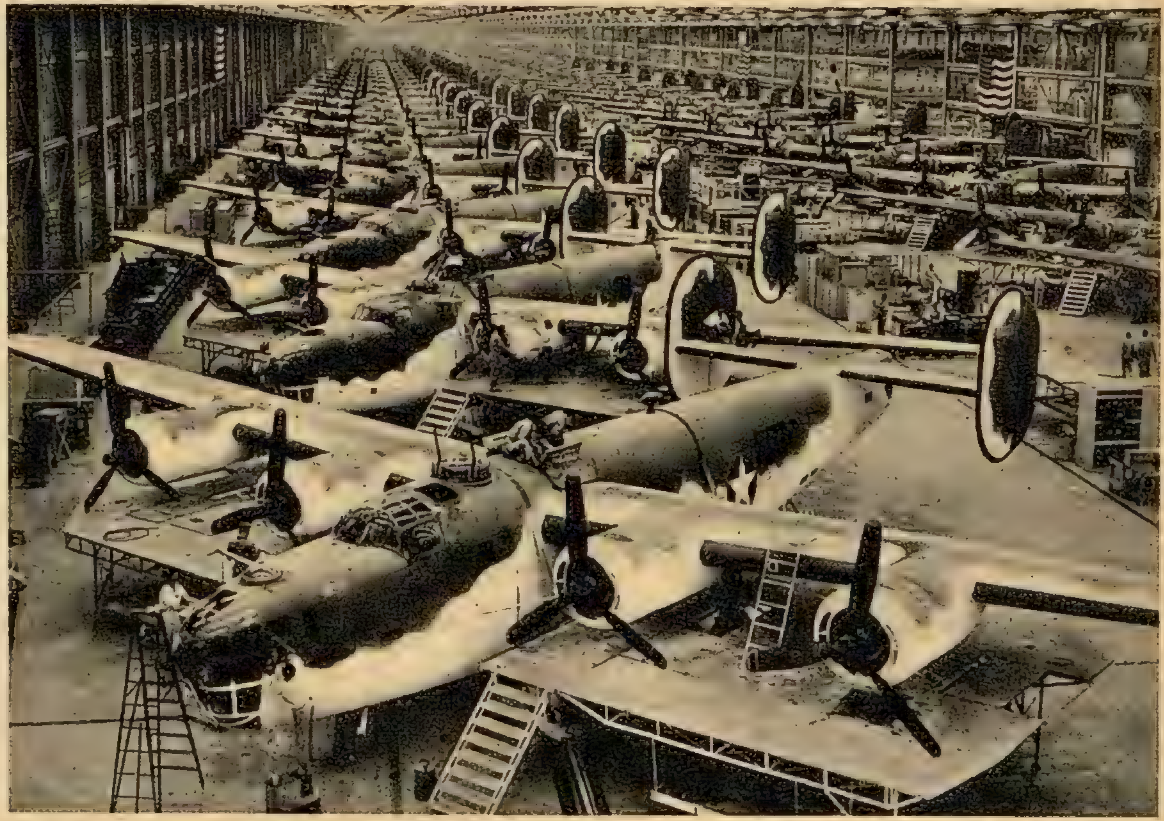
"Gone today, here tomorrow!" — *This 33-ton, 4-engine Coronado, under way for the take-off, has a range of over 3500 miles — can remain aloft a whole day at a time. Designed and built by Consolidated Vultee, this giant Navy patrol bomber is also in service as a cargo transport plane.*

• • •



Note to plane spotters—This is the new insignia for U. S. Army planes. The change provides visibility at 60% greater range, and overcomes confusion between our former insignia and the insignia used by Axis planes.

No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport



In their war paint — *Before Liberator bombers go to war, they are camouflaged and fitted with special equipment for the combat area where they will be operating.* Above: *White-bellied Liberators move down an assembly line in a modification plant.*

LIBERATOR (4-engine bomber) — CORONADO, CATALINA, (patrol bombers) — LIBERATOR EXPRESS (transport) —
VALIANT (basic trainer) — VENGEANCE (dive bomber) — SENTINEL ("Flying Jeep") — RELIANT (navigational trainer)

SOUND-TRACK STAR

BY MICHAEL SHERIDAN

NOT long ago, while changing planes, a man was talking to a pilot at the Kansas City airport. Suddenly a woman interrupted him. "I know that voice," she said. "You're Pete Smith."

Star of one hundred and fifty movies and twice winner of the Academy Award, Peter Gridley Smith has never appeared on the screen—yet he is as well known as Don Ameche or Bing Crosby. His rapid-fire accompaniment to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's short subjects has made his voice as familiar to the average moviegoer as, say, the flying feet of Fred Astaire.

He is a bespectacled gentleman, 51 years old, with a somewhat solemn, owlish appearance. When his secretary wants to find him in the crowded commissary, she picks out the table harboring the most riotous necktie and makes unerringly for the man behind it. She is rarely wrong.

His career as a sound-track star began one summer day twelve years ago, when he was entering his tenth year as publicity director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He had just learned that there was five thousand feet of rodeo material going to pot. The radio, news magazines, and the entertainment world had already done rodeo stuff to death. Pete Smith thought he could make a short out of it—a different kind of short. He did. A new kind of technique was born. It involved halting action in mid-air and giving the narrator a chance to crack wise at the people in the picture.

Wild and Woolly, that first Pete Smith short, was a sensation. The effect of a bucking bronco stopped suddenly in mid-air, while Pete Smith's voice called out agitatedly, "Hey, feller, you lost your hat!" was greeted with loud guffaws.

For years Pete Smith's giggle-provoking commentary has been the spice that made his movie shorts different. Now have a look at the man behind the voice

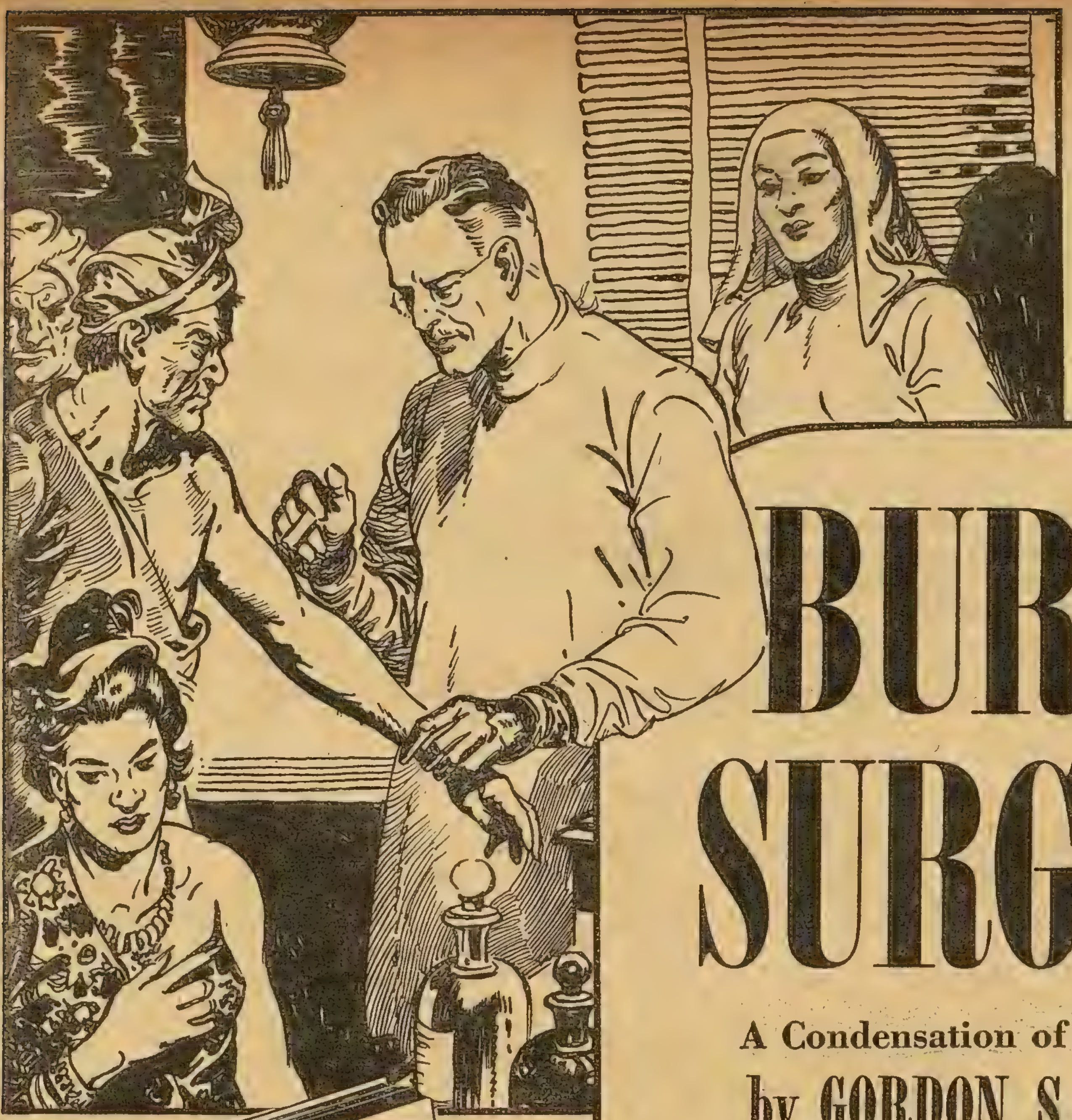
Then Pete started rounding up subjects that could instruct as well as entertain. A third-dimensional short, Audioscopics, costing but $12,000 to make, grossed over a quarter of a million dollars. Quicker 'n a Wink, a popular science short which won the 1942 Academy Award, also did a healthy business.

"The most unsuccessful short we ever made died a horrible death," Pete Smith confesses. "We made it at the height of the chain-letter craze. By the time the production was prepared, and finally filmed, and then released, the craze had died down. Nobody wanted to hear about chain letters, let alone go and see a picture about one."

With Pete Smith's unit producing fourteen short subjects a year, it is not surprising that the studio is swamped with mail. With Pete Smith searching about every newspaper published and half the magazines for ideas, very few outside suggestions are purchased. But there are exceptions. A Chicago newspaperman sent in the idea of making a short about radium, and sold not only the idea but his own services. He remained on Pete Smith's writing unit for years, until a few weeks ago, when he was inducted into the armed forces.

From covering lion taming in Florida, at the expert hands of Clyde Beatty, to coyote hunting from airplanes, the Pete Smith short has run a healthy and varied gamut. His cameras have invaded strange locales. The coldest

(Continued on page 68)



A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

BURMA SURGEON

A Condensation of the Best Seller

by GORDON S. SEAGRAVE

Dr. Seagrave's story is a record of courage, adventure, and devotion to his work that stands as one of the major achievements of medical practice.

Against impossible odds he brought medical and surgical aid to Burma before the war.

And when war struck, he performed spectacular service—until the time came when he had to leave in the famous trek out of Burma with General Stilwell.

IN August, 1922, Tiny, my wife, Leslie May, our daughter, and I set sail for Burma where I was to take over a mission. For this task I was then equipped with a wastebasket of surgical instruments and dreams of the marvelous surgery I was going to do for the aborigines of the Shan States.

When we arrived in Rangoon, the mission committee ordered me to Namkham. After seven days of jungle travel, we crossed the great seven-mile-wide Shweli River plain and passed through Namkham town, up the hundred-foot climb to the Shan compound on the right and the Kachin compound on the left. Our hearts were pounding. What sort of set-up were we going to find in this place where we were to spend twenty years?

Soon after, we found out. The Kachins threw a huge convention in their mission compound across the street. They had heard of the new doctor, so as soon as they had registered they came over to put me to the test. One man had a huge adenomatous goiter. "You'll have to have the thing cut out," I said, and nearly fainted when he replied, "All right, go ahead."

I ran up to the house.

"Tiny," I called, "I've got an operation to do. A goiter as big as a grapefruit. Will you give the anesthetic for me? I'll tell you what to do."

Tiny agreed. I got out my pressure cooker and sterilized some towels. The wastebasket instruments were put on to boil. Tiny got the chloroform bottle and started to pour. Then I began to cut; cut and tie, cut and tie. That's all there is to surgery. I cut darn near everything that man had in his neck before I got the goiter out. Then I sewed up his ribbon muscles and skin and sat down beside him to wait. When he was fully conscious I said, "Listen, fellow. I want you to promise me to lie flat on your back for several days. If you try to sit up your neck's going to fall apart. Understand?"

Copyright, 1943, by W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. Published by W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., New York. Price, $3.

Yes, he understood. He would be a good boy. The next morning the Kachin convention was having a feast out on the grass. Mr. Sword, the Kachin missionary, asked me to come and join them. While I was waiting to be served, I looked around and saw a funny apparition. A Kachin man was standing near, dressed in a most extraordinary manner. As Kipling says, "Nothin' much before, an' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind." He had a bandage around his neck. I looked again. Yes, there was my goiter patient! He had smelled the pork curry and had come across the street to get it.

This was the first time in northern Burma and the Shan States that a goiter had been successfully removed. People came in, willing to take a chance at other operations. I remember a few key cases that opened up whole districts to a confidence in us.

In lots of these cases we had the breaks. I had not had more than a minimum variety of operations on which to acquire experience under guidance in America, and I looked forward with dread to every new operation I had to do. When one had to be done, I got out my books and studied every detail. Then I was profusely sick, went to bed on it, and the next morning, still nauseated, started operating. Somehow or other, the first three operations were uncomplicated and the patients got along well. After that—God help me! But by that time I could feel confident that the reason the patient died was not all my fault, and I could continue trying to save lives.

In medicine, also, we had the breaks. I was called once to see the sawbwa of Chefang State in China who was "dying" of malaria. It was a three-day trip through mud up to the ponies' bellies. When I got there the prince had just about got control of his fever; but I gave him an intravenous injection of quinine, and then, when all his lords and ladies gave me the credit for a marvelous cure, I smiled my gratitude; and patients began to pour in from Chefang State.

With native nurses to help, we began to take on all sorts of cases. Not having an X-ray in those years, I particularly dreaded orthopedics. I used to escort the patients to the door and say, "My dear fellow, you need an operation all right, but I don't know how to do it. You'd better forget about it." And half an hour later he'd be back again.

"Doctor, I want you to operate on me."

"But I don't know how. I am afraid you will die."

"That doesn't matter. I won't blame you if I die."

"No, I rather guess you won't. All right. If you don't mind dying, I'll do my best to satisfy you!"

It was on such a case that I opened my first pus abdomen and put in a rubber-tube drain. When I did the first dressing, the drain had disappeared. I probed around in the man's belly but couldn't find it.

"What are you looking for, doctor?" asked the patient.

"That rubber tube I stuck in you. It's lost."

"Oh, that thing. Well, it was hurting me, so I pulled it out and threw it away."

In those days we were so poor I couldn't afford to lose that tube. I couldn't find it in the ward, but on the veranda I was delighted to come across a baby using it for a pacifier.

My first mastoid case was a charming little Kachin schoolgirl. I had never done a mastoid, but I had an old dry skull in the hospital. I pulled it out and did a mastoid operation on it, and when nothing happened to that patient I operated on the little girl, and she did well. We had many other mastoids. One came to us in a dying condition, the pus having burst through the skin, and he had a large Bezold abscess in the neck—and his ear canal and his mastoid were full of maggots. I opened the abscess, but his condition was so poor I didn't dare to do anything else. I just put him to bed and told the nurses to compel him to eat. But, like all men who are ill, he was very hard to feed. He didn't want anything that was good for him. All he was willing to eat was rotten fish and a sour pickle! The nurses had been trained never to waste a cent of hospital money, and they couldn't see the sense of pushing good food down a man who was going to die anyway. So I went out, bought the rotten fish and the sour pickle the fellow wanted, fed it to him myself, and he got well.

There was a lot of plastic surgery forced on us. There was a Chinese who had most literally "lost face," a bear having disposed of most of it, including one eye, the nose, and the upper lip. A bit of skin was left on the forehead which I used as a pedicle flap to line his new nose. Then I took cartilage from one of his ribs, grafted it in for a support, and finished off his new nose with a caterpillar graft from his chest. It was rather a flat nose, but what better for a Chinese?

A WOMAN came in one day with the worst infection of lice I had ever seen. Her hair had millions of them in permanent occupation. They had bitten her on the forehead and nose until she itched so badly she had scratched the front of her head full of sores. Flies had laid their eggs and now her sores were full of maggots. They had eaten into her nose until the cartilaginous part was separating itself from the bone. After we had excised the worst areas and rid her of the maggots, the front of her head had no scalp left. We left pedicles in both temporal regions, moved the scalp from the top of her head forward, grafted skin from her leg on the newly denuded area, so that when she got well she could comb her hair up over the bald spot and hide it very effectively. She came back to me last year with an attack of malaria. This time she had no lice.

And always there were goiters. One was so large it looked like a ham. I had the reputation of being the goiter specialist of Burma. And how I hate goiter surgery! One patient was choking to death as he was carried in. In one case I did not suspect abscess and removed the abscessed tumor intact without the patient turning a hair.

But how can you specialize in anything in a country like that? You cannot do what you want to do and you cannot avoid doing things you don't want to do. Still, I did specialize, and on something new! Wastebasket surgery. Surgery with wastebasket instruments. Orthopedic surgery without an X-ray. Surgery without electricity. Medicine without a laboratory, and without medicines, often. Hospitalization without a real hospital or any adequate equipment.

The Mission Property Committee in Rangoon, however, was in those days quite imaginative, and they felt I could get a hospital with the funds at my disposal, provided I built it myself. To a man of my temperament, that was like a red rag to a bull.

We decided to make the hospital out of cobblestone, unlimited amounts being available in the river beds within two miles of the hospital site. We hired a few coolies to gather the stone, and then after the hospital work was done the nurses would pile on board the truck and we would go out, throw the stones on, and haul back several loads. At last we were all ready to build, but I had not the slightest idea how to begin. But there was a missionary named Weeks in Moulmein who had put up a lot of fine buildings. I telegraphed him, inviting him to spend his summer vacation in Namkham. On the afternoon of the day he arrived for his "vacation" we started putting in the foundations, and by the time he left, a week later, we had one corner of the hospital built up to the tops of the windows of the lower story. Now I understood how to fasten those rocks together. His vacation had been such a success that I invited other knowledgeful missionaries to spend their vacations in Namkham. What a summer that was!

Aside from three good Chinese carpenters for the woodwork and an Indian chap to do the plastering, most of the heavy work was done by Shan and Kachin coolies, and a great deal of it by voluntary free labor. We chose half a dozen of the most intelligent and taught them to be expert masons for cobblestone work. The roof was completed just as the rains were breaking. Then we put in the electricity and plumbing. We moved into the new hospital, which filled up rapidly, until it was running to capacity. Later we opened three hospitals, one thirty miles west, one forty miles east, and one a hundred miles, as the crow flies, to the east of the Salween River.

1937—We had taken a long-planned trip to America and now we were back with an X-ray and a lot of brand-new surgical instruments. I hoped I was done with my specialization in wastebasket surgery.

Namkham was growing by leaps and bounds. Japan and China were having an "incident." China was pushing a road through to our border, working feverishly at both ends and in the middle as well. I hoped an "incident" would occur that would give me an excuse to travel up by car as far as the road was completed. It occurred. A telegram came in from Tengyueh saying that a lady at Longling, twenty miles north of Mangshi, was ill with pneumonia and wanted me to come. Two nurses and I started off in our secondhand Buick.

In many places the road was only six inches wider than the car, with tremendous precipices dropping away from the side of the road. Occasionally there were huge overhanging boulders, and we had to put down the top and fold over the windshield. Beyond Mangshi no bridges had been built. So we had to leave the car. We drove into the grounds around the Mangshi palace, and luckily my friend the sawbwa was home. He put us up for the night, and next morning started us off on three of the smallest native ponies it has been my ill luck to ride.

We took an occasional short cut, but our mule path was along the route followed by the new motor road. Even on that short stretch of road there must have been 10,000 coolies at work. The hillsides were black with them: Chinese, Shans, Kachins. Huge goiters hampered their work. Dozens were lying by the road shaking with fever. Hundreds had sore eyes. A few, totally blind, were nevertheless dragging bamboo sleds on which others had dumped earth. In the rockiest parts coolies were tediously drilling holes in the hard limestone cliffs into which crude gunpowder could be packed for blasting. There was no dynamite. Every few minutes there was an outbreak of yelling and screaming and the coolies rushed aside as a muffled explosion shook the valley. Boulders bounded down the hillsides, often narrowly missing us. If a coolie failed to run at the warning, it was just too bad; but the work went on. Where the limestone was softer, hundreds of coolies picked at it with pickaxes, chipping off an inch or two at a time. Ants on a hillside! But ants work together, and what they can't accomplish!

AS we climbed up out of Mangshi we left behind the Shan States of China. Now we are entering Chinese China. Graves, graves everywhere! Sacred ancestors! Nothing had ever been permitted to disturb those cemeteries during the centuries; but the road must go through! The Japs were pressing in. There was still the railroad from Indo-China to Kunming, but the Generalissimo was looking ahead. This road must go through! Cemeteries got in the way. They cut right through them, disinterring the bones of the sacred ancestors. China was looking backward over her shoulder no longer.

To me, the most extraordinary thing about "the Road," as I saw it that day, was not the number of coolies toiling with pick and shovel and crowbar. I had seen that before. It was not the lack of reverence for banyan trees, cemeteries, and *nat* altars. I had felt impatience at these sacred things, too. The extraordinary thing to me was the marvelous surveying job that had been done—the wonderful grading of that road. They were steep grades, as steep as a road should ever have, but they were steady! There was a reason for the steepness of each. The work had been done not by some amateur who had been given the job because he couldn't be used by the government elsewhere, but by a man who understood surveying. I couldn't believe my eyes.

Amazed, and very deeply impressed with the new road, we pulled into Longling town and, after much effort, discovered the home of the sick missionary. She had right lobar pneumonia and was very ill. But, as usual, I had the breaks. For no reason at all, as far as I was concerned, the patient within four hours had a favorable crisis. In twenty-four hours she was so far recovered that there was no point in our staying longer.

We returned to Namkham the second morning. Two months later the Burma Road was completed into Longling, and Tiny and I and three missionary guests drove all the way there to visit our pneumonia patient. Driving there in the morning and returning that same night, we reached Namkham about two the next morning.

CONSTRUCTION had also begun at the site of the new airplane factory, seven miles across the plain. I had helped pick that site for the Central Aircraft Manufacturing Company, an American outfit operating in China—until they had been bombed out of Hangchow, Hankow, and Kunming, and were now planning to set up again in the Namkham valley. Their trucks began to haul supplies up from Bhamo. One night nurses came running for me. One of the Americans at the factory had just been brought in in an Indian truck. His truck and trailer had crashed down a mountainside. The cab had been crumbled completely, and he had remained in the valley for hours until the Indian happened along and picked him up. He had recovered from a mild concussion when I saw him, and his delight at falling into the hands of an American doctor was pitiful. Tiny came and helped me tuck him into bed. An American woman tucking him in! He broke down and sobbed. Later I saw the curve where his truck had dropped. He was lucky to get off with a concussion and a gash in his thigh.

Food trucks passing from Bhamo to Namkham in five hours when heretofore such articles had taken five days on mules. . . . A tremendous fire breaks out in the Bhamo bazaar and destroys half the native town. . . . Rats leave the burning houses and have a difficult time finding sufficient food. . . . Trucks loaded with food are standing ready to start for Namkham in the morning and the rats leap aboard. . . . A month later rats are dying in Namkham by the hundreds. . . . Householders pick them up by the tails where they drop on the floor and throw them out into the garden and the bubonic plague comes to Namkham for the first time in eighty years. Virgin country! I telegraphed for enough plague vaccines for our entire staff and wondered when the first case would appear.

Almost immediately I was called. The patient had been ill since the night before. By the time I reached the house he was dead. He had died so rapidly after the onset that there was no sign of disease on his face. The next day another patient was dead in the adjacent house, and in two days three in this second house had died. All of them were cases of septicemic plague. I telegraphed the civil surgeon in Lashio and the assistant superintendent in Kutkai.

I sent our staff through the town urging people to be vaccinated and personally urged vaccination on the lord mayor. Aside from the Chinese community, led by a very intelligent Chinese friend of mine, every one refused vaccine. We telegraphed for vaccine for the Chinese. Plague cases appeared everywhere. Rats began to drop dead from the ceilings. Down the street rats would run and fall over dead in front of you. Then true bubonic plague appeared.

We set a time favorable to the lord mayor and, with a corps of nurses to assist, we started inoculations in a big way. The lord mayor submitted first, but the germs were already in him and in two days he developed bubonic plague and died. We injected more than half of the people in town. Many of those ordered for vaccination refused to appear. The plague began to search out their homes and many of those who had refused vaccination died. Where all but one in a house had been vaccinated, the one unvaccinated person acquired the disease and died.

Plague began to appear in near-by villages. With the local police to help, we went out to give injections in those villages. The first day was completely wasted. Villagers had heard that we were coming and had evacuated. Not one person was at home. The second time this happened, I telegraphed the assistant superintendent for Kachin troops to help us. The Shans are scared to death of the Kachins. The acting mayor sent for me and begged me not to put this indignity upon him. He would guarantee that his own police would enforce our orders. We tried again with little success. Then the assistant superintendent himself arrived. He was disgusted that I had been put to so much inconvenience. The villagers must come to me. He sent out Kachin troops and arrested the headmen and elders of each village where I had had trouble and threw them into jail. Our troubles were over.

Village by village they presented themselves in the bazaar at appointed times. By now the total number of deaths had reached such a number that we obviously had the beginning of a major epidemic. The League of Nations' public health chief for China came in and demanded immediate action against a disease which, if allowed to cross the border, would by itself compel China to cease her resistance against Japan.

That year we gave some 10,000 inoculations of plague vaccine, and as soon as the number of people injected reached 60 per cent of the population, the epidemic stopped.

But we were having real trouble ourselves now. Nurse Nang Leng and I had been trying out various injections on a pregnant plague patient. Our legs were being bitten as we injected. Three days later Nang Leng had a bubo in her groin. I made a smear from the gland which proved positive. The airplane factory had a small stock of plague antitoxin and, on our urgent plea for help, sent us over a few c.c. I gave Nang Leng 10 c.c. and then started off on an obstetrics case twenty miles away. On my way there I had a peculiar pain in my right armpit. On the return trip I kept feeling that aching spot and discovered that I had a bubo myself! I told Tiny about it and she insisted on giving me an injection of the serum. Then I came down with a huge chill and the most gorgeous headache I ever enjoyed in my life. Rats had been dying in our house, and one had died in the bookshelf behind the chair in my office.

Every single child under ten that had contracted plague in the town had died, even though the child had previously been vaccinated. Tiny and I fought over the matter tooth and nail. She didn't want to leave me and I didn't want our two boys to get the disease and die. I won the argument finally. Tiny turned me over to the head nurse and took the boys out to our school in Muse for the period of quarantine, preparatory to taking them down to Maymyo and safety.

Thanks to the 6 c.c. of vaccine I had received, I was an entirely uncomplicated case. I had far more trouble with the serum reaction that followed, a week later. I even fainted for the first and only time in my life.

All together, ten of our hospital staff got the disease, but, thanks to double dosage of vaccine, all of us recovered.

THE main corps of American engineers had now come and settled in Loiwing in grass shacks. Many had brought their wives. Thousands of workmen and coolies were at work under American supervision putting up one building after another and installing machine tools. A very attractive Chinese surgeon, Dr. Horace Yu, graduate of Northwestern Medical School, had come. With the help of engineers he had drawn up plans for a factory hospital, and the building was going up rapidly. Dr. Yu's very charming and beautiful wife, an American-born Chinese girl trained as a nurse in Peiping Union Medical College, joined him.

Mrs. Yu and her little daughter lived in our home for several weeks. Until their hospital was completed, the factory sent all patients needing hospitalization over to us. Our financial situation, for the first time, eased off.

After I had recovered from the plague I received a formal invitation from Messrs. Hunter and Walsh, factory manager and general manager, to dinner. I knew something was up and made up my mind to refuse. But that dinner was far too delicious. By the time the meal was over I had practically no resistance left! Their idea was for me to stop being a missionary and come over to run their hospital on a generous salary. Their hospital and surgical equipment were the best. I would be practicing medicine and surgery in the way every doctor dreams of doing. But—I liked my stupid idea of missionary work, and I had become badly spoiled by the fun of always having more work on hand than I could ever possibly do. Namkham was my brain child.

I had my alternative suggestion ready: Their job—director of the hospital—was nothing like a full-time job, and if I had no other work to employ me I would soon go mad. I countered with the offer that I would spend three days a week at Loiwing and assume full responsibility for the work of the hospital, make emergency trips at any time if an American needed special work done. In the other two thirds of my time I would continue to work at Namkham. Both men objected, but it was a case of accept my offer or have no American doctor for their Americans, so they finally agreed.

AND so thrice-weekly trips to Loiwing began, fourteen miles each way by motor road. I soon discovered that, aside from my American patients, most of my work was to keep the hospital staff from resigning singly or en masse. All the Chinese engineers and workmen were from east China. Refugees, driven out by Japan, all had lost their homes, and many their families. There was a very tender and delicate mental balance. The slightest suspicion of insult and the balance was lost and feuds developed. Doctors, authorized to grant leave with or without pay from factory duties, were the chief scapegoats. Dr. Yu, who refused to be intimidated into granting leave with pay to well persons, soon became their pet abomination. Doctors who preferred to distribute leaves lavishly to a smattering of gangsters, and thereby live in peace and comfort, soon became abominations to their director and had to leave. Not one week went by that I did not have to spend many hours of argument with some member of our staff. Even the medical chief demanded that a nurse be discharged, and when I refused to dismiss her for a first offense, he lost so much face that the president of the company had to give him an expense-paid trip to study in the Calcutta School of Tropical Medicine to restore his dignity. Finally, to keep some semblance of order, we had to have Chinese Army sentries patrol the halls of the hospital.

My next memorable date is when the rains of 1940 broke. From that time on I have not had a moment's peace, and I hope I never will.

Plague broke out this time in Muse, at the upper end of the valley. One of the Loiwing workmen spent a night in Muse, picked up the disease, and, after a very short illness, died in Loiwing.

Then began the Loiwing rat hunts. Extraordinary things! Chinese workmen surrounded each house that had a floor near the ground with a barricade of galvanized roofing. Coolies pried up the floor boards one by one, and then the fifteen or twenty men in each enclosure, Americans and Chinese, went mad. Clubs in their hands they struck wildly at each rat as it ran out into the open. As they were killed they were thrown into a five-gallon can. Five gallons of dead rats—150 to 200 of the rodents—was a normal catch from each house.

The Loiwing hospital staff, doctors and nurses, were quite busy enough with malaria, dysentery, and typhoid, so I brought over Namkham nurses, and we injected 40 per cent of the personnel with 3 c.c. of vaccine and the remaining 60 per cent with a total of 5 c.c. When the factory personnel had completed their injections we vaccinated in the surrounding villages. We continued to kill rats, getting positive smears from their spleens and bone marrow till the end of the rains, but not another case of plague appeared at the factory.

With Loiwing and war news continually filling my mind, it was only natural that I should dream of planes bombing the factory. The dream was very realistic. Again in October, 1940, I dreamed the same dream. It was my day to go to Loiwing, but I had had some very major operations to do that morning in our own hospital, and as I was so tired I lay down for a short nap before going over. This time the dream was so realistic that I could even hear the drone of the engines. Suddenly I heard Tiny screaming for me from the bathroom, where she was in the midst of her bath.

"Gordon, Gordon, wake up! Those are Japanese bombers!" I took one look, discovered it was no dream. Leaving Tiny to dress frantically, I ran over to the hospital. Nurses were already evacuating the patients according to our prearranged plan, and I passed several who were carrying male patients on their shoulders out into the woods. E Hla and the operating-room nurses were loading the Dodge with all our surgical instruments and baskets of sterile goods.

On the far side of the hospital a Burmese was staggering along with his wife in his arms. I had just finished a major abdominal operation on her that morning. The husband was shaking with fright and his wife was fast sliding out of his arms, so I snatched her from him and carried her into a nullah. Running back, I found a little five-foot nurse with a huge insane Kachin woman on her back. She was determined that if the Japanese were saving a bomb for us, as we expected, they should at least not hurt a crazy woman! We were just depositing our patient in safety when the bombers circled back over us. They had saved a bomb, but it missed us by a mile and nearly massacred a Palong picnic party.

The bombers had passed over neutral Burma, both on their way to bomb Loiwing and on their return.

THE Dodge now loaded and volunteer cars coming to help, I started on with a team of nurses, Tiny coming along a few minutes later with another team. Four carloads in all went. I touched an occasional high spot in the road on my way, reaching Loiwing about half an hour after the bombing; but somehow or other Tiny, in spite of her late start, arrived at the hospital simultaneously. Dr. Yu and the first-aid men he had trained had already carried most of the casualties in. The operating staff was distracted; but with one Chinese nurse and the Chinese orderly to help, our nurses lit primus stoves and boiled instruments. The power mains had been destroyed and we had no electricity. We began operating. Dr. Yu took the amputation and other orthopedic cases on one table, with Tiny to give his anesthetics, and I took the abdominal cases on the other while E Hla put them to sleep. We both worked fast. The interns selected cases and had them waiting in the doorway of the operating room. As I finished one major abdominal case and the nurses lifted him onto the stretcher, I moved over to the patient nearest the entrance. He moaned to me in Chinese, "Take me next. Please take me next." He was covered with a blanket so I could not see just how badly he was hurt. I wheeled him toward my table, but the head factory nurse jerked him back and insisted I take another patient who, she said, needed operation more urgently. Thinking she knew her job, I took her patient, finding it to be a simple flesh wound. Then I went again to the other man, drew back the blanket and found one leg almost completely severed at the thigh with no tourniquet in evidence. Disgusted that favoritism should come into play during a time like this, I hurried to control hemorrhage; but the patient died. If I had operated on him first, as I intended, I could probably have saved his life.

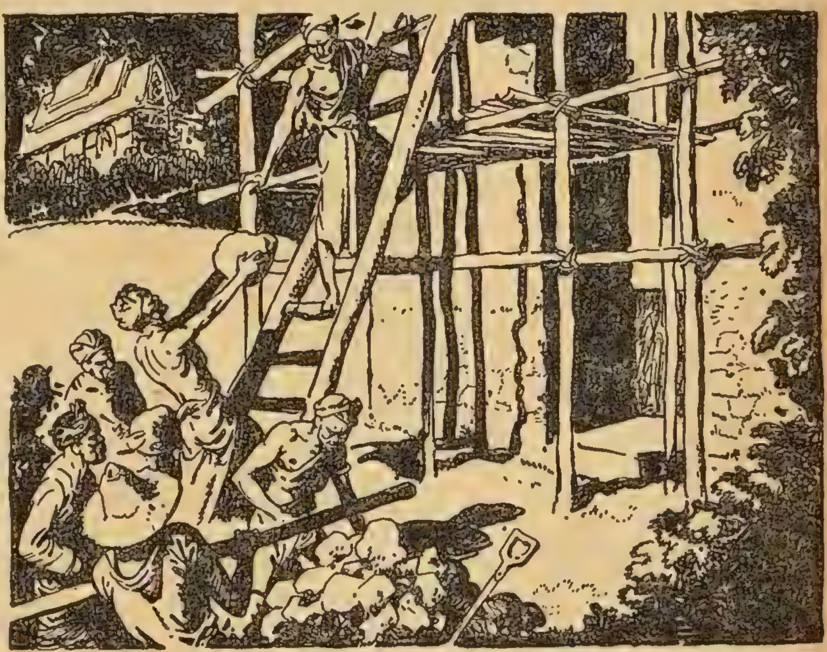
It is extraordinary what a ghastly wound can be caused by an insignificant bit of shell.

Not nearly so many casualties would have occurred if the Chinese had thrown themselves flat on the ground. Instead of lying down, however, every one had started to run. The total number of killed was never accurately known. An entire family was buried alive in a hole they had dug to cache their personal possessions. Some children never found their parents again. One woman lost her husband and three children and went mad for months.

A patient reached my table who had an apparently simple wound of the right hip below the crest of the ilium. There was no sign of abdominal involvement that I could describe verbally, but I opened the abdomen just for the fun of it, and there was a two-inch rip in the small intestine. This was one of the pitifully few abdominal cases that lived.

A woman, eight months pregnant, had a tiny puncture in the left flank, from which oozed a little blood. Sure the shell fragment must have passed into the uterus, I opened the abdomen, which contained a lot of blood and amniotic fluid. Tying off the ovarian artery that had been injured, I delivered the baby by Caesarean section. Across the dorsum of the baby's right foot the shell had made a wound, the scar of which that child will carry till the day he dies. Both mother and child did well.

And so on, case after case; splenectomies, removal of several feet of lacerated intestine, amputations of the leg and arm. A shell fragment had penetrated the skull of a little lad just my son John's size and build. Dissatisfied with some of the first-aid work, I became very impatient that all my calls for one of the physicians were unavailing. Where had that man disappeared to? Dr. Yu and Tiny were working heroically at the other table, saving lives by the dozens, yet losing patients just as I was, because the inexperienced interns could not decide correctly which cases were most urgent. Had the head of the Department of Internal Medicine been killed by a bomb?



Night was coming on and we were not half done. No electricity. Americans were trying to buy gasoline lamps across the valley and to borrow those the mission owned; but they had not returned. What light could we use? I remembered two packages of candles in the drawer of the desk in my office and sent a nurse for them. Entry to my office was possible either through the door of my secretary's room or through that of the office shared by Dr. Yu and another physician. Both doors were locked. The nurse looked for the orderly who kept the keys. He was nowhere to be seen. She tried the door again. Surely there was some one in that room? She knocked and knocked and nothing happened, yet a soft noise, like a child crying, persisted. Then the orderly appeared with the keys and opened the door. In the office, his head bowed on his arms, sobbing, was the physician we had been looking for.

Some people just cannot take it. Others, like these crazy nurses of ours from Namkham, just haven't sense enough to be scared when the bombs drop. The doctor, with his long legs, had disappeared rapidly over the Burma border soon after he sighted the planes. He went so fast and so far it had taken him hours to get back again, and even then he could do nothing but sob while Chinese died all around him.

Candles kept us going, with the aid of an occasional flashlight, till the gasoline lamps appeared. Americans had driven thirty-eight miles to Muse to buy them. At eleven o'clock the physician, who had come on the job reluctantly after being caught sobbing, insisted there were no other cases that needed operation before morning. The Americans dragged us up to the club for coffee and sandwiches. They treated our Namkham nurses as if they, too, were pure-blooded Americans. After an hour of relaxation—divine relaxation—we went back to check on our patients. Two of those who "did not need operation" had died while we were resting. All the factory nurses had gone home. All the casualties, whether operated on or not, needed an injection of morphine, so three of our nurses volunteered to go on night duty, tired as they were. It was high time I changed my blood-drenched clothes. Dr. Yu could offer me a shirt, but nothing else. When I reappeared from my office dressed in that shirt—and nothing else—those crazy nurses burst into raucous laughter! One of the Americans took pity on me and lent me some pants.

In the hall, one of the staff men grabbed my arm and begged me to look at his son who "didn't need an operation." A shell fragment had struck him in the leg, causing a compound fracture of both tibia and fibula. We splinted his leg carefully, put him on his daddy's lap in the back of the Dodge, and when we reached Namkham débrided the wound, placed the bones in position, healthy fragments and all, and applied plaster. From then on the father did his best to make me take off the foul-smelling cast. Sensibly, he did not remove it himself. When I took it off, a couple of months later, the wound was well and the bones had grown together in perfect position.

At eight on the morning following the bombing, I started again for Loiwing to help operate on the "less seriously injured." While tanking up in town, several trucks came by. They were full of casualties. Dr. Yu, who was aboard one of the trucks, explained that they had decided to move all their hospital patients over to us in Namkham so that they would have no responsibility for carrying them to safety if bombers returned. That suited me; it would make my work much easier! What did not suit me was the horrible groaning of a man on the floor of one of the trucks. He was one of those cases that had not needed operation! All that was wrong was a compound fracture of the thigh. He had on no splint. One of the three nurses that had volunteered to go on night duty was on his truck. "At each bump," she explained, "the poor fellow screamed with pain." Twenty-four hours later, in spite of everything we could do, he died of gas gangrene.

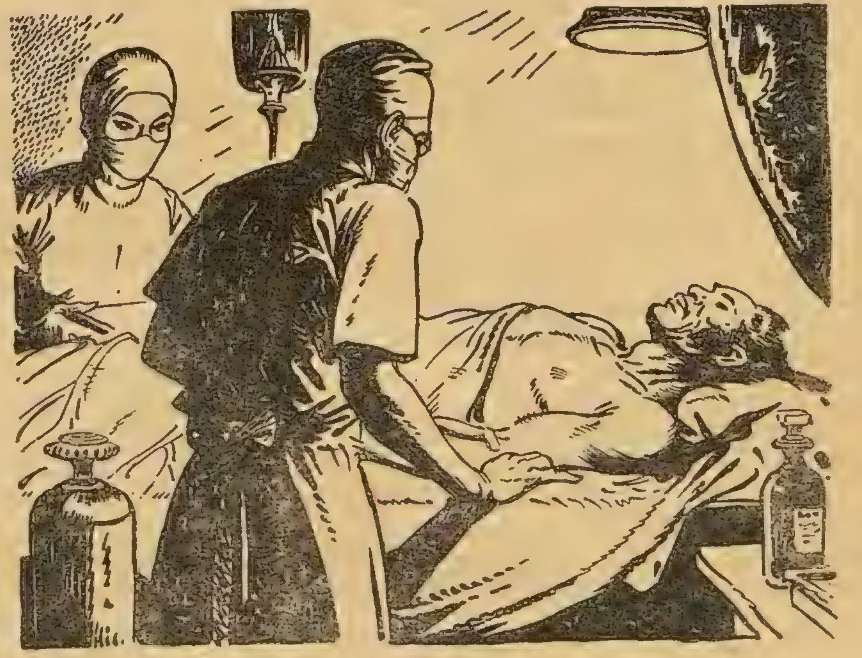
AND so, for days, we were operating on bomb casualties. Our hospital had never been full, judging by present standards. Now there wasn't one spare inch available. The shock of the bomb raid made many of the pregnant Chinese women go into labor early. Our maternity building was jammed with women outdoing each other. Now I learned the true use of a husband when the wife is in labor. No matter how hard a certain woman tried, her baby postponed its arrival. It was getting to be a nuisance. Finally the husband insisted on being admitted to the delivery room. Every time his wife had a pain he let out a terrific grunt! She duplicated it. At the next pain, the husband's grunt was more extraordinary—so was his wife's. The third pain came on; the husband's grunt was one long wail of anguish. The wife took a deep breath, made an awful face, and—out came Mr. Baby!

For months the factory hospital remained closed and patients were sent to us. Our plant had again to be adapted to take care of them. With funds furnished by the factory, the old hospital and a few small cottages were fitted with running-water toilets. Septic tanks were built. Fearful that their precious hospital equipment would be destroyed if the bombers returned, they sent most of it over to us either for our temporary use or to be stored. On their hospital staff I selected two who could work with me in perfect harmony and who would not lose face if I smiled at them: Dr. Tu and Low Wang. George N. Tu had been born in San Francisco, received his medical education at the Imperial University in Tokyo, and was working up a nice practice in east China when the "incident" began. Since then he had come diagonally across China, a couple of hops ahead of the Japs, whom he detested.

Low Wang was the Loiwing operating-room orderly. He fell in love with me long before the bombing, insisted on staying at Namkham after the factory hospital closed up, was with the surgical unit behind the Fifth Army from the Battle of Toungoo on, walked out happily into Assam, and is with us still. He is the author of the famous remark made as we reached the top of a range in the Naga Hills, "No, I am not tired. My knees have just gone soft." About as large as one of our nurses, he works as long as they and does his best to see that they never have to do any of the dirty work in the operating room. Unable to read a word in any language, he comes to every service and "reads" every hymn and every Scripture passage. He plays baseball with terrific energy, but can never be in the right place when the ball arrives there. When he came over to Namkham he could not speak a word of Burmese, but now he is very voluble in that language and often acts as my interpreter. He has only one "fault." He treats every Chinese coolie or private as if he were a major general!

Our effort to fit the Loiwing nursing staff into our work was disastrous; and that experience still colors our attitude toward mixing in with other units. It never turns out right. All the dirty work comes down on the Namkham girls, who never refuse a job, no matter how nasty, and all the little plums go to the other group.

After months had passed, the factory personnel decided that the Japanese were never coming again and consented to go back to work. The hospital reopened. Tiny and I took a deep breath.



The news on the radio was not so good. Sooner or later the Japs would be in Burma, and then where would our hospital be? We felt around to find out what the government officers had planned to do to us. Our problem was not whether or not we wanted to serve, but how we could serve efficiently and really help the country. Then I asked "Chuck" Hunter of the Loiwing factory if he could figure out some way in which our hospital could become mobile so that we could move swiftly to the scene of action when hostilities started.

"Listen, doc. Why don't you go down to Rangoon and persuade them to give you some Lend-Lease trucks? The authorities would rather have them given to Americans, who they know will not misuse them. They have given us some to help on our work with the A. V. G."

The idea seemed pretty good, but there was the difficulty of getting enough drivers. It was Christmas, and I had to go to Rangoon in any case to take delivery of the new ambulance, and Bill Cummings, who had come with his family to work in a mission and on a government agricultural project for the Kachins, consented to go along.

Bill and I went to Mr. P. C. Fogarty, liaison officer between the government and the Army, to lay the project before him. He started the ball rolling and I am afraid the next two days made us get just a little embarrassed.

Every officer we met, from the deputy assistant director of Medical Services to the brigadier general, had heard all about us. We could only hope they hadn't heard altogether too much! I would have liked permission to censor the stories before they heard them. The director of Medical Services was the only man to criticize our plan. We should, he said, have asked for thirty three-ton trucks instead of six. Then they could call us a mobile hospital unit. With only six trucks they could dignify us with no higher title than a mobile surgical unit. We told him that the title was entirely immaterial provided they gave us a real opportunity to work—and work together as a unit composed of doctors and nurses who were used to each other's ways. Scarcity of drivers made thirty trucks impossible for us, but we could locate six missionaries, at a loose end because of the war, to drive the six trucks. It was specified that no member of our unit should receive pay. The government medical stores would issue anything needed that was available, but we would have to secure the trucks and necessary blankets and sheeting material from Lend-Lease. Approval of General Hutton having been obtained, it took only a few minutes over the telephone to secure the trucks and Lend-Lease supplies from the American officers in charge.

EARLY next morning we took delivery of the trucks and other supplies and loaded up with all the gasoline we would need during the first month. The medical stores filled our requisitions in record time. Mr. Baxter, financial secretary to the government in Burma, gave us a thousand rupees of his own personal funds to cover incidental expenses liable to occur during the period essential for organizing our unit. Several missionaries were out of constructive jobs because Judson College, of the University of Rangoon, had closed down. Driving our hospital trucks seemed to them to offer possibility of real service to Burma.

That day in Rangoon great pressure was put on us by the mission and by the American consul general to get all American women and children out of the country. Now what were we to do? Rangoon port was almost out of commission as the result of only two bomb raids. How much longer could it remain open? Indians, maltreated by the Burmese for years, were streaming out of town by the tens of thousands on their long trek for India. Most of them were on foot, their possessions strapped on their backs. Some had large pushcarts and wheelbarrows, trishaws—bicycles with sidecars—and anything that would roll. A few had "salvaged" some brand-new truck chassis on which huge packing cases were bolted. Yes, the Indians were definitely leaving, and Indians are essential for Rangoon docks.

The day after my return to Namkham, Tiny and I decided that she and the children had better go over to India and take no chances. Bill's family would go with them. Twenty-four mad hours were spent packing the most essential things, and then Tiny started off in the Oldsmobile. She reached Rangoon just in time for a week of continuous night bombing. After what seemed like seven years instead of seven days, the three obtained passage on a steamer for Calcutta. The letter Tiny wrote from there on her arrival was the last to reach me till July. Some one told me later he thought she had sailed from Bombay, but it was not till I reached India that I knew she had safely reached our home in Ohio.

January was a busy month for Bill and me. We had to arrange our trucks for immediate departure when the Army authorities ordered it, while I still had all my regular hospital work to do and ambulance trips to make, and Bill had to wind up some important phases of his agricultural work. We had a driver for each truck, but we should have had a dozen spare drivers trained and ready to take over when occasion demanded. That meant nurses. Several of the nurses had shown great interest and natural ability in car driving. I took them in rotation on each ambulance trip, and they learned very rapidly. Tiny had already taught Dr. Ba Saw the rudiments, so he learned his remaining lessons quickly.

Bill outlined a miniature "Burma Road" on our football ground and made the more promising nurses drive those huge trucks back and forth on that road. Soon they reached the point where we could let them practice on our valley road, with one of us ready to pull on the hand brake or snatch the wheel out of their hands in an emergency. Coming back from the long ambulance trip to Kunlong, always at night, there was no danger of smashing into other cars, so I took my life—and theirs—into my hands, and let them drive the ambulance.

A division of the Chinese Sixth Army was reported to have arrived in Kengtung State. Two other divisions were due to come through into Burma by way of the Burma Road. Somehow we knew the Army in Burma intended to assign us to the Chinese Army. We were the only hospital in Burma that had Chinese-speaking nurses, and we were the only non-British hospital available for military use. It was known that the Sixth Army had no medical-school graduates to do their surgery. But I had begged headquarters not to tie me up with medical work for an idle army. Namkham, the work we had developed in the Northern Shan States, the Burma Road hospitals—all seemed well worth maintaining until there were actual battle casualties that needed treatment.

A few days later, the British liaison officer assigned to the Chinese Sixth Army came in to see us. It would be two weeks before the Army would cross the border on the way to the Southern Shan States. He would let me know the actual date on which the first convoy was traveling and we could follow it down to Takaw, where the Kengtung road crosses the Salween. We kept the trucks loaded, continued training the nurses to drive, and for the third time gave them their course in first aid. Our ambulances made their scheduled trips.

When we could stand this "mark time" business no longer, Bill and I would climb into the Oldsmobile and go over to Loiwing and meet some of the A. V. G. and listen to their stories. One young A. V. G. had had such a struggle getting into his shirt one morning that he was a minute late getting off the ground, and his pals had taken off without him. As he gained altitude he discovered a formation of Japanese bombers above him. He was so afraid of being killed that he pointed his nose straight up and plowed through the Jap formation, bringing down three planes as he went. I became intensely curious as to what my reaction would be if I got into danger. Would I cut and run, or would I plow right through the danger like this A. V. G. boy?

The liaison officer reappeared. The first regiment of Chinese, he said, would start on Wednesday. It would be better for us to start on Thursday so that there would be no difficulty getting mixed up with the Chinese convoy on the road. So on Thursday we started off under a barrage of pouts from the nurses, whom we had decided to leave behind to keep up the Namkham hospital work.

WE spent the first night in Kutkai getting used to Army life. We got to Mongnai three days later at sunset, and there Brigadier General Martin, chief of the British Liaison Mission to the Chinese Army, met us. He informed us that our orders were more extensive than we had originally been given to understand. Our unit was to serve the entire Chinese Sixth Army in the South Shan States and Kerenni, over a 300-mile front. Since the main roads to these three stations met in Loilem, a delightfully situated town, General Martin advised us to set up our base hospital there. We pushed back to Loilem that night.

What kind of men did these British think we were anyway, giving us a job of that size? After refusing us the dignity of the title of Mobile Hospital Unit, they were ordering us to be a whole confounded medical corps!

It was well known that the Chinese Medical Corps consisted only of a few men trained in first aid and of companies of stretcher bearers. We would somehow or other have to do all the hospitalization for the entire Army. General Martin promised me a free hand in adding to our personnel any volunteer doctors I could secure, provided they worked without pay, but said I was to ask for no British medical officer to be assigned to us. My job was so large that a commission as lieutenant colonel was offered me.

I declined with thanks. They could make me an honorary lieutenant colonel—Kentucky variety—but I was taking no chances of losing my American citizenship!

We selected a lovely pine-covered hill east of Loilem, and the government secured contractors to put up a lot of bamboo and thatch wards under the pines. With as big a job as this before us, we knew there would be endless miles of travel to and from the small advance hospitals that we would have to develop. So Bill set off at once for Rangoon with five drivers, two of them nurses, the others volunteers, to attempt to secure a half-dozen jeeps. I, for my part, went off to Mong Pan to get in touch with the regiment of troops that had just arrived there and decide as to the necessity of having an advance hospital in that place to care for their needs.

At Mong Pan one sees the first signs of Siamese influence in the pagodas and monasteries. Beyond Mong Pan town the British were hurriedly pushing construction of a motor road down to the Salween. The first regiment of Chinese was marching along this road as I drove up. They were just the sort of Chinese I was used to, many of them stumbling along in the grip of fever. They would certainly need one small hospital in Mong Pan town if I could persuade the political officer or the sawbwa to construct it. No solution suggested itself to my imagination other than the development of a system of small, nurse-controlled hospitals supervised by means of weekly trips.

RETURNING to Loilem, I tanked up and started the next morning for Kengtung, where a division of the Sixth Army had been stationed for more than a month. The road to Kengtung is steep, full of curves, and very, very narrow. To avoid going over precipices, the car had frequently to push against the bank on the other side. About three in the morning I was so sleepy I stopped the car, leaned over the wheel, and dropped off for an hour. The four nurses with me had been sound asleep in each other's arms for some time. I forced myself awake, drank a pint of hot coffee from my thermos, and drove on, reaching the A. B. M. compound with a leeway of half an hour.

I was delighted to find that in Kengtung things were already arranged. The mission hospital had been turned over to the Chinese Army under the direction of a Chinese physician from Rangoon who wished to join our unit. The English civil surgeon was very cordial and anxious to help us in every way, introducing me to two generals who seemed very fine types and most intelligent. With the aid of an interpreter, I explained the orders that had been given me and agreed, on their advice, to open a front-line hospital at Mong Hpayak, near the Siam border, from which serious cases could be transferred to the base hospital by ambulance. I arranged to leave our nurses in Kengtung and promised to send back others to open the Mong Hpayak hospital the following week.

Then, at noon, I started back. I was lucky enough to get about five hours' sleep that night. I had forgotten to warn General Martin that, until there was actual battle, I would be making frequent trips back to Namkham. Taunggyi was only sixty miles west. I decided to see the general, outline the plans I had formulated, and get his approval. Running around the Taunggyi streets in brand-new jeeps were Bill, Htulum and Koi, the two nurses, Paul Geren and Whittington from the factory, who had joined up with us, and Tun Shein. We had a celebration. Our work would be just possible now, whereas without the jeeps we would have been making much ado about nothing as far as medical service for the Chinese Army was concerned.

That evening our cavalcade drove back to Namkham. I performed a Caesarean section, stayed with the patient for twelve hours, and then went off on the regular ambulance run for Kunlong. From Kunlong I returned to Loilem. Two more regiments of the Sixth Army had gone through to Mong Pan, and the general wished me to open our hospital there at once.

Htulum was the top nurse of our unit. It seemed only logical to put her in charge at Mong Pan with two younger girls and Lieng Sing, our Chinese college boy, to help her, Koi remaining in charge at Loilem. Htulum, a good driver, could keep a jeep at Mong Pan for use as an ambulance while, if he was willing, Dr. Gurney of the English mission at Langkhu would answer emergency calls from Mong Pan when Htulum got into trouble. Loading a sufficient amount of supplies for the new hospital into a truck, we started off, Htulum trailing us in her jeep.

As we passed through Langkhu we stopped and had tea with Dr. Gurney. Another kindred spirit that was always looking for trouble, he already had his hospital full of Indian troops, with an occasional Chinese soldier or two who had been taken ill on the way to Hong Pan. Afraid he might be drafted some day for an office job, he was delighted with the idea of joining our unit, and volunteered to make trips up to Mong Pan every other day to supervise Htulum's work.

The sawbwa of Mong Pan built Htulum a fifty-bed hospital of bamboo and teak-leaf thatch above a cement floor of some unknown origin. There was a nice little nurses' home beside it. I was quite pleased with the arrangements, feeling no qualms at leaving the nurses there. I was sure they would be able to take care of themselves.

When surgical cases, and a few casualties from raids into Siam, needed more than Htulum was able to give them, Dr. Gurney transferred the patients to his own hospital at Langkhu. Eight miles north of Loilem a missionary colleague of Dr. Gurney, Dr. Barr-Johnston, had a small hospital. His civilian work practically at a standstill because of war rumors, he consented to take his ambulance and surgical equipment with him and assume responsibility for all our work east of the Salween in Kengtung State.

That was an immense relief to us. Still, we would be in a very tight spot indeed if hostilities were to break out along our whole 300-mile front; so after settling our unit in the newly completed buildings near Loilem and taking a half day off to get control of a relapse of my malaria, I made another flying trip to Namkham. The morning following my arrival was spent in doing a lot of major operations Dr. Ba Saw had saved up for me. Late in the afternoon I paid a visit to Loiwing to report on the job that had been given us, and to ask co-operation of the company in contacting Chungking, Chengtu, and Kunming, with a view to obtaining medical officers for our unit.

For the following two weeks the work consisted of flying trips to first one and then another of our small hospitals, of which we now had six. What wards the contractors had completed in Loilem were full of Chinese soldiers—accident cases resulting from poor truck driving as the Army moved south, pneumonia caused by exposure, and the everlasting malaria. Troops were concentrated in Loilem itself. Rangoon had been evacuated. The last division of the Sixth Army was moving into the Karenni States east of Toungoo, with headquarters at Loikaw. The Fifth Army, much better troops, was hurrying down, convoy after convoy traveling night and day through Mandalay to Toungoo, where they were digging themselves in.

AT Mong Ton, beyond the Salween and only a few miles from the Siam border, advance units of the division that had its headquarters at Mong Pan had made contact with Siamese troops. I picked three nurses, of whom the chief was Chit Sein, "Miss Burma, 1942," to open a small hospital there. Having no doctor to spare, I asked Paul Geren, one of my volunteers, to go with the nurses and add to their prestige as well as help their morale.

A forty-mile walk was necessary from the end of the dirt road beyond Mong Pan. I felt positively ill as I escorted the little party to the road's end. The other two girls were Kachin and had been toughened by many years of life in the mountains, but Chit Sein, this little Shan beauty, brought up in comfort, was in for a very, very hard trip which I was sure she could never stand. I was convinced that I was bidding them a permanent good-by. Later a nice long letter came back by messenger from Paul. Chit Sein had smiled and laughed the whole way there, standing the trip much better than he had.

One day's journey from Mong Pan the Chinese had sent out a group of dignitaries to welcome them and bring them to the post in style. A tremendous Chinese banquet had been prepared in their honor. Paul, a doctor of science, was assumed to be a doctor of medicine, and all the sick officers sent for him. Being a canny man, Paul took Chit Sein with him on each visit.

"Chit Sein," said Paul in an undertone, as he made a theatrical examination of the patient, "what the dickens is the matter with this fellow?"

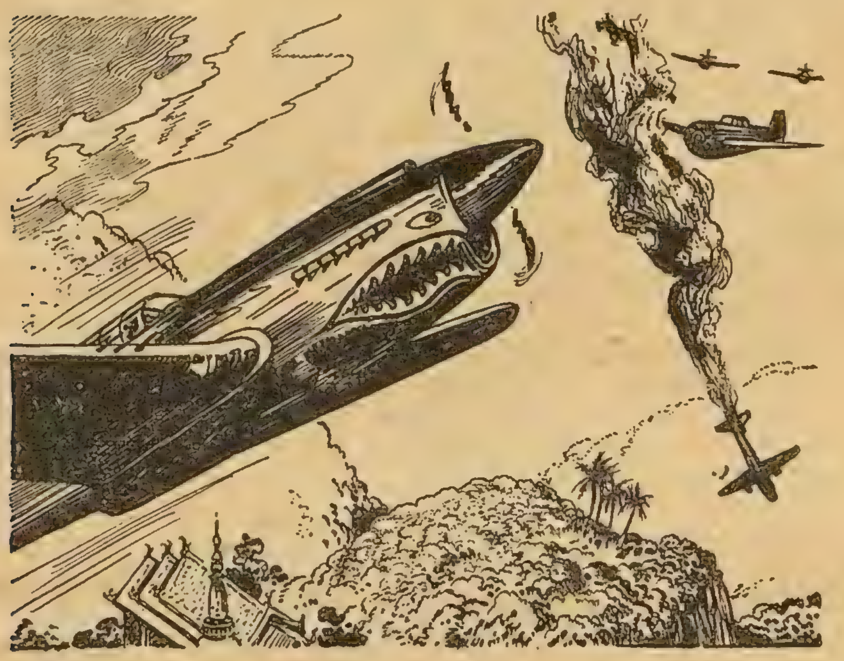
"He has malaria," Chit Sein replied without moving her lips.

"What do you think ought to be done for him?"

"Chinese like injections; I think we had better give him a hypodermic of quinine."

"Chit Sein," said Paul in an authoritative tone, as he put away the spare stethoscope, "this officer has a bad attack of malaria. Please give him an injection of quinine."

TOWARD the end of March I heard that Lieutenant General Stilwell had arrived from America to take over command of the Chinese armies in Burma. Was I going to have a chance to work under an American general after all? Had there been some plan behind all my years of misery practicing wastebasket surgery, building up all that work in the Shan States, forcing myself to keep on pushing, God knows why, when all the odds were against us? Was I, perhaps, to be permitted to do some little bit that would help the America that I loved and called my own even though most of my life had been spent in a foreign country? If so, all the misery I had gone through would have been worth while, for as a result of it, I was the only American doctor in the world who had under his command a group of nurses that could speak Chinese and all the languages of Burma; nurses who had been so trained that they enjoyed nothing so much as hard work and emergencies of all sorts; nurses who fought and went on strike if they were not chosen for the hardest and most dangerous tasks; nurses who looked upon anything calling himself an American as a sort of tin god! God! Was there a real place for us in this damnable war after all?



I asked General Stilwell if my surgical unit could be permitted to serve the Fifth Army, which was in action at Toungoo, while the medical unit maintained the hospitals already at work with the Sixth Army. Still more diffidently I begged that our units be transferred from the control of the British Liaison Mission to the American Army. Nobody was more surprised than I when the general approved and promised to issue necessary orders as soon as things could be arranged with the British.

Shortly after my return to Namkham, I received orders from General Stilwell to report to General Sibert at Pyawbwe before setting up for active duty at Pyinmana. General Sibert informed me that a group of British Friends Ambulance men had volunteered to serve with us and would accompany us down.

Pyinmana, April 1—An observation plane circled over us several times this morning. The Chinese have a gasoline dump fifty yards away from us, camouflaged by banyan trees. I suppose the Japs were looking for it. I had to give the nurses a tongue-lashing because they insisted on staying out to watch the planes. One squadron passed over but didn't drop any bombs on us or on Pyinmana. Today Captain Eldridge, who seems to be an Army publicity man, paid us a visit and took a lot of pictures. He was so astounded at the idea of nurses driving trucks and jeeps that we posed a couple of pictures for him.

April 3—Another captain turned up today while I was matching the nurses for blood transfusion: Captain Grindlay, trained in the Mayo Clinic after finishing Harvard. Looks just like a Mayo Clinic man, too! I will have to keep a stiff upper lip and do the best surgery I can. At least he hasn't operated on as many different parts of the body as I have! One of my cases today was a man with a bullet through his skull. I asked Grindlay if he didn't want to handle that patient, but he preferred an abdominal case. There was nothing for it but to go ahead as if Grindlay were not there. I used my old wastebasket trephine to remove about three square inches of shattered skull. The brains were beginning to ooze out even before I cut the dura mater. I simply could not locate the bullet, so I put in a vaseline wick and sewed a few stitches in his scalp. Bet he dies tonight. Grindlay had a patient with a piece of shrapnel in his hip, just like one of those cases at Loiwing. He finally listened to me and opened the abdomen and found the intestines were ripped up, just as I said.

There has been tremendous traffic on the road past us all day. The trucks are going down empty and coming back full. Liaison men say the Chinese are retreating from Yedashe. What worries me is that bridge across the Sittang at Pyinmana. The bombs today dropped very near it. If they should destroy it we would cease to be of any use to the Chinese Army. We had a consultation of all hands, and decided to move on tonight.

Shwemyo Cliff, April 4—We packed up late last night. I am afraid I was not of much use. One of the darned boxes lit on my foot and took off some skin, and I was so tired from the operations that I could make only a pretense of bossing the packing.

The Shwemyo Cliff bungalow is where we are now: first place we could find north of the Sittang bridge. Got here at four o'clock this morning, so tired we just dropped down on our bed rolls and slept till nine. My brain case is still alive and, furthermore, conscious and up to mischief; in fact, he seems a bit crazy. We unpacked and set up for work, but had to run for the nullahs every two hours as squadron after squadron passed over us. We are much too much in the public (Jap) eye here. The bungalow is right on the brow of the hill where they can't miss us, and today the planes swooped down and machine-gunned the village at the foot of the hill. Every time the planes had passed by and we returned from the nullahs, some one had to go after that brain case. Once he had run half a mile away. Why *does* he live? Hasn't even got a fever!

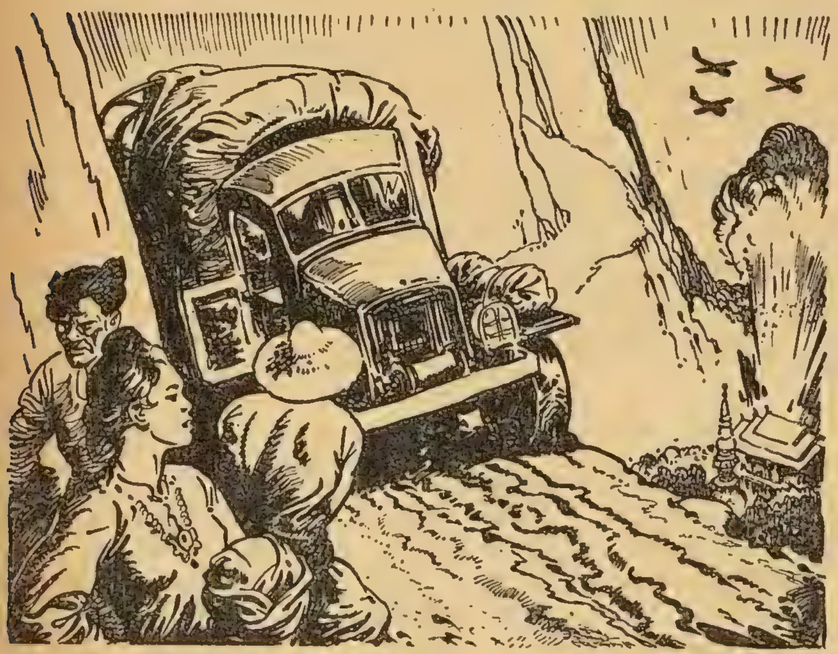
TATKON, *April 7*—The Friends brought in thirty-four patients, of whom all but two were serious casualties. There were three brain cases, and I did them all. Since my first brain case is doing so well, walking all over the place, everyone thinks I am a brain surgeon! Two of these died on the table, but I still feel cocky, for the third was the worst, and he is still alive! The girls put him on the table soon after the ambulances arrived, but in addition to having a shell fragment in his brain, he had shell wounds all over him and looked so ghastly that I told the nurses to carry him out and let him die in peace while I went on operating on the other seriously injured cases that I might possibly save. When all the operations were done, I was about to take off my gloves; but Ruth asked me if I wasn't going to operate on the patient they had thrown out behind the kitchen.

"Golly," I said, "is he still alive? Gosh darn it, bring him in." It took me another hour to finish him off. I don't believe he is going to die after all. Grindlay is helping the nurses give him a huge intravenous injection of glucose.

The bugs are awful. The only way I can stand it is to operate naked except for the pair of thin Shan pants that Tun Shein located for me today. The nurses obligingly scratch my back at frequent intervals.

April 10—Time after time the ambulances went back to the front yesterday, until by three this morning we had had to operate on 120 patients more. We used up all our sterile supplies yesterday, so the nurses turned out at dawn to wash out the bloody towels and gauze. They were just as tired as I, so I got up and joined them in washing out the stuff in the nearby stream where we could take cover and still enjoy the sight of the bombers.

On our return for lunch I found that Grindlay and O'Hara had been scrubbing out the operating room themselves. Grindlay had found pieces of amputated fingers and toes in the plaster-of-Paris and wound refuse on the floor. No sooner had we finished lunch than the Friends brought in another thirty-five patients. One of them had his enlarged spleen shattered by a shell fragment. Insects were so numerous that they kept dropping into the wounds of the abdominal cases. Planes were over us all afternoon, but we had no time to stop and take a look.



April 11—Twenty-five more cases arrived at eight thirty this morning. No more can be brought till after dark, as the shelling is so incessant that the stretcher bearers can't evacuate them from the front lines till then. We all decided to have a good sleep during the day, but it didn't work very well. It's too hot!

April 15—The heat is now up to 136° in the sun. Between the heat and the bombers we can't get much sleep in the daytime, and the nights are full of work. Last night at ten thirty, thirty-five cases arrived, two of them belly cases which Grindlay greatly enjoyed. One had a hole in his liver, but is doing very well indeed. While the captain was enjoying himself to his heart's content I had a most extraordinary case—a shell fragment had torn right across a soldier's buttocks without touching bone, laying the buttocks wide open. The wound was like two isosceles triangles with the apices turned in. The rectum had been dissected completely away from the other structures and was hanging down, without perforation or injury to the sphincter, like the udder of a cow. There was very little actual loss of tissue, so that after débriding and filling up with sulfanilamide powder I could get the structures loosely together. I wish I could keep him here, but our staff isn't sufficient. Two more truck loads arrived while we were working, and we did not finish till nine thirty this morning, when we had one hour of sleep before we had to start washing out last night's gauze and linen.

April 18—General Sibert dropped in at dawn and ordered us to retreat to the first decent place beyond the junction of the two roads to Mandalay.

April 20—While we were driving along tonight I kept thinking of the way General Stilwell came down to see me today. It was the same way the first time I met him. Some one introduced me to Colonel Dorn, explaining about our work with the Sixth Army. Colonel Dorn went into the general's room, and almost immediately he came out and shook hands, asked a lot of friendly questions, and then was very apologetic because some Chinese generals had come in for a big banquet and he couldn't continue his conversation with me. They say that he turns down invitations at important places right and left because "there is a war on," and yet he always has time for any one who is trying to do a good job. Bill Cummings also got to see him, and the general spent a long time talking with him. He is most fun of all when you are talking business with him, for he gets the point before you are half through with your sentence and his decision is as quick as lightning. But the big news for me is that he had me sworn in as a major in the Medical Corps!

April 22—That *was* a trip! I was driving a jeep and it had no windshield. In the late afternoon it began to rain, and I nearly froze to death. Every one was on the road that day, whizzing north. Chinese Sixth Army trucks were the only decent vehicles. British civil officers and their clerks were packed tightly in undersized English cars. Trucks that should have been burned before the war began had been made to run somehow and were heavily overloaded. Nowhere was there any sign of effort to plan resistance to the Japanese advance.

April 24—We have now reached the Kume bungalow on our continued trek north. While we were eating dinner last night, patients began to arrive from Yamethin. In all, there were eighty-five of them. We finished operating at seven thirty this morning, and after two hours of sleep I began again. Grindlay has a ureteral stone which began to torture him during the night. He has spent most of the day in the bathtub, soaking. We had a nice swim in the irrigation canal that flows by our compound, and while I was enjoying it a real cyclone came on. Bits of gravel and sand stung my skin unless I submerged. I could hardly breathe for dust before the rain finally arrived. The wind blew our stuff all around and we had only begun to straighten things up when a truck load of British troops was brought in. The sergeant said they had been traveling up the Myingyan road when a tree crashed down on their truck. He had heard of our unit at Kume and would appreciate our taking them in.

Several of the cases were horribly injured. One of the men had his scalp torn off. Another's skull had cracked like an eggshell. There were long lines of fracture and two areas where the fracture was comminuted, some fragments piercing the brain. Of the sixteen British, only three had relatively minor injuries.

April 25—They woke me at night for sixty more Chinese. Grindlay insisted on helping with a few, though he could hardly stand. Worked all night, using two shifts of nurses, as we did the night before. The girls are so tired that two of them dropped asleep on their feet, and then cried when I ordered them off to bed.

SAGAING, *April 26*—About five o'clock yesterday aftnoon Lieutenant Young came in with orders for us to move to Sagaing at once. We were packed up and off by nine, weaving in and out of columns of British trucks and tanks that had been using the road all day. We nearly missed the turn to the Ava bridge in the traffic jam. It was long after midnight when we located the A. B. M. compound at Sagaing. The only empty building was the church, and most of the girls slept on the pews. I slept on the front seat of my truck.

Soon after dawn a lot of Japanese bombers flew over and bombed Mandalay and the bridge, and for the first time I heard the sound of antiaircraft guns. Nobody hit anything. Beyond Sagaing the road was jammed with British and Indian troops. I kept my eyes peeled for some decent place for us to set up, and just happened to see a lovely bungalow, half a mile away from the road, almost completely hidden by pride of India trees and palms. It would certainly be invisible from the air. We settled down for some rest. All of us are pleased. There is a large irrigation canal beside us with a high dike that jeeps can travel on very nicely. There is only one fault to find with the place—the well water is full of alkali and has a ghastly taste! It is so hot that the nurses and the villagers are bathing continually. We decided not to unload, as we have things so arranged now that we can get out the necessary supplies and be operating in fifteen minutes.

April 29—I went into Shwebo with Grindlay today to see if Colonel Williams had any orders for us. While we were there, the bombers came over again. They sure went to town on Shwebo. Why didn't they realize that the most important part of Shwebo that day was General Stilwell's headquarters, a mile out of town? If the Japs had any sense they would know that the American general they hoped to kill was as astute as they were and had not located his headquarters in the town itself. We started back as soon as the bombers disappeared, finding the whole town burning, trees across the road, electric mains torn and impeding our way. We wove in and out through the streets looking for casualties, but there was none. None of the natives had remained in the town; they had too much sense! The only casualties from the Jap bombing that day were some pigeons. They looked so pitiful that we did not pick them up to take home for dinner!

We have had so little work to do that the nurses are going wild. Two of them got into a big fight today. Just before supper I found Roi Tsai out on the veranda sewing and crooning songs to herself, the way she does when she is homesick. I stopped it right away, because whenever she does that for very long at a time she works herself up into hysterics. None of this crowd likes peace.

APRIL 30—Terribly hot again. We had a few minor casualties. Brian and Kenneth drove in toward Mandalay for some stuff, but couldn't get there. There was some rain, and Brian was driving like mad, as usual. He skidded, turned over, and now has a broken collarbone. Bill Brough is down with severe dysentery. Tennant has ordered them off to Myitkyina by train, as soon as the railway line is cleared, and they are to be flown to Calcutta. Darn it, those are the two that really led our Friends ambulance. How on earth will we get along without them? This talk of our tramping out of Burma has me worried. It has been a long, long time since I have had to do much footwork in the jungles, and I feel much older than forty-five with this confounded malaria that keeps returning.

May 1—Colonel Williams was downstairs in his jeep just as we woke up. Somewhere north of Mandalay is a regiment of Chinese who couldn't get across the Ava bridge. Colonel Williams wanted Grindlay, a couple of Friends, Lieng Sing, and Low Wang to go east to Kyaukmyaung, where one takes the ferry for the Mogok Ruby Mines, and set up a surgical station there to take care of casualties when this regiment arrives. The rest of us were to go north to Zigon. We hurriedly selected a lot of equipment for Grindlay and loaded it on a separate truck, and they set off with the truck and a jeep. Grindlay is afraid this means he is going to be permanently separated from our unit, which makes him swear as badly as he did when he was first ordered to join us! The rest of us started north. We have enough men to drive all our trucks and jeeps.

The road north of Shwebo is nothing but a graveled dike along the canal and so narrow that you can hardly pass anyone, so it takes hours to cover a few miles. About forty miles north the road stopped suddenly. Our two generals were there, and they ordered us to strike west a couple of miles and find a place to sleep in that was not too near a railway station. The next station south of us got plastered this morning. It was rather pitiful. A company of English "Lancs" had been badly shot up at Prome and were sent to Calcutta to recover. The other day, far too late for them to be of any use, they were flown into Myitkyina, with orders to come down as reinforcements. Their train reached this station just in time for them to be bombed, and lots were killed. Laycock and his Friends took care of their casualties.

General Stilwell has set up three miles beyond us on the "Mu" River. Since there is nothing further to do until tomorrow, I am going back to Kyaukmyaung, to see how Grindlay is getting along. Maybe we can contact Colonel Williams again. He has remained in Shwebo.

May 2—What a day, what a day! We got to Kyaukmyaung about nine last night. Grindlay was down at the river, since there was a lot of trouble about steamers. Only available ones had no crew. Grindlay was stomping angrily. He had to go right in to Shwebo and contact my old friend General Martin and have the English cough up some steamer crews, or the Chinese Army would not be able to get across the river. The Japanese are already at Kalewa, and that means that all these English troops that are trying to get out of Burma by the "comfortable" southern route will have to cut their way through.

We went back together in our jeeps. General Martin is nothing but a walking skeleton. There is no way he can find crews, so we went on and found Colonel Williams still up. He had been burning everything at headquarters. When he heard Grindlay's story, he decided it was a useless gesture to send him back on the original mission, to wait with his arms folded until the Japs surrounded and killed him, so they will rejoin us. When the colonel heard that I knew where the new general headquarters were, he decided to come along with me. Not all of the general's papers had been destroyed yet, so he got rid of them all—plus the house—by means of a tin of gas and a judicious match. He certainly never could have found the right road in the dark. I got him to headquarters at four thirty, and, after contacting the general, got orders for our unit to fall in line at dawn when the general's echelon passed us. I got fifteen minutes' sleep while our boys and the girls loaded up. Grindlay, the old truck driver, got to camp just as we were pulling out.

At bombing time the Japs came over and bombed the echelon of Chinese immediately behind us. We heard them in time and hugged the filthy ground in our most approved manner. Stopped at dusk at Pintha, a town with the expressive name of "Beautiful Fanny." There was a well across the railway line, and we had a gorgeous time washing off dirt.

May 3—We followed the general out at dawn. Traveled all day, but only managed to cover about forty miles. What imitation bamboo bridges there were had been crushed by the Chinese six-wheelers ahead of us. Tennant, who is supposed to be an English racing-car driver, distinguished himself by getting embedded in the sand of a river bank and holding up the procession for hours in the awful heat. My years of misery on these Burma roads are coming in handy now. This is old stuff to me, and if it were not for the terrible heat and lack of sleep I would be perfectly happy.

One of General Stilwell's cars caught fire. Of course it was the one with a lot of small-arms ammunition on board. We had to cut a new road around it to avoid the popping shells. Sometime during the day we must have circled the town of Zigon, which we were supposed to reach the day before yesterday. In the afternoon there was a twelve-mile stretch of fairly good road leading into Wuntho. Actually sped up to thirty-five miles an hour. Before, we had had miles of rice fields and their dikes to negotiate. I kept awake by clowning around with the truck, and talking Shan at the top of my voice. The natives thought I was drunk!

The general is parked on the edge of Wuntho, near some monasteries. Our crowd slept on the ground before the bridge. This is the best swimming hole in Burma bar none. There is a little dam below us and the water is clear and deep.

MAY 4—We lost the whole morning waiting around for orders. Japs are reported to have taken Wanting. That means they are in Namkham right now, looting the house and hospital and nurses' home. Why have I worked so hard all these years to build up that plant? I shall never be able to do it again, old and tired as I am. Well, I have had me a darned happy time out of it! I still keep on thinking there must have been some PLAN behind it all. If all that background of mine has molded this unit so it can do the special sort of nasty tasks that General Stilwell needs to have done, I won't shed any tears!

Now they have a new plan for Grindlay. He is to go along as medical officer for a convoy of jeeps that will cross into Assam by the northern route from Mogaung. We shifted our loads around again, getting out the stuff he would need and discarding all our excess supplies. The heat was worse than ever, and we were parched with thirst and hungry. Didn't dare cook for fear we would be late when orders came to start. You can't relax in this awful heat. No food all day.

They say Brigadier General Martin has started west from Wuntho with the idea of connecting with the southern route into Assam above the Japs. General Stilwell feels certain he will be cut off. We are to try to get through to Myitkyina. Colonel Williams drove up to order us to be ready to leave at four.

May 5—We started off at four in three echelons. General Stilwell commanded the first, Colonel St. John the second, and Captain Grindlay the third. I brought up the rear, determined to see that none of our crowd was left behind. I was a minute late getting started and took the wrong turn in town, and then had a hell of a time catching up with the others. We had a graveled road for a while, but went past the north turn and would have been at the Irrawaddy again in no time if we had not interrogated some Burmans. The road north was one of those things. Some government official had existed in this district with the vision to know that if the Japs attacked Burma, it would be advisable, even this far north, to have means of communication available to replace the railroad when it was cut. The road began all of a sudden at the boundary line of his district. We got lost trying to find it, but the general's luck held, for he discovered, near the turn, the man who had built the road. We backed up in the dark and got onto the road. Even then it was not easy, for there were bits of elephant roads and paved roads here and there leading off into the jungle.

The general found a forest bungalow about midnight. We have three hours here to get some food and sleep. All the food we have time for is rice and sardines. All the other pews are occupied so I am going to relax on the roof of my cab.

INDAW was jammed with refugees, and the road, ankle-deep in dust, was so crowded that we had to do a great deal of it in low to keep from hitting some one. Those poor people! Mothers trudging along, pregnant, but carrying children on their backs. Blind people. Lame and wounded soldiers—saw and recognized a few of the Chinese casualties we had operated on. Children and ancients walking along hand in hand. Punjabi cavalrymen on lovely horses. British officers on foot with their men. Chin soldiers of the Burma Rifles walking home with their families, looking as though they had been discharged from their regiments. Easy to see that the road into Assam is going to be lined with graves—or, more probably, skeletons—soon! We got a big laugh out of one group of refugee Indians dressed in the yellow robes of *hpongyis.* They must have taken a monastery by storm, to pay back a small part of the mistreatment they have received from fifth-column *hpongyis.* I hope the group of *hpongyis* they beat up were not the innocent variety.

Fifteen miles of this, and then we had to ford streams. Paul's truck sank in up to the hubs in the first ford and something went wrong with General Stilwell's own car. The general must have heard some bad news in Indaw, because he has ordered us to move forward continually at all costs, abandoning vehicles at once if anything goes wrong. He abandoned his own car there, and we hurriedly salvaged our surgical instruments out of Paul's truck and went on.

At the next ford they ordered Lilly, the American Technical Group man, to drive the trucks across so there would be no more mired down. Tun Shein forgot to tell him that his truck had trick brakes, so when Lilly got across to the other side and jammed down on the brakes the truck plunged into the body of the one in front and crushed the radiator. We had to abandon it also. Mine was the only one of the original trucks of our unit that got through. The Friends have lost one of theirs. Even Lilly could not have driven the trucks up the steep bank on the west shore if Grindlay and other American officers had not stood beside the truck and thrown sand under the wheels as they started spinning. Several times a jeep had to come to the rescue and pull.

Some time after dark we passed a lot of Chinese troops quartered in a refugee camp. We kept on over one more ridge along a very narrow road, where it was all we could do to get by a lot of oxcarts that were being used by refugees. At 2 A. M. we stopped to camp for an hour by a stream. Heard there was some talk about the advisability of paying the nurses off and leaving them there so they wouldn't be a drag on the party as we marched over the mountains! But General Stilwell heard about it, too, and squelched it at once.

May 8—Grindlay has been detailed to bring up the rear with the sick who are to travel at their own rate of speed. The river is running in a sort of gorge. On some of the sandbanks there is tiger spoor. Some group of refugees had driven jeeps down the river but gave up and abandoned them. I have never seen jungles so full of monkeys! The minute they spot us they start whooping and hollering. Nurses claim they are yelling, "Daddy, daddy, daddy!" They can get a laugh out of anything! We stopped for our noon meal on a high bank above the river, where there were some big trees and shade.

Grindlay didn't turn up until we had finished our food, really delicious, with some wild gooseberry-like fruit and some boiled wild greens. We are all vegetable-hungry. Grindlay had been lost. He had had to go very slowly until a Chinese mule was sent back for Major Nowakowski to ride, and then the mule had a much faster gait than Grindlay, so Grindlay gave up and wandered along behind, finally noticing a village on the bank of the stream. Just about then he must have passed out from heat exhaustion, for when he came to, he was lying under a house with a Hkamti woman peeking down at him through the door slats. He couldn't decide whether to go up or down stream and must have dropped asleep again. When he awoke he saw a uniform in the distance, and found us. The nurses made him lie down and took off his shoes and stockings, bathed his feet, and put dressings on his broken bloody blisters.

May 9—The coolies the general secured to carry stuff at the first village refused to go any farther, so we had to round up a new group. Took us that much longer to get started. Some of our packs are being carried and we distribute the rest around so that each person's load is fairly light.

Our trip today was across the neck of land between the Chaunggyi and the Uru, into which it flows. Just before the noon halt there was a huge elephant standing just off the road looking at us. The general and several other officers stopped with Tommy guns to shoot if he charged—until our whole line of march went by into safety—and then rejoined us. Our camp was covered with elephant spoor. It was hard to find room to lie down, and the ants and thorns were worse than yesterday. There was a little creek beside us with a sandy bottom, and the nurses scooped out hollows and lay down in them to cool off after they had gathered a lot more wild vegetables. We had three vegetables today. Some are rather coarse and some have a bitter tang, but the nurses like them all the better for that. As far as I am concerned, as long as the chillies and salt last I can eat any vegetable and enjoy it!

An airplane flew over us a couple of times, but we hid. A mile before we reached Maing Kaing there was a graveled road, too narrow for cars. The gravel was so sharp it cut the feet of the nurses—whose shoes had worn out and been thrown away—until the blood ran, and finished off the flimsy shoes of the girls who still had them. We stopped for a long rest in Maing Kaing, eating dozens of bananas and drinking gallons of coconut milk, then came on to the Uru River bank where we are bedding down on the sands.

MAY 10—They say it is Sunday again, but you can't prove it by me! The general had secured three large rafts and one small one, and we are to float down the Uru to the Chindwin. Each of the rafts consisted of three sections fastened together with rattan. The Burmese had several hours' more work to do on one of the rafts, so we had a long wait ahead of us. The sight of those bare bamboo rafts worried me, for I hate the hot sun, and there were occasional dark clouds that looked like rain in the offing. Tun Shein scouted around and found a lot of thatch piled up under a native house, so I went over and stood near the general until he noticed me.

"Sir," I said, "if we may have your permission, our nurses will build shelters of thatch on each of those rafts to protect the whole group from sun and rain. We can complete them by the time the last raft is ready."

"O. K. Get going!"

The Friends and orderlies split bamboos, some of the nurses cut rattan into twine, and others wove framework under Tun Shein's direction. As the shelter went up, some of the American officers got interested, watching the way the girls twisted the rattan knots, and then began to help. We did our raft last, putting on the thatch after we had begun floating down the river. The raft assigned to us was the largest and had been tied nearest the bank. As the other groups loaded supplies onto their rafts, they had to carry heavy loads across ours and many of the rotten bamboos had broken before we started our historic trip. The small raft with Colonels McCabe, St. John, Wyman and Major Merrill went first, with orders to explore Homalin for Japanese. The Americans went next, then the English, and finally our group. Grindlay is with us as my second in command.

The first hours were easy. We had a Hkamti captain at the bow and a helmsman at the stern. We men only had to jump to action when we got into shallow water. The Hkamti have taught us to be patient and not try to pole faster than the current, for when we pole too rapidly, the several sections of the raft tend to pull apart. We had to pull them together once during the morning and attach them with reinforcements of full-thickness rattan. An hour before sunset we caught up with the general, who had stopped at a sandy bank to cook dinner. The minute the girls set foot on land they scattered into the jungle. This time they were unusually successful and came back with five different wild vegetables.

SINCE we always make a point of it, we were done with dinner and ready to move before the others were, so we sat around and sang while the others ate. It was dark when we started off again. We arranged shifts of two men each, since we were to travel all night and our Hkamti friends were tired. Grindlay and I took the first shift, I on the bow and he on the stern. The batteries in my flashlight were almost gone, and we kept grazing snags that appeared out of nowhere. Grindlay was cussing me from the stern.

"Damn it, doc, why don't you push us off those snags?"

"Damn it yourself! If I had a flashlight that would work I would keep us off them." I had the advantage of him, for I could cuss him roundly in Burmese and Shan, and make a good effort of it in Chinese, without his even knowing I was cussing! I could have done a better job of it also if there had been anything for me to stand on. There were only one or two sound bamboos left at the bow. I couldn't keep my shoes on for fear of slipping into the water, and as I moved from port to starboard and back again with my long bamboo pole, those confounded broken bamboos kept piercing my feet. Sometime after I turned the pole over to Paul we hit a whirlpool, caused by a creek, that turned us around and around for over an hour.

It was another hour—two hours and a half in all—before we managed to inch the raft beyond the interference of that little creek.

May 11—We caught up with the other rafts at ten. Soon after we caught up with them a bomber flew over us and swerved back and down toward us again. We expected to be machine-gunned any minute, till some one spotted the English insignia. When only a hundred feet off the ground the plane began to drop bags on the sandbank and we all plunged overboard, General Stilwell included, and raced for the sacks. Natives of the near-by village also were racing, but aside from a sack or two, we got the whole shipment. Inside the sacks were bully beef, many of the tins cracked, ration biscuits, and cigarettes. The general carried back his own sack. The beef in the cracked tins had to be eaten immediately, so for once we had our fill.

We found a lot of bamboos at one of the villages and have spent a lot of time today splitting them and repairing our raft, which is fast going to pieces. There are not many places where you can stand with safety, and the floor level is not much above water. In the afternoon we got to another stretch of deep water just as a strong head wind came up. The rafts just kept turning round and round until some officers swam to shore with a rope and drew us in. We stopped there for a meal. It was dark when we started again, with orders to keep in sight of each other.

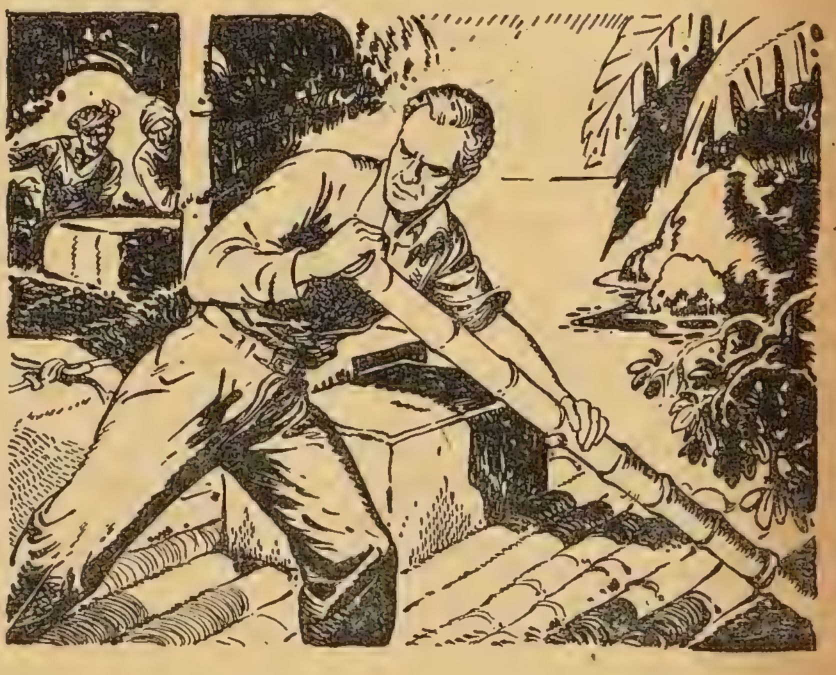
Our flashlights are all worn out and the snags are worse than ever. To make matters still more difficult, the current is now much stronger. Time after time it was almost impossible to keep the raft from breaking up. All hands had to plunge overboard and pull the entire length of the eighty-foot raft with every ounce of strength, the sand washing away from under our feet as we struggled. Once the water was too deep for the men at the stern, and the raft got away and did the next few miles stern first. For several hours we saw nothing of the other rafts, and then suddenly discovered their lights right in front as we swung around a corner. Captain Eldridge shouted back that the Burmese steersman had let the general's raft get into the wrong channel and we were all to remain where we were.

"Where we were" was good! There were the usual cross currents of the river's bend and if we held the stern in the front, the raft would break loose and float off by itself with no men on board. We had to get all the stronger nurses out to help us. Finally Martin explored in the dark and found a place a hundred yards farther on where the currents were less confused, and we poled in there and "anchored" ourselves with bamboo poles driven into the bottom. The next shift is on duty now to keep us from breaking loose, and I am going to try to get some sleep. It is long after midnight.

May 12—The night shift went to sleep, too, and the raft broke away again. The front and center sections held together by only one bamboo. It began to pour rain, but I was sopping wet as it was, the place where I lay being six inches under water. From then till dawn all we could do was let the raft take its own course while we tried to keep the various sections somewhere near one another.

Just before three this afternoon we found the other rafts tied up to the bank behind a huge boat with high carved teak stern.

May 13—Off at daybreak, marching north two and a half miles to the Chindwin. Over to the west were the terrible mountains to be marched over. The top of the range was wreathed in clouds. We had to cross a half mile of deep sand before we got to the river itself. There were only two or three small dugouts available for the crossing when we arrived. The nurses crossed over in one of these, crouching on the bottom and balancing carefully to keep the thing from rolling over. Later, larger dugouts came along and one Burmese cabin boat with a hold and everything. Some one had found a little pony for the sick men to ride, and the general ordered me to swim him over. I held on the stern as the boat started off, leading the pony by the bridle. At first the animal went willingly, being used to fording small streams; but when he got tired and saw no farther bank in sight he got wild and tried to swim back. For ten minutes the boatmen could make no progress at all and then, catching a glimpse of the bank, the pony became docile again.



We waited on the far bank, where there was no room to stretch out and no real shade, until two this afternoon, wondering where the pack train had disappeared. It finally turned up beyond us, having crossed the river some distance below. There was a good trail through teak forest. After only a short march, we passed a burned village and descended to a small stream whose banks were very rocky. We found enough patches of sand for us all to have just enough room for a small bed. The water is very cold and very refreshing after the awful heat we have been through. While we were bathing a tremendous storm blew up and we could see rain pouring down all around us. It missed us completely, much to every one's delight, for there was no possible shelter for us and we would have been set for a cold wet night. The nurses burst forth into song again.

They say we made only ten miles today. I had a malarial chill and the nurses fixed me a place where I could stretch out in a sort of arbor and rolled me up in a blanket. Of course the general had to catch me at it just as the chill passed off.

"What's the matter, Seagrave—got fever?"

"No, sir, I got wet and felt a little cold, so was warming up."

The general laughed and walked off to give orders to start.

May 15—We were up at dawn but couldn't get off till seven thirty as the loads all had to be arranged again to suit the Naga carrying customs. Colonel Williams ordered me to take command of the sick cavalcade, which meant I would ride. Lord, what a break! I honestly don't think I could have taken another step.

The trail was very steep and hard on the ponies.

There was no shade from the hot sun and the heat was damp. We covered only six miles before the noon halt, where our meal consisted of tin willie and biscuits. We had tea, though, and that washes anything down! Had to climb another 2,000 feet in the afternoon to the border ridge at an elevation of 6,000 feet. During all this latter part we could look back and see across the entire country that we had taken seven days to cross spread out in panorama below us. On the horizon were the low hills of the jungle where we had abandoned our trucks and supplies.

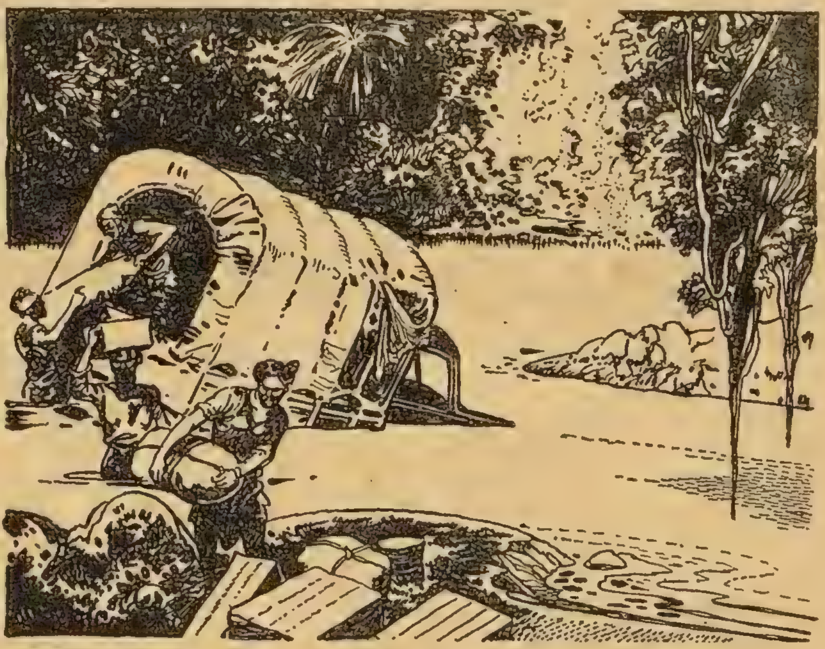
MAY 16—Up at 4 A. M. and off at five thirty to the sound of a wild elephant trumpeting in the distance. We went over a mountain shoulder with gorgeous scenery—just like the woods in Ohio—and then down a deep chasm, losing most of the height we had struggled so hard to gain yesterday. Why did I put my movie camera onto the mules? The road up the other side of the chasm wound back and forth on the face of the precipices and the whole line of march was spread out in front of us, certainly a full mile in length. This was the first very steep climb. Not a chance of our riding the ponies up that stretch! We had to get off and lead them. At the top of the precipice I found several of the girls and a couple of men waiting. Grindlay had ordered them to wait for me and have a ride because they had been on the verge of collapse. We hitchhiked from there on. The grades were not quite so steep but they were enough.

Thank goodness it was not much farther till we stopped for the night by another rushing mountain stream. Our whole crowd had to get into one narrow hut. I made the nurses spread out a single layer of blanket on the top of the rough saplings that the floor of the hut is made of, and we are all going to sleep in the one huge bed. I was selfish and picked my spot at the farther end where various portions of my anatomy can bulge out of the side wall of thatch if I don't have enough room—and provided it doesn't continue to rain!

All the menfolks dropped down to rest, but those silly girls rushed off to the river, bathed, washed their own and our clothes, came back, and have been powdering their noses and even putting on a touch of rouge! Now they are singing as they serve up our food! All sorts of fellow sufferers have been coming to us for dressings for their feet, and the adhesive is running short; but I overheard two girls laughingly tell each other that they each had a roll hidden out, which I wasn't to be told about until I had gotten properly frantic!

May 17—What a night! What a night! By actual count we were each entitled to five saplings to lie on; but as the crowd in the middle twisted and turned in sleep, made restless by branches and knots pushing into them, they gradually pushed me out until I had only two saplings left. I tried so hard to stay on those two, that I got horrible cramps in my legs and kicked out the side wall beside me—and then it rained! The coolies had slept on the path, and the ponies were a mile beyond us. The sick party had to walk to the ponies, and then the pony *syces* had got mad because they were not given a chance to cook food on the trip at their usual times, and refused to co-operate. They hid stirrups and girths and pretended they were lost.

General Sibert rode with us today. One of my stirrup leathers was very short and the other long and there was nothing to be done about it. I dangled my feet most of the time. The road was so narrow we could hardly pass the carriers. We climbed steadily for hours. Veins of coal had been exposed everywhere, cutting the road. First we went through a forest of firs, and then, near the top, came to pines. This, they said, was the real top. I don't believe them. I got permission from General Sibert to remain behind at "the top" with the two nurses who were riding until the lost ponies turned up. Our ponies had a chance to graze and we found a hut where we could stretch out on a couple of banana leaves. Colonel St. John and Major Barton caught up with us there with the whole mule team, and they straightened out the *syces* so we could have decent saddles at least.



The rest of the party was an hour ahead of us on the trail, but the road now was smooth and comfortably wide and so well graded that we made wonderful speed, even running and trotting in spots! We got to the afternoon camp just five minutes after the others. General Sibert is fed up with his pony and would rather walk, no matter how sick he is. The nurses were laughing about how, on the way down, they took the wrong turn onto a path that turned out to be a short cut, and the first thing they knew, they were ahead of the general! There was an occasional drizzle.

We made eighteen miles today, pushing on after lunch to a Naga village of fourteen houses built of heavy planks carved with all sorts of figures. There were totem poles here and there, with the mounded graves of the dead in front of the houses. The houses are decorated with miffin skulls instead of the human skulls of not so long ago. There are pigs and dogs everywhere. We were given one of the Naga houses to sleep in. The front room had a nicely packed floor covered with straw. Five of us have found a sloping platform of planks in a corner just about big enough for us if we don't try to turn over. It is clear and cold. While the boys were cooking dinner we had our usual foot clinic, treating each other's sores and then the sore feet of others of the party. On the whole, we have done rather well in not letting the sores get worse. Most of them started that first day's march down the Chaunggyi.

May 18—Got up in the dark and were off by five fifteen. It wasn't hard to get up. Every one but myself had been chewed all night by innumerable dog fleas! While the darn things never bit me, I was having my own troubles, for I was on the highest edge of the sloping platform and had to cling to the edge with my fingers and toes to keep from rolling the others off onto the ground.

Today the hills were drier and there were fewer streams. The valleys were a bit wider and there were terraced paddy fields here and there. I knew they were lying to us yesterday when they said we had reached the real top, for we climbed up again until we went over a pass 7,500 feet high, where there was a very strong breeze and we had to get off and walk, sick and sore-footed though we were, to keep warm. The rainfall here when the season starts must be very heavy, for the trees are shaggy with orchids, lichens, and moss and parasites of all sorts. Ghostly appearance! Two railway men from India, who were sent to Burma to help out during the war and were about the only two men who stayed and helped Captain Jones with his impossible job to the very end, are sick with malaria. Today they couldn't balance themselves on their horses; so Colonel Williams is having them carried by the Nagas on stretchers. We had tea and biscuits for lunch at a camp in the next valley.

As we climbed up to Ukhurl I chatted quite a bit with the British officers who had been assigned to my sick cavalcade for the day. They had held various civil and military positions in Burma and had actually heard about me and about Namkham! I didn't feel quite so lonely—no, I think I felt more lonely as my mind went back to Namkham again: Namkham in the hands of the Japs!

May 19—They say we made twenty-one miles yesterday. I certainly felt like it, and yet I had that pony! How do the others stand it?

We got off at five thirty and for miles were passing swarms of Nagas of a different tribe from our carriers. Their hair is cut in a different pattern and they wear different clothes—if you can call those aprons and bags clothes! There has been a cold drizzle all day. The nurses are so tired now that they have lost all sense of shame and don't even bother to leave the road to answer the call of nature. And nobody cares about it either! At noon we had a "dry" halt. Yeah! It was "dry" as far as having any fluid to make tea was concerned; but there was plenty of water falling from the skies on us!

My saddle kept slipping off as I went down that last awful descent. Finally the pony put his foot in a deep hole and fell just as the saddle slipped up on his neck and made me turn a full somersault on the rocks. Then I got mad and finished the trip on foot! We got into camp late. Colonel Williams met us at a narrow suspension bridge beyond which was the motor road into Imphal, and informed me that the general had ordered our unit to set up in Imphal and help the government with the refugee problem until he had another job ready for us. Near the general's camp was a shack occupied by refugees. They were a healthy lot—probably the last healthy lot to come through—so they moved out quite willingly when they heard there were a bunch of nurses who needed shelter for the night. Maybe you can call it shelter! Grindlay had his hands full, for he had been ordered to leave our unit and remain with the other American officers. His friends, Sergeant Chesley and Colonel St. John, had arrived in camp with high fever, and Grindlay hadn't the slightest idea how to treat malaria.

Sometime after dark Colonel Eckert and Lieutenant Arnold arrived in a jeep to meet the general. We were all ordered into the bungalow to listen to the news. Tokyo, Colonel Eckert said, had been bombed by the United States Air Force. Well, we can stand anything now!

MAY 20—We slept late this morning. Didn't get off until seven thirty! We were quite ready to leave, for it had poured all night, the roof of our shack had not been repaired for years, and we were all sopping wet. To make matters worse, when the rain began to pour, refugees had all pushed back into the hut and lay in the aisle and on top of our feet. The government sent out a number of trucks and ambulances to fetch us. In my ambulance we had Colonel St. John and Sergeant Chesley, both looking more dead than alive, though their high fever had temporarily subsided. As soon as we left the mountains and started across the huge Imphal plain we began to have difficulty with mud. There was no gravel on the road and the trucks had plowed deep ruts. Our ambulance had huge desert tires and they would not fit into the ruts of the trucks ahead, causing us to skid more than ever. Every time we slipped off the road it was a case of all hands getting out in the mud to push.

The driver had a peculiar habit of doing everything in low, even when the ambulance could have gone on quite well in high with an occasional shift into second gear. I suppose he was afraid for his safety in high, not realizing that high gear doesn't cause skidding on a muddy road nearly as much as low. Martin finally got peeved, pushed him out, and began to drive for us. The cars all had to be hauled across a detour, necessitated by a broken bridge, and General Stilwell pulled just like the other officers. There were sixteen miles of this and then ten miles of graveled road into Imphal. Our ambulance pulled in last, after the nurses had disappeared. So, leaving Grindlay at the old fort, built in memory of British officers and men massacred during the early years of British rule, we began to explore the town. There were bomb holes everywhere, the tiny ones caused by antipersonnel bombs. Not a shop was open. Aside from troops, there were no inhabitants to be seen.

I finally located the nurses and Friends in the English Casualty Clearing Station. The English captain in charge of the station is one of the finest men I ever met. His father, it seems, was a medical missionary at Quetta, in Baluchistan, and a very famous man. The buildings of a separate hospital unit in the compound had just been vacated and he told us to set up in them. There were beds there, and mattresses! How many weeks is it since I last slept on a bed?

MAY 21—This place is lousy with mosquitoes. Worst we have seen. The Casualty Clearing Station captain has produced some mosquito nets for us today and a few extra blankets, but last night was pretty bad. This morning I went up to see Grindlay and O'Hara at the fort, and the general was there, looking quite fresh. I believe he stood the trip better, tired as he was, than any of us. He could have made much better time if others had been as capable of marching as he.

I am to set up next at Gauhati, in Assam. I reminded General Stilwell of the wide latitude he had given me in Burma in the selection of locations for our unit and asked permission now to choose the spot in Assam where we could really accomplish the purpose of his orders. He agreed immediately.

Grindlay walked down this afternoon to say good-by. He follows the general to Delhi tomorrow and won't see us again, unless our roads lead to the same place after our Assam assignment has been carried out.

My fever came back to me again this evening and the nice Casualty Clearing Station captain came over and gave me an intravenous injection of quinine.

May 22—Off early this morning. Our Chinese patients went down in an ambulance. We borrowed three air mattresses and spread them on the floor of the two trucks which Ottaway assigned to us, and put our three Americans on them. There were twenty in each truck. I was horribly ill the whole way down, but there was no place to lie. It was a most monotonous trip. With the side curtains down we couldn't see a thing except that our driver didn't know where his back wheels were and seemed determined to drop them over the edge. There were car wrecks everywhere and a lot of trucks had been bombed by the Japs. The nurses tried to sing, but the rough road jolted the songs out of them and they quit. Grindlay told me yesterday afternoon that General Stilwell said that the singing and laughter of the nurses on the trek out was the most marvelous morale-boosting device he had ever come across. We turned our patients over to Colonel Williams in Manipur Road.

May 24—We are going on to Gauhati by train. We have been assigned a third-class coach and one first-class compartment. We slept in the station all night. They say that after the Imphal bombing all the train crews ran away and they are running the train with volunteer crews. Guess that must be right, for we had not covered more than seven miles this morning when, going around a siding, our driver failed to apply brakes, plunged into the train on the main line and derailed our engine and tender. We have been near the tiny station all day. I have slept almost continually, but the nurses have been running around picking flowers.

May 25—They finally got the wrecked engine out of the way and we started off, after a delay of twenty-four hours. Assam is very much like Burma, though not nearly so rich a country nor so picturesque. Perhaps I am a bit prejudiced. Got to Gauhati just before dusk. Several Sixth Army nurses were walking around in the cool of the evening and stood paralyzed with astonishment for a full minute when they saw us marching in. Then there was a most joyful reunion.

June 21—The evacuation of troops is over and we will have no more admissions. But the government hospitals are now swamped with Indian refugees and they want us to help with them.

June 30—I have never seen anything so pitiful as these poor refugees! They are starved and emaciated and suffering so much from lack of vitamins that they can't swallow. With this starvation background they have picked up the most virulent forms of malaria, amebic, and bacillary dysentery. Those who picked up cholera and smallpox died before they got to Manipur Road, so we have had no cases of cholera and only two of smallpox. There have been women dying of puerperal fever as a result of having had abortions on the trip out. It is the most hopeless situation from the medical point of view. We can't get medicines for them, for the railway has been washed out in several places and steamers are busy with the transport of reinforcement troops. Colonel Williams is sending us supplies, but they are held up. We are trying to treat malaria without atabrine and with very little quinine and our stock of neosalvarsan is almost gone.

The typhoid cases have done fairly well. But those poor people keep on dying three or four a day.

Somewhere in India. Later—We are at work for the Chinese Army again. We don't know where we are going next, but all of us hope it is going to be to a big job! The last time I saw General Stilwell, I told him we all hoped that when new action developed against the Japs he would save out the meanest, nastiest task of all for us. The general turned on me like a flash with a real sparkle in his eye.

"I can certainly promise you that," he said.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

IT is a matter of great regret to me now that I knew **Katherine Butler Hathaway** only at second hand, when I could have met and talked with her. A friend of mine told me about her once and offered to take me to meet her. Somehow the occasion never came, and Katherine Hathaway died on Christmas Eve last year.

Now that I have read her book, **The Little Locksmith,** I feel the disappointment somewhat less keenly, for the very rare and beautiful (there is no other word for it and this truly fits) spirit of Katherine Hathaway is in this book for all to meet.

It is not a book to discuss in ordinary terms, for it is a most extraordinary book and I venture to predict for it that it will live far beyond our own time. It deserves the word "classic." In a sense it is the journal of Katherine Hathaway's mind and life. It is also the story of a great adventure, told by a person of remarkable mental and emotional scope.

Katharine Butler Hathaway

Katherine Butler was struck, as a child, by a disease which first confined her to her bed for years and then left her body with a deformity. This, of course, influenced her mind. But it was a fine mind and it grew and dominated her body, and finally it produced a book about her life that is more than the story of a person overcoming adversity. It is the story of a woman who grew beyond adversity.

By all means read it. It is a wonderful demonstration of what a master craftsman can do with the English language and as a story it is a shining example of what courage and intelligence and a civilized mind can achieve.

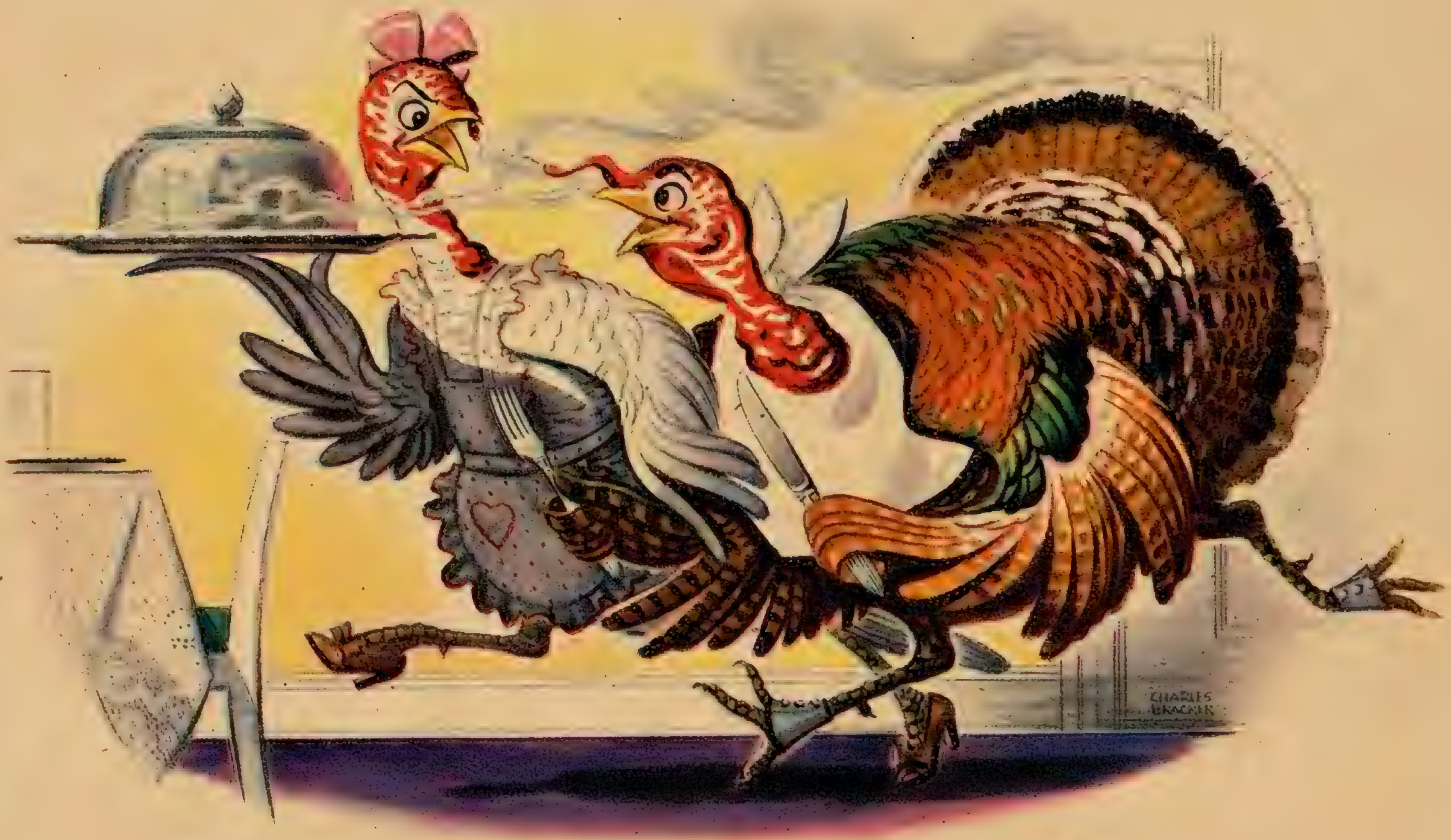
Richard Llewellyn

READERS of How Green Was My Valley who thought that **Richard Llewellyn** was just darling are due for a rude shock when they begin his second novel, **None But the Lonely Heart.** Instead of the poetic and nostalgic prose which they may expect, they will find themselves drawn into a strong, tough novel about a young cockney lad who lived on the border line of poverty in prewar London and led about as quaint a life as a Chicago hoodlum.

They may also be confused at first by the cockney dialogue and the fact that Mr. Llewellyn writes his whole book in that vein. For those who stick it out, though, there is a vivid, honest story of an adolescent, his longings, his reaching toward life and love, the influence of his environment, and his relationship with the strange (for us) characters who make up his world.

A NEW revised edition of **A. Hitler's Mein Kampf** is now on the bookstalls awaiting purchasers. In my opinion, the most interesting fact about this overstuffed piece of rabid maundering is that a lawsuit upheld its author's copyright privileges and this had the ironic effect of protecting the works of all German-Austrian émigrés in this country. It also resulted in building up here a sizable sum for royalties, which, I conjecture, will not be paid to the author in his lifetime nor to his next of kin. But I have a suggestion. The publishers could divide the amount equally, devoting one half to the promotion of an outstanding anti-Nazi and possibly pro-Semitic book to counteract whatever harmful effect **Mein Kampf** might have had among the people who read and believed it. The other half should be distributed somehow among those who bought the book to read and suffered through as many as fifty pages—to repay them partially for the boredom.

Think twice before you gobble !


CHARLES BRACKER

Food is the mightiest weapon of all. This holiday season, buy and cook only what you need. Eat it all. Waste nothing. Share with those who need it most. Food Fights for Freedom.

Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
Calvert
SPECIAL

**"Be wise! . . .
Clear heads choose Calvert"**

Sponsored by the makers of

Calvert

The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—60% Grain Neutral Spirits.

DESTINATION TOKYO

Continued from Page 27

not"—he was lying badly, lamely—"because—well, you know how these things are. The pay is—well, it's ridiculous!"

She kept looking at him.

He went on: "It's absurd what they pay! But I guess most of the kids in these jobs are rich, social—have private incomes, and—"

"Yes, Russ?" Her eyes upset him.

"Well—it's this way. The assignment calls for a single man. I mean, that's definite. There's no way around it. It's just—well, the *law*—see?—and—"

She turned away.

"—if you traveled with anybody, or—lived with anybody—" he said.

Suddenly he turned her around. "Betty!"

She looked up sightlessly. He kissed her. But it was no kiss at all. Her lips were cold.

"I'd better get dressed," she said.

"You could go back to California!" He tried to make it sound like something. "We've got just about enough money for bus fare. And once you're out there"— he built it up — "once you're out there it'll be *swell!* You'll—"

"Sure," she said.

"And in Paris, after I'm settled, I'll send for you! Remember all the things we were going to do in Paris? How we were going to—" He broke off. "Oh, it's tough right now, Betty, but—"

He went on. He tried to sound heartbroken at the prospect of the parting, but he was so excited about his new assignment that he could not hide it. He knew that she sensed it in every word he spoke. The insincerity in his voice. The way he talked—so fast and frightened (as though he were afraid she would make a scene; as though he were afraid it was too good to be true and that something might spoil it).

He was disgusted with himself. It must have been perfectly apparent to her that he wanted only to take this job. Nothing else mattered. And he wasn't even being half kind about it. His whole approach was stupid and clumsy—all his motives in plain sight; his whole character stripped. He could see it through her mind, like a self-reflector. But he was too eager to be off to Europe to do anything about it.

She pushed him gently away from her. "Betty, listen—"

"It's all right. I don't blame you a bit." Her eyes were dry, though her face was a little white. "I understand perfectly."

"I *will* send for you!"

She didn't answer to that.

"Anyway, the Coast'll be better for you. New York is too damned tough!"

But he could squeeze no emotion from her. She was stunned, and cold toward him. She probably hated him. The thought was tormenting! He wanted everything to be smooth. He wanted Europe and a blissful parting as well. He permitted her her silence now and walked over and turned on the radio.

Two nights later they were in the bus terminal. Betty looked up at him, and for the first time since he had told her, she began to cry. She wore a pert felt hat that dipped over one eye, the same shabby cloth coat. Her blonde hair brushed her shoulders. She seemed small and helpless and exhausted and mixed up—and all full of pain. It was on her face and in her eyes and in every part of her.

In the bus she looked down at him from the window, and when the bus started she pressed her face to the windowpane and waved. She was still crying.

All the way back to the apartment he thought of her face pressed there against the window.

THE Copperfin left in the night. The ship was black and the night was dark, but the shore was white with snow, and the sound of the Diesels echoed throbbingly across the icy water. Outside of Dutch Harbor they dropped the escort vessel and continued alone, on the surface. Now and again they bumped ice chunks.

Below decks, the glowing red lights were burning and the men's faces reflected amber in them. The men sat around on bunks, on ditty boxes, and even on the deck itself. In the messroom they sat at the tables, although it was not chow time. Cookie sat with them here. Nobody wanted to sleep. Everybody was talking excitedly. Yoyo was operating the phonograph and it echoed through the loud-speakers. The records were California, Here I Come and Golden Gate, I'm Coming to You, and San Francisco. The sailors grinned, listening to this music, and their conversation was exhilarated.

In the conning tower Cassidy sat alone at the chart desk—a single tiny shaft of light shining down on an envelope he held in his hand. It was addressed to him and sealed. He turned it over in his hand, as if weighing it; as if weighing his life, and his career in submarines along with it. This, certainly, would be his last assignment in submarines.

He contemplated the orders almost with dread. The greatest thrills of his life had been on the Copperfin, and the greatest pride of his life, too. Thirty-one Jap ships had tasted her torpedoes and gone to the bottom. She—the Copperfin—had earned Cassidy two Navy crosses, and the Silver Star for gallantry. The medals were hers, really, not his. She was a fighter.

The sound of the engines now, below decks, was music to him; but the echo of the loud-speakers playing songs of California depressed him slightly. Again he contemplated the envelope, and presently he opened it. He read the orders, impassively at first, and then there was the shadow of a smile on his face. It was a plum! It was big! The kind of assignment every submarine commander dreamed about! Excitedly he turned to the quartermaster.

"Bring me the chart catalogue."

When it was handed to him, he checked through the index numbers, then looked up.

"Bring me Chart Two fifty-seven."

Two fifty-seven was Japan. But it wasn't that, Cassidy thought. Going to Japan was routine. It was what they were ordered to do once they got there.

The Nips aren't going to like it! At last we start really fighting them!

He waited for the chart. Below decks, he knew, the men would be crowded around files, peering over the quartermaster's shoulder to see which chart he selected. You never had to announce to your crew where you were going—they had only to watch which chart the quartermaster picked out.

Quite suddenly now the loud-speaker went off. There was a moment of silence. Then it came on again—playing The Japanese Sandman.

Cassidy smiled. It was official now. Below, Quade, too, would be opening his orders, and in another few minutes the whole ship would be set for the long haul to Japan.

THE long haul.

Nita, the doll, was taking it hardest. She was now only a washed-out little blonde. Wolf had hung her up between the torpedo tubes, and she was swaying gently with the movement of the ship.

Browski saw her when he came in.

"Who belongs to *that?*"

No one answered.

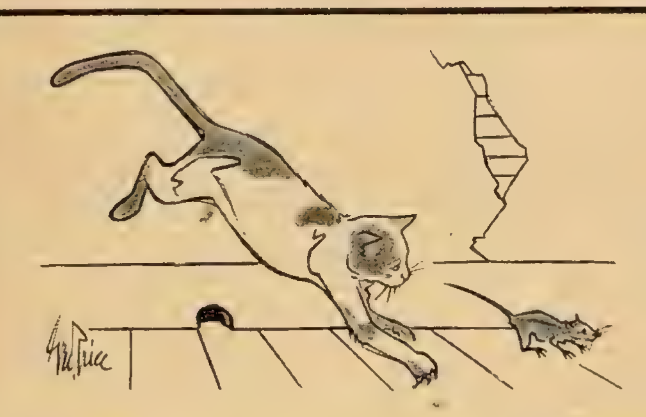
"In twenty-three years in the Navy I've never seen a *doll* on a submarine! What *are* you guys—a daisy chain?"

"She's our mascot," said Tin Can.

Browski's contempt for them was beyond words. His eyes moved on to the other men now, concernedly. Most of them were sprawled in their bunks, catnapping, reading. Two or three sat on the deck. But they seemed for the most part listless.

"Come to life, sailors!" Browski said.

Some of them looked up. Pills entered the compartment. He began making the rounds, administering a vitamin pill apiece to the sailors. They made faces but each took his pill.



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

GNAWTY: A little mouse who disobeys.

CALFETERIA: A mama cow.

POMPKIN: Cinderella's splendiferous coach.

CLOATHES: Dresses she simply hates.

JABBERDASHER: A guy who talks through the hat he's selling you.

OWE-BLITERATE: To wipe out a debt.

ARRESTAURANT: Coffee and doughnuts in the police station.

BENNYFIT: Jack doing a show for charity.

ADDMINISTRATION: A government which is always increasing its personnel.

HARKAEOLOGIST: A guy who listens for fossils.

"Come on, you guys," Browski said again, "snap out of it! Yoyo—whyn't you get some hot music on the loud-speakers?"

Yoyo said, "I assume you mean boogie-woogie. Well, the guys don't like boogie-woogie except during the first week out. After that they want ballads."

"I don't know what kind of a Navy it's getting to be," Browski said. He picked up a magazine with a strange cover. "What's this?" He read the name of it: "'Corset and Brassière Monthly.'" He blew up. "Who the hell ordered that?"

"I did," said Tin Can. "Twelve issues."

"Why?"

"Because I thought it had pictures," Tin Can said. "But there's not a picture in it!"

BROWSKI dropped the magazine. He was worked up now.

"Listen, sailors! All of you. This is the long haul. It's always the toughest. Nothing to do except sleep and stand watches. But that's just why this is the time when you gotta be the most alert! You gotta keep on your toes. Because something can come out of the sky or across the horizon at any time! And if we're even ten seconds slower than usual in getting to our stations—well, that can be it! What we need—and gotta have—is vigilance!"

"And vitamins," Pills said. "Here—chief."

Browski opened his mouth to answer him and Pills popped a pill in.

"Vigilance and vitamins," Pills said quietly. "The chief and I make a good team, don't we?"

"Any time I'm on a team with you—" Browski started.

Pills interrupted: "Did you hear about it, sailors? The chief's such a sterling character—the captain's thinking of making him the ship's chaplain."

Wolf grinned. "Why don't you lay off him, Pills?"

"I can take it," Browski said. He looked at Pills. "I suppose anything that has to do with a chaplain appeals to your atheistic sense of humor. I suppose you think it's funny because I try to keep from swearing and can't. Well, maybe it is!" He was shouting now. "But if you —— weren't all such brainless, helpless wonders I wouldn't *have* to swear at you!"

He turned and left the room.

The Kid got up from the bunk, taking the chief's lecture seriously—reviving himself. He stripped off his skivie shirt, stepped under the sun lamp and turned it on. Pills moved up to a sailor who was reading the Los Angeles Telephone Directory. Pills looked at the book.

"What kind of literature's this supposed to be?"

"Telephone book," the sailor said. "I always read it after we've been out a while—after I've read everything else. It's very interesting." He looked at Pills. "You're an intelligent guy. Ever figure out the meaning of names?"

He went on: "Take George Carpenter, for instance. Right here. Carpenter means that somewhere along the line one of his ancestors built houses. See? Then some are just pretty. He flipped the pages. "Like this one: 'Rose Riley, 111 Mountain Ridge Road. Crestview 5-9124.'"

He closed the book. "Last time I was in L. A., I couldn't get it out of my mind. So I went up there. It was a pretty house—top of a hill. I kind of hung around, and after a while I saw a girl go in."

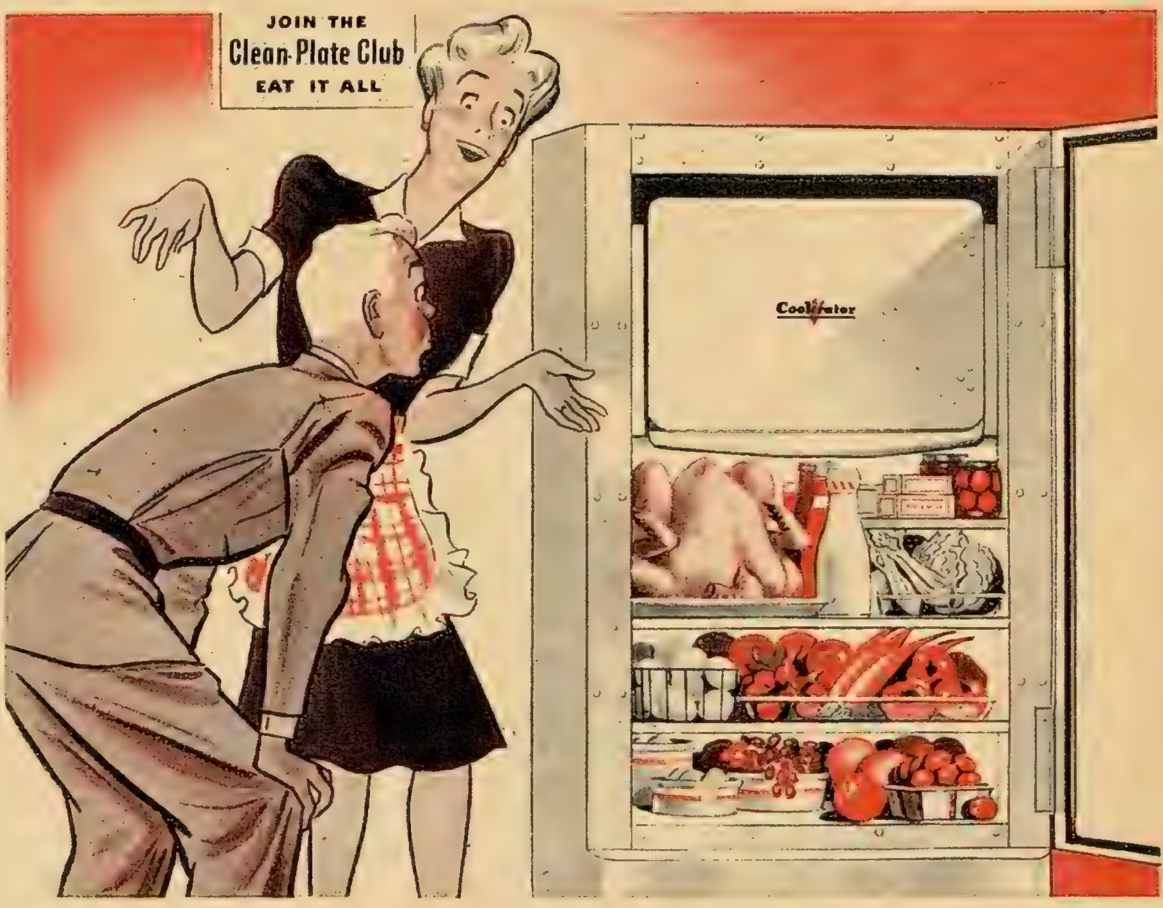
He looked around at the sailors. "The

Here's how you can
KEEP FRESH FOODS *Really* FRESH

JOIN THE
Clean Plate Club
EAT IT ALL
Cool

1. WHEN JOHNNY comes marching home for one of mom's swell Thanksgiving dinners he'll find plenty of fresh food that's *plenty fresh* in this new kind of refrigerator! For Coolerator preserves the natural goodness and flavor of perishable foods.

2. AND HERE'S WHY: Coolerator's 4-way circulation keeps washed, pure, constantly cold, humidified air circulating through the food chamber. Because Coolerator uses ice in a new way, foods stay fresh longer, food odors are carried away.



3. NOW SEE how roomy this beautiful new Coolerator is! It's full family size—and you always have plenty of pure, crystal-clear, taste-free ice for beverages and salads. Coolerator's lustrous white cabinet is easy to keep clean—a wipe with a damp cloth does the trick. And, because Coolerator has no moving parts there is nothing to get out of order, and you never have repair bills!

4. BEST SURPRISE of all is the price—only $72.75 f. o. b. Duluth. Although busy with war work, Coolerator has additional capacity for making this new refrigerator which fully meets WPB requirements. See your Coolerator dealer, or ice company, or write The Coolerator Company, Department L1, Duluth, Minnesota.

$72.75
F. O. B. DULUTH

SAVE WITH COOLERATOR AND BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

LOOK TO... Coolerator
FOR BETTER REFRIGERATION

girl was—well, not beautiful—but wonderful. Know what I mean? Kind of hits you in the heart. That night I kept thinking about her. So I decided to call. But I was scared to. I sat in the phone booth half an hour before I got up guts enough to call her number. When I did, she answered. Gee, I felt stupid! Finally I told her I was a guy on a submarine; that last patrol, at sea, I'd seen her name in the telephone book. I thought she was going to hang up. But she didn't. We talked for a long time. Her mother's name was Rose Riley, she said. *Her* name was Fay. Then she invited me up."

"How'd you make out?" Wolf asked.

"I made out pretty good," the sailor said. "I married her just before we shoved off."

"Ouch!" said Wolf.

"Being married's a good thing," Yoyo said.

"You married, Yoyo?" The Kid asked.

Yoyo glanced over. "Certainly I am!" He leaned back smiling. "The old lady's always talking about building. After this war we're going to have a house with one whole side windows. Got it all figured out."

"You're talking Greek," Wolf said. He got up and stretched. "I met a dame once. In Glendale. Married, too. Her old man was a soldier. She was a nifty dish—kinda compact, like a submarine. Smelled of geraniums. We got up in her apartment, and she begins giving me the one, two, three. True-blue Lou. So I mix her another drink. And then I take—"

A fist smashed him across the mouth. Wolf reeled back. Yoyo was standing in front of him, his fists tight.

"Every dame's a push-over to you, ain't she? Well, some of them aren't! I'm sick of listening to you shoot off your mouth! From here on keep your bawdy talk out of the forward room, will you?"

Wolf said, low, "I ought to punch you cockeyed!"

"You lay a hand on him," a sailor said, "and I'll beat your brains in—myself, personally."

Wolf glanced around. They were all looking at him hostilely.

"O. K.," he said. He looked at Yoyo. "Sorry, Yoyo."

IN the wardroom, the loud-speaker came on suddenly. Dinah Shore singing Manhattan Serenade. Quade felt emotion from it. It affected the others, too—Tex and Les Baker, who were here having coffee with him. Their conversation stopped.

Presently Tex smiled. "Reminds me of Bonny." He reached into his pocket, brought out his wallet and carefully extracted a small snapshot from it. "Quade, I don't think you've met Bonny." He showed him the picture, saying, "Bonny, this is Mr. Quade, our Reserve officer."

Quade looked at the picture. It was that of a very pretty Army nurse.

"Good-looker."

"And a swell girl," Tex said, putting the picture away. "I met her in Boston. And, man—I've been dizzy ever since!" He sighed, smiling. "She isn't just a woman. She's—well— You have a girl, Quade?"

"Yes," Quade said, "in—L. A. I met her in Tokyo."

Les Baker said, "Tell us about it."

Quade faltered. "I—took her to a *sukiyaki* joint . . . then to a dance—and then, that night, to a place I told her was the Street of Lanterns." His voice ran out. He looked up, smiled. "It's such a long time ago, I—"

"Sure, I know," Tex said heartily. "I'm about due on the bridge anyhow." He rose. "See you later, gentlemen."

He went out. Quade looked after him. Then he turned to Les Baker. "I meant to ask. That girl he spoke of—Bonny. She his wife?"

Baker lit a cigarette, nodded.

"She in the States?" Quade asked.

"Bonny was on Corregidor when it fell."

There was the sound of the engines. Dinah Shore singing A Boy in Khaki, a Girl in Lace.

This was the long haul.

"CAPTAIN to the conning tower! Captain to the conning tower!"

Cassidy, at chow in the wardroom, got out fast. The ship was submerged, running on batteries. Lieutenant Baker was on the scope. It was aimed to the port side, aft.

"Got something bearing O-three-O, sir," Baker said.

Cassidy took over. He put his eye to the piece. Visible through the crossed wires of the scope he saw the gray blue of the North Pacific, the water choppy, and then, on the horizon, several black specks.

"Battle stations!"

"Battle stations!" Baker repeated into the phones.

Immediately the battle stations gong clanged out.

Cassidy spoke again, to the ship now, his voice echoing through the loud-speakers: "Looks like a good-sized convoy, men. Stand by for a set-up!"

Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.

—*Napoleon.*

Below, men were out of their bunks, manning their stations. Tex climbed up into the conning tower. He went to the plotting table. Cassidy continued watching.

The ship moved silently under the water. Now Cassidy said:

"Mark! Bearing O-two-eight."

Tex marked the plot.

"Range sixteen thousand," Cassidy said. "Angle on the bow thirty port. Estimated speed fifteen knots. Down scope!"

"Enemy course one-O-O," Tex reported. He turned the dials. "Distance from the track eight thousand yards." He made a slight adjustment on the Iswas. "Normal approach course one-six-O." He computed quickly. "True bearing two-five-O."

Cassidy said, "Left full rudder. All ahead full. New course one-six-O."

The quartermaster repeated.

Browski's voice sounded through the loud-speakers: "Battle stations manned!"

The Copperfin, underneath the water, moved blindly on the new course now, closing the long gap between herself and the ships which had been sighted.

At last Cassidy said, "Up scope!"

The scope started up. Cassidy smiled over at Tex.

"First contact. I wonder what we get."

He lowered the periscope handles and took a 360-degree swing. Then he settled back to the expected bearing of about ninety degrees on the starboard beam. His heart began to thump, but he kept his voice low.

"Mark! Bearing O-five-O. Angle on the bow seventy port. Range forty-five hundred yards. Down scope!"

The crew always knew everything that was going on, each development.

"We've picked up a lulu!" Cassidy said. "Jap force. Two aircraft carriers," Tex began writing it down, "four heavy cruiser supports"—below, the men were staring at the loud-speakers—"a squadron of destroyers. Circular screen. Estimated course about one hundred."

Tex's eyes came up. "Then—that must mean they're headed for the West Coast! For California!"

"Perhaps they're going to try a Doolittle," Cassidy said. "Maybe the carriers have some bombers on their decks!"

"Maybe they *were* headed for California," said Tex, "but—"

Cassidy interrupted: "Check our position and make a contact report."

"Contact report?" Tex echoed. "Captain—you mean to Pearl?"

"That's right. To Pearl Harbor."

"But—" Tex was confused. "In the first place, opening up on the radio we expose ourselves, don't we?"

"In two ways," Cassidy answered wryly, "since we'll have to come up to the surface to do it."

"THEN why don't we just lie low," Tex asked—"sneak up on 'em—then wade in with every tin fish we've got?"

Cassidy said, "Simply because we might get one, two, even three or four. Out of a force of twenty ships! We want 'em all. Besides, our orders are not to fire a torpedo en route to our mission."

In the forward room, Tin Can was glaring at the loud-speaker.

"What kind of orders are these? Sitting here with a load of tin fish for their bellies and we can't fire 'em!"

Wolf looked at him. "When I see three stripes on your sleeve, possibly I'll look to you for orders, Tin Can."

"Maybe the skipper just ain't got guts. Maybe—"

The Kid reached over and slapped Tin Can across the mouth with the back of his hand. Tin Can stared, then started for the Kid. But half a dozen men pulled him back. Tin Can's lip was bleeding.

Wolf watched him. "You had it coming to you!"

Through the phones the voice of the sound man came over: "What's going on in the forward room? Who said the skipper didn't have guts?"

"Tin Can," somebody replied.

"Tin Can," the voice said. Tin Can looked up, his eyes hot. "The chief says you're to report to the galley for cremation."

"Can't a guy make a simple crack without everybody hearing it?"

"The answer is no, pal," the voice said, "so keep that indiarubber mouth of yours shut! . . . So the Kid up and clips Tin Can," the voice of the man on the phones said to the ship in general. "Tin Can just threw in the towel." He paused. "One tin can dented."

In the wardroom Ensign Mathews finished transcribing the message into code. Cassidy stood over him.

"Coded message ready for transmission, sir," Mathews said.

"Good," Cassidy said. "We haven't any time to waste."

As he started up the conning-tower ladder he snapped:

"Surface!"

Mathews, meanwhile, handed the coded message to the radio man.

"This goes to CINCPAC immediately on surfacing!"

In a moment the conning tower broke through the surface.

The sailors knew what it meant. Quite possible suicide. If they were spotted they would be destroyed before they could ever get under again. But this was the chance they had to take. Because, even if they were sunk, the message would get off. It was daylight upstairs. It was only one chance in a hundred the Japs wouldn't see them. Now the radio began to sing.

On the bridge, Cassidy could see the Jap ships quite clearly. He held his breath. In a moment word came from the radio room: "Coded message sent to Pearl and receipted for!"

"Take her down!" Cassidy said.

IN Pearl Harbor, a decoding operator lifted the message from the machine, handed it to an armed guard. The guard moved off, past other receiving machines. Over each was a different placard: AUSTRALIA—NEW GUINEA—SOLOMONS—CHINA—JAPAN SEA—SOUTH PACIFIC.

Less than a minute later, a naval officer, aide to the admiral, left his office. He moved quickly toward a door marked: COMMANDER IN CHIEF—PACIFIC. The admiral was at his desk. The officer handed him the message.

"Contact report on enemy task force, sir!" The admiral scanned the report. Now he rose, started out. "Order the Copperfin to maintain contact as long as possible."

The admiral approached the offices of the General Staff.

Inside there were charts covering the walls. A battery of clocks told the time in every corner of the world. Staff officers of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps were coming in. They gathered around a huge chart of the North Pacific. It was dotted with symbols, pins, flags.

The admiral put a new pin in the map. He turned to the others.

"Jap task force. Two aircraft carriers, four heavy cruisers, destroyer squadron. Circular screen. one hundred at eight-five-nine." He glanced at the clock. "Estimated speed fifteen knots. The Copperfin will attempt to maintain contact."

The naval air officer spoke up. "Looks like a job for the bombers, sir!" He indicated places on the map. "We can come at them from four different directions." His voice was suddenly excited. "We're ready to take off the moment you give the word, sir!"

"You've got the word," the admiral said. *"Get into the air!"*

From four different directions:

Men running to their planes. Big land-based bombers taxiing down the field, lifting into the air.

From an American carrier—torpedo bombers racing across the flight deck, taking off into space.

From an island—Flying Fortresses leaving the field in formation.

From another base—American fighter and observation planes streaking through the sky, pilots tight-lipped, eager.

All aircraft converging toward the same objective.

The bombers came first. The squadron leader spoke into a microphone:

"All right! *Here we go!* Begin peeling off! Make it good!"

One by one the planes screamed down out of the sky. Below them, the Jap ships were steaming slowly. Now they began to zigzag. From the flight decks of Jap carriers, planes zoomed off. The American fighters were coming in even as the bombers dived. And below came the screaming, racing squadron of American torpedo planes. Already tin fish were dropping from their bellies. Jap antiaircraft fire opened up. Jap carrier planes were circling downward in smoke. Then the bombers began to lay the eggs.

The whole surface of the ocean black with smoke. The whole sky black with planes. Throbbing engines. The siren-screaming of stricken falling aircraft. The staccato crack of guns. The roaring, thundering explosions. Geysers of water shooting into the air. Japs everywhere in the water. Japs running back and forth on the decks of their ships. Japs screaming. Japs drowning. Jap ships sinking. The flag of the Rising Sun going down below the surface. Catastrophe on a Wednesday afternoon.

Nightfall.

Patches of oil. Corpses bloated in the salt water. Fragments of rafts. Empty life preservers floating aimlessly. Boxes of provisions. Oil. No ships anywhere.

There is only the sunset and coming night. And silence.

ABOARD the Copperfin, the conning tower was dark save for the glow of the binnacle. Captain Cassidy sat on the chart desk, facing the loud-speaker transmitter. Through the periscope he had followed the battle. He looked at the transmitter now, and then he spoke:

"Well, fellows, we didn't get in a shot. I know how you feel."

In the crew's messroom the men sat around playing games and reading, but all listened. The captain was saying:

"Let the flyers have the glory. They did a good job. We couldn't get in but, even without us, there's quite a few less Japs in the world tonight."

He rubbed his hand down over his face wearily. Then he crawled up on the

(*Continued on page 53*)

You spend less dough—look slick besides—
Through toughest whiskers this blade glides!
And Thin Gillette lasts long—shaves clean,
You save on time—your face feels keen!

WIN
THE
WAR
IN
'44
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
Gillette
4 BLADES 10¢
4 for 10¢

Made of easy-flexing steel hard enough to cut glass

Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

THREADING OUR WAY TO VICTORY

WE'RE a part of the firm of AMERICA, Inc. The product this vast organization is manufacturing is DEFEAT FOR THE AXIS . . . *to be delivered in full . . . RUSH!*

Our department is the Threading Dept. and we make Precision Thread Cutting Tools. These are vitally important in turning out tanks, planes and diverse war materiel that our men in foreign fields are using to convince the Jerries and Nips that American war equipment is best!

This job of ours, as can be well understood, is a key one. It calls for the highest type of skilled workmanship, and specially developed equipment. The Taps and Tools we turn out must be rugged enough to stand the gaff of high-speed war production. They must be consistently accurate to the greatest degree—*many to one ten-thousandth of an inch.*

It is with great pleasure that we report to the stockholders of AMERICA, Inc.—every man, woman, and child of them—that our Threading Dept. is expanding. Continuous patronage by old customers and a list of new ones that is growing daily are causes for much satisfaction. We are proudest, however, in the realization that the Detroit Tap & Tool Company is most assuredly *threading its way to Victory.*

You've done your bit—now do your best

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS

DETROIT
TAP & TOOL CO.
8432 BUTLER AVENUE • DETROIT, MICHIGAN

GROUND TAPS • GROUND THREAD HOBS • THREAD GAGES • SPECIAL THREADING TOOLS AND GAGES

(*Continued from page 51*)

shelf he used for a bed in hostile waters. The binnacle light burned singly through the darkness.

10 JAP SHIPS SUNK!
U. S. Air Force Victory!
Entire Enemy Task Force
Annihilated in Pacific

THERE was great excitement in the United States. Commentators asked how much longer the Japs could take such crippling blows. The Air Forces were lauded. Not a single enemy ship had been left afloat!

Nowhere in any of the communiqués was there mention of a submarine. It was never explained how the Japs had been spotted. Nor was there any hint in the papers that the course would have taken them directly to the mainland of the United States.

Will Betty find success on the West Coast while Russ tries his diplomatic wings in Europe? Russ knows the answer as the Copperfin plies her way to Japan. Continue this absorbing tale of two lovers and a submarine's quest next week.

JOHN BULL IS WILLING Continued from Page 13

them at Tours, and had there pleaded with them to carry on the struggle from London or North Africa. He left chewing savagely on a wad of paper to control his pent-up feelings, reported an eyewitness. “His big kind eyes, sad like those of a bulldog that had just received a sound thrashing, were filled with tears.” For three days he had staved off the French request for an armistice. But now these men were harassed by never-ending bulletins from the crumbling front. Paris had been occupied two days before. Half of France was overrun and the panzer divisions were driving at will deeper and deeper into virtually undefended territory. Nazi planes swept unmolested across the land, bombing and machine-gunning thousands of civilian refugees on the cluttered highways.

The men at the council table in the Bordeaux Prefecture were trying to think of the future while the present was constantly before their eyes. An unusual argument had been going on for hours. A few civilian Cabinet members, led by Georges Mandel, insisted that the war must go on; that France had to keep her pledge to Great Britain not to make a separate peace; that the government ought to go to North Africa to continue the fight. But the majority lined up behind the military chiefs, Marshal Pétain and General Weygand, who were clamoring for an armistice and demanding surrender. The Premier, Paul Reynaud, who had been nagged into a state of indecision by his mistress, the Comtesse de Portes, kept dashing out to telephone to London—sometimes directly to Churchill, sometimes to General de Gaulle, French Under-Secretary of War, who happened to be there on one of his frequent liaison missions.

Reynaud pleaded with Churchill to be released from his promise not to make a separate peace, and was reminded that the pledge was made by the French Republic, not by some individual statesman. To de Gaulle he confessed that he would not be able to hold his Cabinet in line much longer unless President Roosevelt could be persuaded to offer immediate and substantial aid. About noon of that fateful Sunday, de Gaulle informed Reynaud that an important proposal would be submitted to the French Cabinet later in the day, and he cautioned the Premier not to permit any decisions before this proposal arrived.

At 5 P. M. Sir Ronald Campbell, the British Ambassador, formally presented to Premier Reynaud a draft of an “Act of Union” between Great Britain and France. It was a sensational offer to merge the two nations and governments in an “indissoluble union,” joining the two Parliaments in one and placing all the forces of Britain and France under “a single war Cabinet.” The act was to take effect at once: “Every citizen of France will enjoy immediately citizenship of Great Britain, and every British subject will become a citizen of France.” Moreover, Reynaud was privately informed that he would be chief of the new war Cabinet, the first Prime Minister of the Franco-British Union.

The text of the declaration read as follows:

DECLARATION OF UNION
(Communicated to the French Government by His Majesty's Ambassador on
June 16, 1940)

At this most fateful moment in the history of modern world government, the United Kingdom and the French Republic make this declaration of indissoluble union and unyielding resolution in their common defense of justice and freedom against subjection to a system which reduces mankind to the life of robots and slaves.

The two governments declare that France and Britain shall no longer be two, but one Franco-British union. The Constitution of the union will provide for joint organs of defense and foreign, financial, and economic policies. Every citizen of France will enjoy immediately citizenship of Great Britain, and every British subject will become a citizen of France.

Both countries will share responsibility for the repair of devastation of war wherever it occurs in their territories, and the resources of both shall equally and as one be applied for that purpose. During the war there shall be a single war Cabinet, and all the force of Britain and France, whether on land or sea or in the air, will be placed under its direction. It will govern from wherever it best can. The two Parliaments will be formally associated.

The nations of the Empire already are forming new armies. France will keep her available forces in the field, on the sea, and in the air.

The union appeals to the United States to fortify the economic resources of the Allies and bring her powerful material aid to the common cause.

The union will concentrate its whole energy against the power of the enemy, no matter where the battle may be. And thus shall we conquer.

THE offer was argued furiously until midnight.

“France refuses to become a British dominion!” yelled Camille Chautemps, one of the appeasers.

“Would you rather have her a Nazi *Gau*, you dolt?” some one cried out.

When the vote was finally taken, it was 14 to 10 against the proposal. Immediately afterward the Cabinet decided 13 to 11 to ask the Nazis for an armistice.

Thus, what may some day be regarded as the most important event in

a few drops

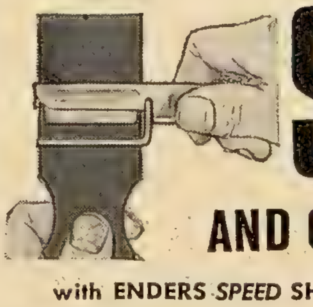
HIT HEAD COLD MISERY FAST

SPECIALIZED MEDICATION
Works Right Where Trouble Is

If a stuffy head cold is making life miserable for you, enjoy the quick relief a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol bring. Va-tro-nol works right where trouble is—shrinks swollen membranes, soothes irritation, helps clear clogged nasal passages—makes breathing easier! Follow directions in folder. **VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**

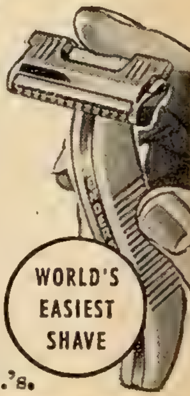
CHEST COLDS To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, loosens phlegm. **VICKS VAPORUB**

IDLE TALK CAN BE A TRAGIC MATTER



STROP AND GO SMOOTHLY

with ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER



With an Enders Speed Shaver—you don't have to worry about blade scarcity. You can buy the new Enders Strop outfit and make every double-thick Enders blade do the work of a dozen ordinary blades. Here is your chance to really *save* steel and get “new blade” smoothness every shave. Get an Enders Speed Shaver at your drugstore.

Send $1 for Enders Special Stropper—can be used only on Enders Speed Blades. No C.O.D.'s.

ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. D, MYSTIC, CONN.

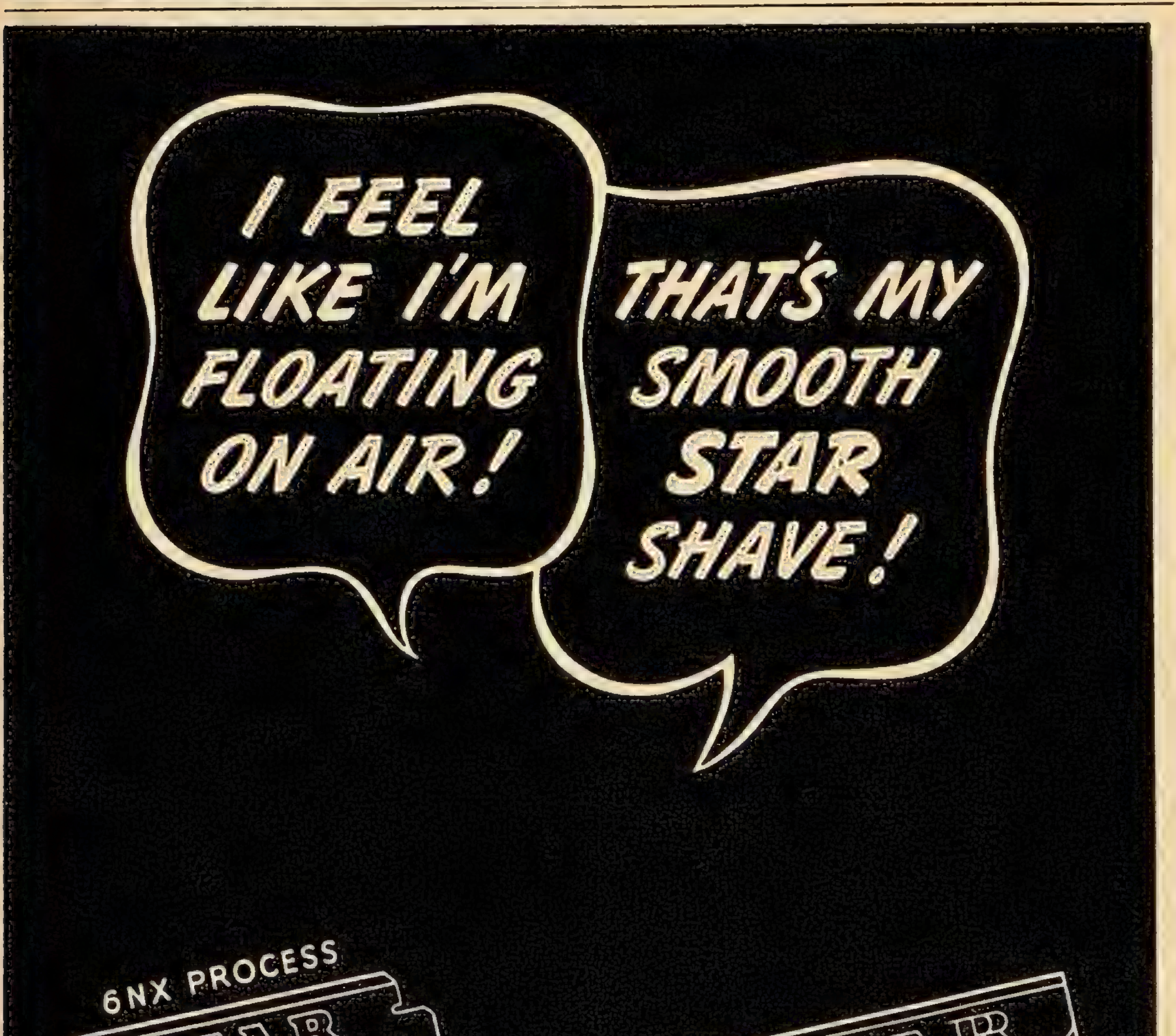
WHITE LABEL
RONRICO
Finest Quality
Distilled
PUERTO RICAN RUM

*RONRICO

*Best RUM bar none

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (L) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof.

*Trade Marks of Ronrico Corporation



I FEEL LIKE I'M FLOATING ON AIR!
THAT'S MY SMOOTH STAR SHAVE!
6NX PROCESS
STAR
DOUBLE EDGE
4 for 10¢
STAR
SINGLE EDGE

French history since Waterloo passed quietly into limbo. The French people were not informed of the British proposal; in fact, the British broadcasts of the news were "jammed" on orders of Pétain, who had taken over the government. In America and even in Britain almost no notice was taken of the extraordinary offer. For the public interpreted it as a desperate measure to cope with an emergency situation.

In the opinion of this writer, that is an entirely wrong interpretation. However quickly the Act of Union may have been drafted, it represents a well considered plan, I believe, formulated to solve prolonged problems that Great Britain will have to face in a changing world. My belief is supported by whispered but ever more frequent reports of consultations and conversations in the inner chambers of the British Foreign Office—and even at 10 Downing Street—pointing to a second proposal that will repeat the offer of union to a seemingly prostrate France. A glance at the factors that bear on the situation will show there are good and valid reasons for a Franco-British union—reasons that apply more closely to a victorious Britain in the post-war world than to an embattled Britain defying blitz and invasion.

WHAT are some of these factors and reasons?

1. We must recognize that Britons have just experienced the awful fear that they might become slaves. Not since 1588, when the Spanish Armada threatened English shores, had they known that fear. Whether they realize it or not, the experience will condition British foreign policy for generations. By whatever means, at whatever cost, they will seek security. Nothing will be left untried or undone which may avert the danger they so narrowly escaped.

2. This dominating craving for security must be related to the traditional balance-of-power policy which Britain has pursued for over three hundred years. It was a simple system of temporary alliances with the least aggressive of the strong nations of Europe in order to curb the most aggressive nation. Today, however, it is not Europe alone but the whole world that enters within the orbit of such a policy. Immediately after this war the United States and Russia will be the only powers that will need to be considered. After two or three generations China and India will inevitably come into the picture.

Great Britain's twenty-year peace with Russia is the first step in this cosmic balance-of-power game, her proposed military alliance with us would be the second. But the shrewdest Foreign Office in the world is well aware that the new international order will no more allow the tail to wag the dog than the old order did. Mr. Churchill and his colleagues recognize that a feeble and depopulated Britain will not be able to command the allegiance of great powers. They see in the Franco-British union a ready-made solution to this problem. The "common citizenship" of the two nations will total more than 80,000,000; their combined armed forces, especially the Navy and Air arms, will measure up to those of any first-class power. Their common resources will be adequate.

3. Paradoxical though it may seem, the fact is that without the union victorious Britain will emerge from this war as a second-class power. Although thus far her casualties have been light as compared with those of Russia and China or Poland and France, they will now begin to increase appreciably. The invasion of Europe will be costly in men and the loss will be felt heavily in a population of 46,000,000. Similarly, the United Kingdom has suffered a tremendous loss of wealth, which may not be recovered for the better part of a century. Her shipping losses alone will take many years to recoup, even if we ignore her obligations to the United States under Lend-Lease. Like the United States, Britain has geared her industries to war needs; but, unlike this country, she lacks the backlog of resources necessary to sustain her during the period of conversion of these war industries to peacetime uses.

4. The above facts would trouble British statesmen less if it were not for a postwar development of the utmost significance. Great Britain must be prepared to abandon her role as chief supplier of manufactured commodities to the Dominions. During the years of conflict Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and even India have established many industries to utilize their raw materials on the spot instead of shipping them to British factories. These countries will be far more self-sufficient than they have ever been before. Their reciprocal trade will no longer be cleared through British ports. The war has forged new and strong links of friendship between them and the mother country, but these ties will not put gold in the vaults of the City nor furnish work to the industrial plants of the little island.

5. What is true of the Dominions is doubly true of the colonies that constituted the great strength of the British Empire. Unless she unites with France,

(*Continued on page 56*)

PREWAR PRICES HERE

WE Americans are paying more today for most things we buy.

But there is one outstanding exception — railroad freight rates. They are the same or lower than they were before the war.

In fact, taken all together, freight is being moved at an average charge of less than a cent for moving a ton one mile. This is less than the railroads have received at any other time during the last quarter of a century.

Meanwhile, the cost of things railroads use has gone up. Materials are up—wages are up—taxes have rocketed.

Because railroads are carrying the heaviest load ever shouldered by any transportation system, they are taking in more revenue than ever before.

But if you hear it said that railroads are piling up a lot of money, just bear in mind that railroad expenses and taxes, together, are running at record level, and that after it is all over there will be a tremendous need for rebuilding and restoring the service life now being "run out" of railroad plant and equipment as never before.

And remember, too, that the railroad freight station is one place where prices are still prewar.

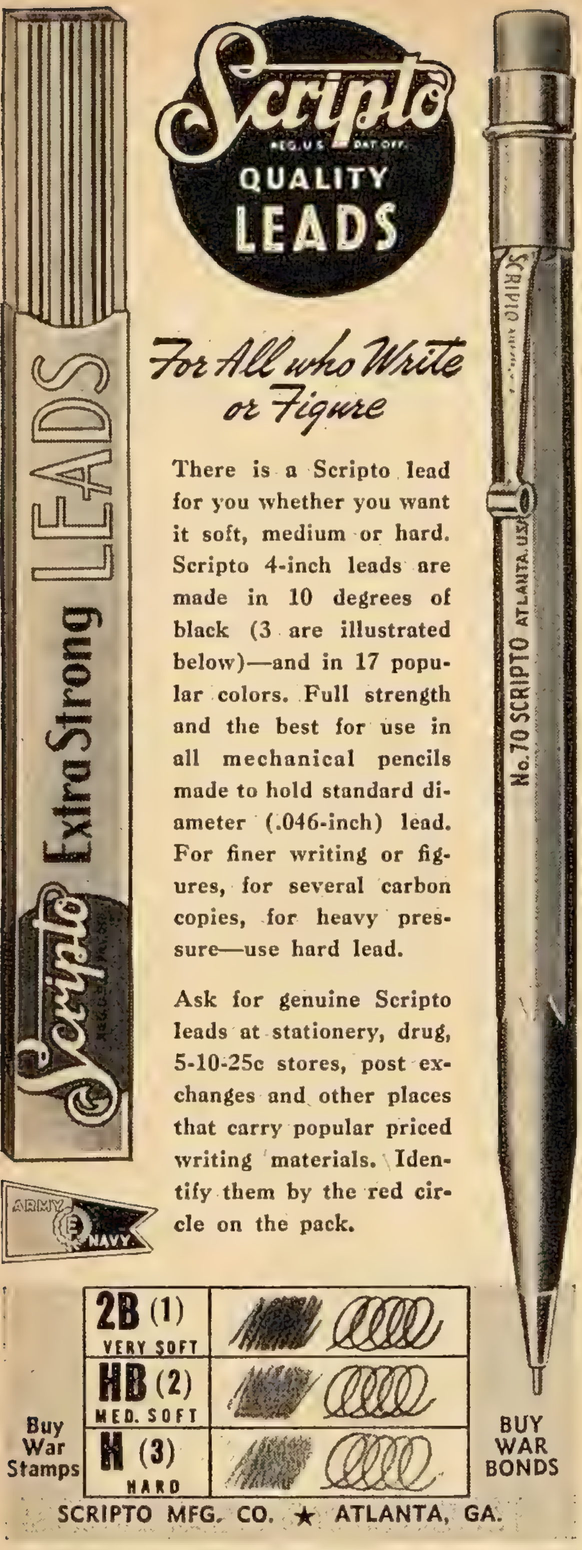
• • •

DECEMBER 10 "CLOSING DATE" FOR CHRISTMAS PACKAGES. This year—when war traffic has first call on all shipping services—it is more important than ever to send your Christmas packages early.

Pack them adequately, wrap and tie them securely, address them right and get them started (to points in the United States and Canada) by *December 10.*

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY


Scripto REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. QUALITY LEADS

For All who Write or Figure

There is a Scripto lead for you whether you want it soft, medium or hard. Scripto 4-inch leads are made in 10 degrees of black (3 are illustrated below)—and in 17 popular colors. Full strength and the best for use in all mechanical pencils made to hold standard diameter (.046-inch) lead. For finer writing or figures, for several carbon copies, for heavy pressure—use hard lead.

Ask for genuine Scripto leads at stationery, drug, 5-10-25c stores, post exchanges and other places that carry popular priced writing materials. Identify them by the red circle on the pack.

2B (1) VERY SOFT
HB (2) MED. SOFT
H (3) HARD

Buy War Stamps

BUY WAR BONDS

SCRIPTO MFG. CO. ★ ATLANTA, GA.

Right of Way!

Civilian shipments must, of course, give right of way to military supplies during wartime. That's why we know you will bear with us if your copy of LIBERTY fails to arrive on the regular publication date.

LAW

LEARN AT HOME

Are you adult, alert, ambitious, willing to study? Investigate LAW! We guide you step by step—furnish all texts, including 14-volume Law Library. Training prepared by leading law professors and given by members of bar. Degree of LL.B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Send NOW for Free, 48-page "Law Training for Leadership."

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTION
DEPT. 1131-L CHICAGO

(Continued from page 54)

Britain must reckon on the loss of much of her colonial power and resources. Asia will be virtually lost to her as a field of exploitation and an exclusive source of raw materials. The special privileges and advantages of extraterritorial rights in China will be gone with the war. India will attain her long sought freedom. Burma and other possessions will likewise demand a great degree of autonomy, if not outright independence. The effect of these losses on the life and industries of Britain will be incalculable. Finance, shipping, and manufactures will decline to a fraction of their former status. Moreover, the passing of Germany and Japan as effective rivals for foreign trade will not aid Britain nearly as much as it will the United States, Russia, and ultimately China. The industrial potential of these countries is obviously greater and their natural resources are infinitely greater. It is they who will supply the markets of Asia, Europe, and South America.

THESE, then, are the negative reasons that call for a union with France. The outstanding positive factor is colonial expansion, the sum and substance of British power and the element on which her whole economy is based. For there remains the vast continent of Africa to be developed and exploited. At this moment British armies occupy that continent from Bizerte to Cape Town. Yet it is France rather than Great Britain that has established herself as a colonial empire in the Dark Continent. France controlled the strategic bases there, the most highly developed native populations. It will be impossible for Britain to ignore the claims and interests of France in seeking to exploit her conquests. It is doubtful whether British statesmen will want to do so.

Their line, already indicated in private conversations with influential Frenchmen, will be to point out that while Britain may decline to a second-class power after this war, France will simply cease to play a significant role in Europe and in the world if she stands alone. She will be weak, impoverished, depopulated. Her cities will be in ruins. Those of her industrial plants which have not been moved out of the country will have been wrecked. Her enormous task of rehabilitation and reconstruction will leave her neither the financial resources nor the physical energy to profit by the untapped wealth of Africa. France and Britain combined, however, will have little difficulty in establishing their dominion over these vast territories. Their united efforts will achieve a rapid transformation of primitive communities into profitable tributaries to their empire.

These arguments will carry weight. In fact, the reaction of the French statesmen who have been secretly approached on this question is distinctly favorable. They, too, see the logic of coming events. They have in addition a very strong desire to give Britain a physical frontier on the Rhine, thereby cementing British interests forever with their own. It was England's aloofness from affairs on the Continent, they believe, that enabled Hitler to seize power in the Rhineland, in Austria, and in Czechoslovakia, to establish a Fascist state in Spain, to build up his machinery of destruction. Had she been more intimately concerned, Britain would have realized the criminal futility of appeasement. They want to make sure forever that her might will be thrown against any aggressor the first moment he threatens their beloved land.

THE Franco-British union is still a "state secret." It will become a matter of public knowledge and debate in the two countries only when a detailed plan has been approved by the influential leaders and the chief political parties. But it is not difficult to foresee that the proposal will win popular approval on both sides of the Channel. Despite the many wars of their history, France and England are closely related. Not merely Norman blood but French blood runs through the veins of thousands of families on the north side of the Big Ditch. For all their differences, it is doubtful whether any other two nations understand each other so well.

But whatever the outcome of this proposal, the fact remains that John Bull is seeking a helpmate. He foresees in the near future a situation full of difficulties and dangers threatening his very existence as a leading member in the community of nations. With a realism born of this war, he is ready to offer attractive terms to the right party for the help he needs. What would suit him best is a full partnership with Uncle Sam, who is strong and capable, trustworthy and influential—and has money in the bank. But it is extremely doubtful whether Uncle Sam will sign the papers and, at best, it is a long-range project. John Bull cannot afford to wait. So he is prepared to propose marriage—a marriage of convenience—to Marianne, the gal across the Big Ditch. (To symbolize this marriage there may well be an actual wedding between Princess Elizabeth and an eligible French nobleman. The chances are that Marianne will now accept the proposal. At any rate, John Bull is willing.

THE END

TONNAGE FINDS WINGS—Continued from Page 23

one able to show proof of necessity in the interest of the war effort. They are not restricted to business houses.

The increase in air express traffic since 1940, when charted, forms a graph line that looks like an unbroken ascent of the steepest known mountain. In dollars and cents the gross revenue has jumped from the 1940 volume of $3,043,231.19 to $9,036,383.

These figures represent only commercial air cargo activity. What the combined tonnage figures of air-line volume and Army and Navy transport volume for 1943 will come to, it is too early to predict. But some estimate of the size of the operation can be arrived at when one notes that in comparatively few weeks thirty-two tons of bristles were moved for the Navy; twenty tons of rubber seeds were ferried from Liberia to the Western Hemisphere; seventy tons of silk for parachutes, forty-seven tons of tin, and seventy tons of tungsten were flown from China to India. We are also flying tons of block mica from India, platinum from the Persian Gulf, beryl ore, quartz crystals, and industrial diamonds from South Africa, balsa wood from Central America. And hundreds of tons of airplane engines and spare parts make daily trips to far-flung bases.

This is the picture of air transport's humble faltering beginnings, the many-sided facets of its vigorous fighting present. But that its postwar future will dwarf even the miracles the past months have produced is a safe conclusion. The surface of the air cargo potential has only been scratched. The further development of the glider, the helicopter, even the lighter-than-air craft for hauling purposes may open up undreamed-of avenues.

The eventual conversion of many thousands of war transport planes to peacetime use is bound to influence the volume and scope of postwar air cargo. And a further incentive will undoubtedly lie in the return of the nearly three million men who will be in the Air Forces by the end of this year as trained pilots, navigators, radiomen, airport engineers, traffic controllers, and the like.

Granting the influx of so much concentrated air-mindedness just over the horizon, the wiser heads in aviation circles plead for an end to such wild talk as "The airplane will put every other means of transportation out of business."

FOUR theories are frequently advanced by people within the industry and out, none of which, W. A. Patterson, president of United Air Lines, believes can be supported by facts.

1. Inexpensive transportation is inherent in the airplane itself.
2. The airplane is destined to be the least expensive form of transportation.
3. The airplane will be completely accepted as the only suitable means of intercontinental travel.
4. The United States should immediately, at the close of the war, undertake to provide an air fleet designed to carry the bulk of the nation's and the world's cargoes.

While relinquishing none of his faith in the opinion that "the airplane is going to revolutionize our social and economic habits as we have known them," Mr. Patterson points out (as also does C. I. Stanton, Civil Aeronautics Administrator) that the arguments advanced in support of these current conjectures are unimpressive.

Two limiting factors are overlooked by the all-outers who have gone overboard on air travel to the exclusion of all other methods of transport.

1. Cost. Even if this could be cut from the present average of forty cents a ton-mile to ten cents, it would still be considerably higher than those of railroads and steamships, which express their costs per ton-mile in mills.
2. Availability of fuel. To conduct a round-the-world commercial cargo route, gasoline tanks would have to be far more thickly scattered around the globe than they are at present. To keep fueling bases such as these supplied would require continuous movement of a fleet of tankers between fueling stations which, even if there were no other factors involved, would make the cost of bulk aerial shipment prohibitive.

What is certain is that merchandise will fly when it is economical for it to do so. This is an evolving process with greater volume making possible lower costs, making possible still greater volume, etc., etc. Where it will end is anybody's guess.

But what lies ahead for air transport is certainly an exciting prospect. And though the airplane may not have sealed the doom of the highways, the railroad tracks, or the sea lanes, the trail blazing of the future is sure to lead across the skies.

THE END

RENAULT

Extra Dry American Champagne

RENAULT
EXTRA DRY
AMERICAN
Champagne

From the cellars of the House of Renault, where quality champagnes have been produced for almost three-quarters of a century, comes this masterpiece of the vintner's art, naturally fermented in the bottle.

Write for a *free* copy of our 24-page Wine Recipe Book. Address Dept. 25.

L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc., Egg Harbor City, N. J.

Distributed through McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York.

Buy War Bonds

Enjoy Renault — the Wine without Fault

RADIONICS*

"AYE, AYE, SIR."

In old English "Aye" meant "Yes." But the Navy's "Aye, Aye, Sir" means far more. It really says . . . "Your order is understood and will be obeyed." The Navy has given Zenith many "orders" since the war began. Our prompt "Aye, Aye, Sir" has, we believe, been justified by the "intelligence and initiative" (as the Navy says) with which these orders have been executed.

> "the impossible we do immediately . . . the miraculous takes a little longer"
>
> —ARMY SERVICE FORCES

—in days of civilian radio, Zenith was proud of its long series of "firsts"—improvements which made radio history and established leadership in the industry.

—today our viewpoint has changed—materially.

—engaged exclusively in war production, the things we have been called upon to do—the tasks we have succeeded in accomplishing, make past improvements in civilian radio literally look like "child's play."

—the work of our engineers in radionics has made the "impossible" possible and accomplished the "miraculous."

*—mark that word "RADIONICS" (with its subdivisions of Electronics, Radio, etc.)—it has brought into reality and being, devices which only a year or so ago came in the "impossible" and "miraculous" categories.

—today Zenith works in the science of radionics for our armed forces alone.

—in that bright "tomorrow" when peace returns—

—we can only say—the post-war radios that Zenith will produce will contain many interesting new developments.

—that statement is based upon experience which we can not now reveal—but you may take our word that it is a fact.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO

BETTER THAN CASH

U. S. War Savings Stamps and Bonds

ZENITH
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

SPOT LANDING

Continued from Page 17

that Val had a frozen, solid look about him. "Mary-Ellen *used* to wear braces," she explained, "but she doesn't any more, and she's just a nice height. She's clever and amusing—"

Oh, Lord! thought Val, probably a Mind.

"—she's one of the most popular girls at Mount Holyoke—"

Val looked at his watch, mumbled something about dressing, and left them. He couldn't take it any longer.

Tall, skinny, and braces! Or, anyhow, buck teeth.

Why, he'd be the laugh of the squadron if he showed up at the O Club on Saturday night with a girl like that! He couldn't even face Johnny! He'd told Johnny about some of the hot babes he knew. And if he showed up with a Thing like that!

Not that he blamed Mrs. Trask for trying. After all, she had the bag to get rid of. But no, thank you! Not for little Val! He had a reputation to think of!

VAL slipped away from the bathhouse. He did not want to go back to the hospital yet; he was in no mood for the ribaldry of Sick Officers' Quarters. Feeling the need for solace and consolation, he turned his steps toward the barracks on the chance that Johnny might be there.

Beneath the bright blue sky Val plodded gloomily along. He was not even cheered by the sight of his favorite PBYs, secure for the night in Squadron Eight hangar. He was through, washed up. Even if he got to be the hot-test pilot in the service he would still be branded as the guy that took the awful dud to the dance.

Johnny had come in and was on his cot, reading.

"Hi," said Val, not much caring. "What's the word?"

"Spot landing. Nothing to it. I did it the first time. How's the old head, old head? Letter for you. From Oskaloosa. You got a girl in every town in Iowa? Read it to me, pal. Does she want a picture of you in uniform? I wish I had a girl—'just like the girl'—"

Johnny took off into song and Val opened his letter. It was a good enough letter, but it was from his maiden aunt, and Val read it without being conscious of what he read.

IT was obvious that Johnny was in no mood to give with sympathy. And Johnny wanted a girl, did he? Well, it was just possible that he would get one, if Val kept on the beam.

Val folded his letter with a soft sigh and tucked it cozily into the pocket of his blouse.

"Yummy-yum," said Johnny. "You make me sick."

"Brother," said Val, "I'm in the mood to do you a good turn. How would you like a little number all your own to take to the gyrations on this imminent Saturday?"

Johnny failed to leap into the air with joy; he failed to move even so much as a toe.

"A cute little number," he said, "with big blue eyes and curly hair—and beautiful legs—just flown in from Oskaloosa." He made a noise of derision "Laddie," he said, "you haven't got one. And if you had, you wouldn't be giving her to me."

Johnny was right, and Val knew it.

BOTTLED AT THE WORLD'S LARGEST VINEYARD
Bottled at the Winery
I·V·C
California SAUTERNE
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY I.V.C. Wineries, GUASTI, CALIFORNIA
DISTRIBUTED BY CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.
ALCOHOL 12% BY VOLUME
IVC

JUST naturally BETTER!

"DRY" grapes from non-irrigated vineyards give I. V. C. wines that extra delicious flavor.

Naturally, these non-irrigated "DRY" grapes of ours grow smaller, but the precious juices are more luscious . . . just naturally richer.

I·V·C
WINES

Since 1883, these rare California vintages have been bottled at the winery. Now twenty-six different I. V. C. Gold Medal and Cucamonga wines are pressed, matured, and bottled for your pleasure . . . here at the world's largest vineyard. Distributed solely by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

BOTTLED AT THE WINERY

Taste . . . THAT CAN'T BE COPIED!

Similar names can't make imitating-drinks similar to Southern Comfort, the grand old Drink of the South. Rich-flavored, subtly potent, highly versatile, it provides an excellent base for short or tall mixed drinks . . . may also be used straight as a liqueur if used discreetly. Avoid substitutes . . . be sure you get *genuine* Southern Comfort!

FULL 100 PROOF LIQUEUR

Southern Comfort goes further and gives new piquancy and zest to your favorite drinks. Try making an Old Fashioned, Manhattan or Hi-Ball with Southern Comfort. You will be pleasantly surprised.

Colorfully illustrated new 32-page book, telling highly interesting story of historic drinking vessels. Write us for free copy.

Free

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION • SAINT LOUIS 3, MO.

Sold at Better Bars, Hotels and Package Stores

BUY A WAR BOND TODAY!

You Women Who Suffer From

HOT FLASHES then CHILLY FEELINGS

If *you*—like so many women between the ages of 38 and 52—suffer from hot flashes, weak, tired nervous feelings, are a bit blue at times—due to the functional middle age period peculiar to women—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—to relieve such symptoms.

Taken regularly — Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such distress. It also is a fine stomachic tonic. Follow label directions. *Well worth trying!*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

He couldn't sell Johnny his date, he couldn't give it to him, because, babes being worth their weight in aluminum, Johnny would smell a rat. No man in his right mind would give up a date with a girl unless there was something wrong, unless she was seven feet tall, had buck teeth, and was a Mind.

Sunk in black despair, Val went back to the hospital.

The noise of planes woke Val to another day. His throat was sore, but that was caused by the drip from his nose. Val fingered his throat and swallowed experimentally once or twice, then he got promptly out of bed.

When he reported for sick call it was with a light step and a bounding heart but with a sad and rueful face.

"Got a sore jaw," he muttered audibly as Dr. Purvis came in.

"Good morning. Use your spray and get on out in the sun."

"Yes, sir," said Val. "But I don't feel so good today. My throat's sore and feels kind of lumpy, and my head aches."

Dr. Purvis looked at him indulgently. "What did you have for breakfast?"

"An egg," said Val, "and coffee. I couldn't drink the grapefruit juice because it ached so."

"Ah-ha. You been any place where there were mumps?"

"What? Oh, Captain Blount's—his kids—I mean his children—"

Dr. Purvis rested his pad on his stomach and made a note. "Young man," he said, "I guess we'll have to change your diagnosis."

"Sir?" asked Val.

"In the Navy," said Dr. Purvis, "you can't have sinusitis *and* mumps. Trask says you've got sinusitis, but *I* think you're coming down with mumps. Get on up to Ward C. The place is full of them."

"Oh, sir," said Val, "this is very unfortunate."

"Can't be helped."

"But, sir," Val insisted, "will you explain to Dr. Trask?"

"Eh?"

"About going to his house for dinner. You remember, tomorrow night? But tell him my roommate, Johnny Buckley'll be glad to come. I'll get the word to Johnny."

Val moved his radio and other less important articles to Ward C, surveyed with distaste the swollen face in the other bunk of the cubicle to which he had been assigned, and, the situation now being less crucial, took a nap.

WHEN the interne woke him to take his history, Val inquired for the nearest telephone.

"You can't phone," said the interne; "you're catching."

"I got to," said Val.

"To break your date?" The interne grinned and signified his willingness to take over.

Val explained that his roommate had first call, but would the interne oblige him by telephoning?

The interne would.

Val outlined the situation carefully. There really was a girl and Johnny was to be at the Trasks' at six thirty to meet her. Val couldn't be there because the docs wanted to poke around in his nose and he couldn't get out before Monday.

The interne was to enlarge on Val's misfortune and he wasn't to mention mumps.

"He'd just about kid the pants off me, see?"

And would Johnny send Val some cigarettes, magazines, candy, and chocolate cookies, and some more stationery?

The interne wrote it all down and promised action.

At four o'clock Val borrowed some paper and composed two letters, describing in detail how it felt to be flying a PBY high up over the bay. "My roommate, Johnny Buckley," he wrote, "had a lot of trouble with spot landings. For me it was a cinch." To both damsels of his choice he extended a warm invitation to visit him, adding that he wouldn't be able to see them much, because, of course, he was very busy.

Time lagged after that. Val looked at a copy of Life that he had already seen, ate dinner and went to sleep cursing Johnny for a wretch and an ingrate.

Morning rounds came, and the new ward medical officer. He said Val didn't look as though he had the mumps, but a day or two would tell. Later Dr. Trask dropped in. He said that he was sorry Val was going to miss the party. Mary-Ellen had arrived the night before.

"Your friend Buckley came over to call," he said. "Thanks for getting him. Seems like a nice chap."

Val swallowed hard and clapped his hand over his mouth.

"Hurt a little?" asked the doctor kindly.

Val could only nod.

HE sank back on the cot and closed his eyes. That was it. Johnny had found out. And that was why Johnny had sent no cookies and no cigarettes.

Johnny had rushed the gun in his eagerness. Johnny had gone to call, expecting a vision of loveliness, had seen what he had seen, and now knew that he was caught in the trap from which Val had escaped by luck. Of course Johnny would have it in for him, but of course Val hadn't seen the girl, and he couldn't be expected to know what she would be like.

If Johnny had simply gone to dinner, the blow would have been bad; but he would have had to carry on with the dance. This way he had an additional twenty-four hours in which to anticipate his torture, an additional twenty-four hours in which to try to get out of it.

Maybe Johnny just wouldn't show up, then there'd be two of them in the soup.

After a while Val rolled over and saw the package on the table. It was large and bulgy, and there was a note penciled on the outside.

"Sorry, old bean, old bean," Val read, "for the tough luck, but thanks a million for the best thing that ever hit this place. Wow! Wow!

"P.S.: She's not a blonde, you dope, but is she beautiful!"

Val let out a yell that brought the ward up standing.

"Let me out of here! I got to get out!"

"Help!" yelled the bunkmate. "He's off the beam!"

A corpsman and the nurse came running.

"Look," said Val. "It's all a mistake. I gotta get out of here."

The corpsman urged him back to the bed, and the nurse felt his pulse.

"They were just kidding me," Val babbled. "That mean little black-haired thing was just stringing me. Maybe she did wear braces once, but you can't fool Johnny."

"He's delirious," said the nurse.

"Hurry up—send for the doctor!"

"No!" Val yelled. "I haven't got the mumps."

"There, there," said the nurse. "The doctor just thinks you have the mumps."

"But I haven't."

Val leaped from the bed and started for the door, the corpsman in hot pursuit.

"Touchdown!" somebody yelled, and the ward took up the cry.

A thick-set cadet from Squadron Three, practically well from the measles and himself spoiling to get out, tried to block the corpsman, missed, and Val went down in a flying tackle as Dr. Trask came in the door.

"What," he roared, "is the meaning of this?"

Val tried to get up, but the corpsman stood over him menacingly. Val looked at the doctor and could see the word "Misconduct" forming in his mind.

"Please, doc—sir, I mean—I don't have the mumps and I want to go to the dance."

"Get up," said the doctor.

Val stood up.

The cadet from Squadron Three had figured this was something he could well stay out of and was already halfway back to his cubicle.

Trask relaxed his official demeanor and became a doctor again.

"Now, what's all this about not having the mumps?"

"But I don't, sir."

The doctor looked benevolent but unbelieving.

"Because, sir, I've had them."

"Are you positive?"

Val nodded vigorously. "On both sides. When I was ten. I got out of speaking a piece at the May Festival in school."

"Ah, yes. Things like that stick in a fellow's mind." Dr. Trask knew he was not at the bottom of the story and his curiosity led him on.

"Memory just come back to you? What did you say when the interne took your history?"

Val fidgeted slightly. "He said, 'Childhood diseases?' And I said measles and whooping cough."

"You didn't happen to remember the mumps or"—the idea dawned on him—"did you *want* to have them?"

The red slowly began to creep up Val's neck.

"Yesterday," Dr. Trask continued, "you wanted to have the mumps, but today you don't, is that it?"

Val nodded, growing redder.

"Can you," the doctor persisted, "give me any reason for this curious phenomenon?"

"No, sir," said Val, because it was impossible to explain to one's superior officer that his niece had been a dud, only now she wasn't.

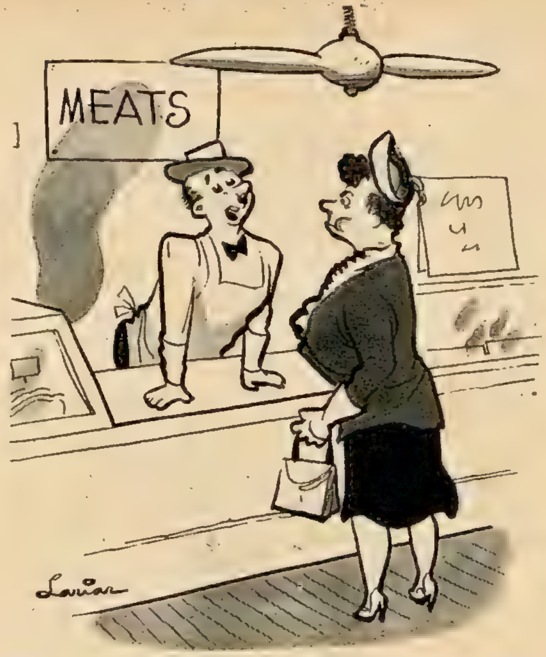
"Then I think," the doctor began, "that you better go back to bed."

THE door behind them opened, and Dr. Purvis ambled in.

"The exec," he sighed, "wants to know what all the shooting's for, and tell me quick, because I've got a bunch of records to write up before I can get off to take Mary-Ellen sailing. Hello, there," he included Val. "Your mumps certainly gave us old fellows a break. For a scrawny kid with braces she sure turned out good."

Dr. Trask was remembering a lot of things rapidly. He looked at Val, who was looking at Dr. Purvis as though he would like to choke him. He remembered Sadie's comments concerning Mary-Ellen, and Val's hasty departure from the pool. He cleared his throat.

THE HOME FRONT



"If you must know—we haven't any pork because there are too few hogs on one side of the counter and too many on the other."

"Cadet Simmons," he said, "has had the mumps."

"Well, bless my soul," said Dr. Purvis, "why didn't he say so?"

"It somehow slipped his mind. He has no swelling, and—"

"Open your mouth."

"—his ducts are perfectly normal."

Dr. Purvis heaved another sigh. "So I have to change his diagnosis back again!"

"Oh, sir," said Val, "could you?"

"By Monday," said Purvis, "when all the papers get signed, you won't have the mumps."

"Monday!" Val's voice was tragic.

"Young man," even Dr. Purvis' placid nature was faintly irked, "I've got enough records to write to choke a horse. I haven't put through your first change of diagnosis, and now I've got to change it again."

"Then officially," asked Dr. Trask, "he hasn't come down with the mumps?"

"Not until it gets on his health record, he hasn't."

TRASK spoke to Val. "Get your things," he said, "and get out of here; but if you come down with anything else, I'll put you in the brig."

"Yes, sir!" said Val. "That'll be fine, sir. See you tonight!"

"Tonight—" Dr. Purvis began.

Dr. Trask led him quickly outside. "Considering the fact that you and Sadie brought on this case of mumps," he said, "the least you can do is to tear up that change in diagnosis. At his age, would you have wanted to take out a grind?"

Dr. Purvis began to laugh, but Trask poked him. "Get going," he said, "and tell the exec everything is secure."

Val was halfway to the barracks before he thought of Johnny, then he slowed down to a walk that in turn became a crawl. He didn't have the mumps. He was out of the hospital. He was free to go to the dance.

But what was he going to do about Johnny? Johnny had his date, and, if Val knew Johnny, nothing short of sudden death would make Johnny give her up, particularly if Johnny had any inkling of how Val had tried to double-cross him. If that dirty interne had fumbled and mentioned the mumps! Johnny knew Val had had the mumps. Johnny was a smart lad. He wouldn't need instruments to figure out what Val had been up to. Johnny would either be sore as a mashed finger, or he would, secure in his possession of Mary-Ellen, give him the horse laugh. Either prospect was not pleasant in anticipation.

And Dr. Trask, though Val had to admit he had been helpful, hadn't come right out and invited him to show up for dinner as an extra man. Dr. Trask had sort of left the details up to him, and the best Val could figure was to go to the dance and fight to cut Johnny out. And Mary-Ellen was probably the kind of girl who would think she ought to go home with the guy that brung her.

VAL went up the stairs to his room slowly, hopelessly. His luck had left him.

Johnny lay face down on his cot.

"Hi, feller," said Val cautiously. "They let me out."

Johnny said a long string of words ending with "—you lucky stiff," and rolled over, revealing a lopsided face.

"Gosh," said Val. "Oh, my gosh! I thought you told the captain's wife you'd had the mumps."

"I did," said Johnny, "on one side. I took a chance for the sake of the grub, and now look at me."

Val did, with joy that he tried to conceal.

"Gosh, feller," he said, "I'm sorry."

Johnny moaned.

"Gosh," Val repeated, "you can't go to the Trasks' with a mug like that. You ought to be in the hospital."

Johnny moaned again.

"Any mail?" asked Val.

Johnny shook his head and said ouch.

Val started to unbutton his shirt. "Well," he said, "I guess I'll go over to the pool. Anything good at the movie?"

"Movie!" Johnny talked as though it hurt him. "Don't give me that stuff. You get to take her to the dance."

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you. Blast your eyes."

"Think I'd ought to?" Val sounded only half convinced. "Is she any good?"

Johnny explained at length and in detail just how good Mary-Ellen was; he described, with gestures, his own hard luck that had now become Val's good fortune.

"Mm," said Val. "And of course the Trasks are counting on one of us, and one shouldn't let one's superior officer down."

At that, Johnny fainted, and Val called the crash wagon.

After the dance, Val and Mary-Ellen walked back to the doctors' quarters in the old compound. There the shadow of the live oaks was thick, blotting out the moonlight that flooded the terrace where they had danced.

It had been a good dance, even by Val's critical standards. The wolves had gathered round, but Val thought that Mary-Ellen had handled them just right. She hadn't given them the brush-off, but she had let them know that she preferred Val.

Val wanted to tell Mary-Ellen about it. He didn't, tonight, want to talk about spot landings or what a great flyer he was; he wanted to tell her that the moonlight on the bay was like the sparkle in her eyes. He stopped in the darker shadow of an old parapet.

"Look," said Val. "Have you ever had the mumps?"

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

HAVE you ever heard of Doug Munro? He was a signalman first class in the Coast Guard, and he died a hero on Guadalcanal on September 27, 1942.

President Roosevelt awarded him, posthumously, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Doug was one of the heroic Coast Guardsmen who landed the Marines in the first assaults on the "green hell." One Marine detachment got into trouble and had to be evacuated. Doug volunteered for the job and took his landing craft back into an inferno of Jap fire.

SEMPER PARATUS

Coast Guard

To protect the Marines as they clambered aboard, Doug placed his boat in such a way that it would serve as a shield. It did. But some fatal steel hit Doug, and his four dying words were, "Did they get off?"

Yes, Doug—they got off all right, thanks to you. They got back, too, and today that "green hell" you fought for is safe and secure under the Stars and Stripes.

I've told you about Doug Munro because my dander's up about a letter I've just received from Coast Guardsman T. O. T., stationed at Port O'Connor, Texas.

"Why is it," he asks, "that other branches of the service call us 'bathtub sailors'? Why is it that the majority of the civilian people look down on the Coast Guard?"

Ignorance is the answer, buddy. Ignorance and scuttlebutt. There used to be a rumor that Coast Guardsmen never served outside the continental United States. Ask Doug Munro about that one.

Fact is, the Coast Guard is our invasion spearhead. "Coast Guard invaders," as they're called, spearheaded the invasions in the Solomons, in North Africa, in Sicily, and on the Italian mainland.

With the amphibious war we're fighting today, we'd really be "at sea" if it weren't for the skill and training of Coast Guardsmen in the handling of small boats—invasion barges and landing craft of all types.

Even a Marine combat correspondent had to take off his hat to the Coast Guard after a torpedo bombing during a landing in the Solomons. "Coast Guard gunners," he wrote, "manipulated their pieces with devastating effect, scoring hit after hit on the low-flying Nipponese. Few, if any, of the bombers lived to report back to Tokyo."

And how about the "sub-busters"? I mean the Coast Guard's fire-spitting cutters and the job they did in clearing Hitler's water rats out of the Atlantic. I'll just mention three names:

The Campbell, which within twelve hours depth-bombed five U-boats and shelled, rammed, and sank a sixth. The Icarus, which sank a U-boat off the Carolina coast and came home with thirty-three prisoners. The Spencer, which gunned a U-boat to death, captured the crew of forty, and sent out the victory message, "Scratch one hearse."

"I doubt if there exists a greater group of unsung heroes than the men of our Coast Guard."

That's Rear Admiral John Downes, U. S. Navy, speaking. And maybe you can toss those eighteen words in the face of the next lug who mentions "bathtub sailors."

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I am a lady soldier, Sarge—a member of the WAC. My husband is back home, a civilian, and he is out of a job and pretty low on funds. Could I get him a dependency allowance?

C. M. W., New York, N. Y.

No. And for cryin' out loud, your husband's got a nerve if he expects such an allowance! Tell him to go out and get a war job. And if you're interested in the details, members of the WAC may apply for family allowances for dependent children, parents, brothers, sisters, and other members of the immediate family. But not husbands! The old man may expect you to sew and cook for him, but darned if you're going to join the Army for him—and support him too!

* * *

My feet are killing me. I wear a size 13-D shoe, and was issued two pairs when I first came in the Army, but they wore out beyond repair. When it came to getting new ones, the best they could get me was 13-B. They're brutal, Sarge, so—believe it or not—I've been walking around barefooted most of the time.

Could you come to my rescue?

Pfc. H. E.,
Army Air Base, Charleston, S. C.

I'm not going to carry you around piggyback, if that's what you mean. If you can't get the proper size shoes from your post quartermaster, write to the Quartermaster General, through channels, requesting a pair of those little 13-Ds you referred to. State all the facts of the situation.

* * *

I am twenty-one and want—want in the worst way—to get into the Army. However, I was rejected and classified 4-F on account of a physical defect something like a hernia. Now, I haven't the money to get an operation. Could I request induction and have the operation performed in an Army hospital later?

"4-F," Ardmore, Pa.

The thing to do is to see your local draft board. Often the draft board keeps a list of local dispensaries and clinics where free service may be obtained in such cases as yours. It may send you to a clinic to be operated on, and then O. K. you for induction.

* * *

In September 11 Liberty I read an item in your department about the so-called "Caterpillar Club" for persons who have saved their lives by bailing out of a plane in a parachute. The item said this club no longer existed. I hear it has been revived.

S/Sgt. A. L., Biloxi, Miss.

Right you are. In fact, not long ago at the Wings Club in New York, a plaque was presented to Colonel Harold R. Harris of the Air Transport Command, who was the first Army pilot to save his life by means of a parachute—and hence the original Caterpillar.

Colonel Harris, then a lieutenant, made his historic jump at McCook Field, Ohio, on October 20, 1922.

The Caterpillar Club, while not official, has been sponsored by firms manufacturing parachutes, and is a more or less loose organization, such as the Short Snorter Club for persons who have flown across an ocean.

Though in the background for quite some time, the Caterpillars are active once again and are planning a big blowout for all the returning Caterpillars of World War II when it's all over.

If you want to join—and have made the qualifying jump—write to the firm that manufactured the parachute you floated down with.

If the parachute didn't work, never mind writing.

Those shoes

Why do the British call the Italian soldiers "Eyties"?

Pfc. F. R., Fort Ord, Calif.

The first two letters in the word Italian are "I" and "t." Pronounce 'em both, and you get Eytie.

Also, if you've ever listened to a cockney Englishman, he says "Eyetalian," the same way he says "rine" when he means rain.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

THE FINE NEW LAND

Continued from Page 24

opposite her and she thought of Eyvind. He would be on his bridge, the rain streaming from his oilskins, and he would be humming a song. Always, when there was tension in the air, he hummed the same tune—Speak to Me of Love, and when he sang the words, he sang in French. She closed her eyes a moment and could almost hear it.

Later, in bed, she read one of the magazines she had bought. She had never before realized that she might find out all about the new land's customs through these magazines. There was great stress laid on becoming prepared for community help. There was much about donating blood and taking first-aid courses. Tomorrow, she thought, she would give her blood and see about the first aid.

"When you come back, Eyvind," she said aloud, "I will be so American you will not know me." She repeated it in English until she could say it rapidly.

AFTER breakfast the next day she went outside. She began cutting back the petunias in the little front yard. Before long she had a heap of dead vines and her face was red and wet with perspiration.

A large woman in a house dress appeared in the yard next door. The woman smiled brightly and Nan smiled back.

"Good morning," she said.

Her neighbor came to the fence and Nan went over to meet her. Eyvind had said that when he came back she would be gossiping over the fence like an old hen—and here she was, about to prove him right. She felt wonderful suddenly.

"Good morning," the other woman said. "I'm Mrs. Crandall. We're glad to have neighbors again. We've been hoping some one would take the house. Makes the whole street look shabby, letting the front yard go like that."

She spoke so rapidly, Nan had difficulty following her.

"I think it will be nice, after I am cleaning it up," Nan said a little breathlessly. "I am Mrs. Lovick . . ."

She stopped, for the friendliness in Mrs. Crandall's face had vanished. Nan realized she must have made a mistake in grammar. She felt she had to say something more.

"It is a good view from of the harbor . . ."

Mrs. Crandall's eyes swung to take in the view, then back again. Plainly there was suspicion in her soul.

"Yes," she said abruptly. "Well, this isn't getting the housework done." Without another word she turned and went back into her house.

Nan's face flamed as if she had been slapped. She stood at the fence a long moment, then went into the house. She had never before been so rudely treated, and she couldn't understand it.

It was true her English was not good, but certainly that could make no difference. Or could it? These were wartimes and people were suspicious. Her accent—perhaps that was it.

She stood at the window, staring out at the drab back yard, and presently tears slipped down her cheeks. She was heartsick, lonely—and afraid. This was the new land where they had hoped to find such happiness—and she was beginning to hate it.

After a while she went out to the main shopping district. After she had made her purchases she started

F. W. Fitch, President
The F. W. Fitch Company

MEN! my shave creams contain special SKIN CONDITIONER

Developed especially for super-sensitive faces . . . FITCH'S SKIN CONDITIONER brings "solid comfort" shaves to men who have "tried everything"

HERE'S a shaving cream that contains a special "SKIN CONDITIONER" for men with sensitive faces . . . even sensitive faces with tough beards. This great Fitch's No-Brush Cream with its soothing, lubricating effect prepares the tenderest face for a "solid comfort" shave . . . And when you start shaving, you'll actually *feel* the difference. For even against the grain, the razor glides along, giving you a closer, cooler shave. Then, PLUS ALL THIS—the ingredients of your after-shaving lotions are contained *right in* the shaving cream. So—Fitch's No-Brush SUPPLIES ALL 3 SHAVING NEEDS!

BRUSH USERS! Ask for Fitch's Brush Shaving Cream. It also contains this special "skin conditioner" and gives an abundance of lather.

BIG 25¢ AND 50¢ HANDY JARS
Fitch's
BRUSH SHAVING CREAM
Fitch's
NO BRUSH SHAVING CREAM

Fitch's
NO BRUSH SHAVING CREAM
AND FITCH'S BRUSH SHAVING CREAM
THE F. W. FITCH CO., DES MOINES, IOWA • BAYONNE, N. J. • LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

HARDTACK

"This is a tank! We're supposed to go over things—not around them!"

slowly home, looking at the windows. Suddenly she found herself before the Red Cross building. She hesitated, then resolutely stepped inside. A pink-cheeked girl in white smiled up at her from a desk.

"I want to give some blood," Nan said, speaking carefully. The girl explained that Nan would have to have an appointment—and be sure to eat the right things. She was so friendly and cheerful that Nan warmed to her instantly. She was reluctant to leave, and finally explained that she would like to take the first-aid course, too.

"That's fine, Mrs. Lovick," the girl said. She gave the name a short hard pronunciation. "There's a class starting tomorrow afternoon—I'll put you down for it."

WALKING home, Nan felt more cheerful. Always before it had been Eyvind who had done things. Now she had done something, and she had accomplished it all alone.

As she turned into her street, she almost wished Mrs. Crandall would be outside so that she might speak to her. It was not good to be unfriendly with your neighbors. But Mrs. Crandall was nowhere in sight.

A little boy, four or five, sat on the sidewalk before Nan's gate, playing with a toy airplane.

"Hello," Nan said, when he looked up and smiled, "who are you?"

"I'm the pilot of a P-38!" he exclaimed, getting to his feet. "See . . . *zoooommm!*"

He whirled the toy around in fantastic gyrations, his face bright with excitement. Nan laughed.

"Flying so high and so quick should make boys hungry . . ."

The youngster stopped and looked expectantly as she fumbled in her sack.

"Yeah . . ."

"Perhaps a cookie?"

"Oh, sure!" He beamed at her, his eyes dancing.

"Johnny Evans! Come here!"

Nan and the boy turned. A short thin woman stood in the doorway of the house across the street.

"Right away, Johnny! Quick now!"

The boy looked helplessly at Nan's sack, then, shuffled across the street.

Nan went into the house. As she shut the door, she saw Mrs. Crandall leave the house across the street. Nan put the groceries on the kitchen table and then went into the bedroom and lay on the bed, dry-eyed and wondering. Eyvind, who was right in so many things, was wrong in this. This could never be their home. This was a prison.

She got up and started a letter to him. The Austfeld would touch at Panama sometime on the voyage. It was not good to worry him when he had so much to do, but she could not keep her despair to herself. She told him all that had happened. She realized that she had painted a desolate picture. It was true, though. As she was about to seal the envelope, the water heater in the basement rumbled, and she paused.

Inside the house, everything was fine. The central heating, the hot water, the stove—they were better than she would have in Norway. She began to feel guilty about the letter. Perhaps . . . perhaps she was being hasty. She put the envelope in a drawer, unsealed. Perhaps in a few days she would understand these people. Perhaps, too, they would understand her.

The days slipped by. She worked in the garden and kept the house neat, and she donated her blood and attended the first-aid classes.

The first-aid course, to which she had looked forward, disappointed her. She had hoped she might make friends, but although the other women were cordial enough, it was of an impersonal nature. She longed for some one with whom she could talk over little things—and joke with, but these women took the course seriously and there was no idle chatter. She brightened a little when the instructor discovered that Nan could speak Danish. After that, the other ladies seemed to have more respect for Nan, too. It was gratifying, also, to have the instructor ask her to go on with the advanced course after the first was over.

The children of the block, however, were the real reason she didn't mail the letter to Eyvind. A group of them played in the alley behind her house each afternoon, and occasionally she took cookies out to them. They were friendly, and happy, and laughed with her.

Late one afternoon Nan discovered she didn't have enough milk to finish her baking. She slipped on a coat and started for the corner grocery. As she neared it, Mrs. Crandall stepped from the store, packages in her arms. Nan's heart skipped a beat, her step faltered a moment, and then she walked resolutely on. She would say hello and smile at her, and if Mrs. Crandall wanted to answer, she could.

But it didn't happen just like that.

AN old Mexican gardener, driving an aged truck, turned the corner too rapidly, lost control of his car, and smashed into a bakery wagon. There was a rumble of fenders and glass shattered. There was a metallic clatter as the truck turned over, and in the moment of dead silence that followed, there came the soft pleading cry: *"Madre mia!"*

Doors slammed and feet pattered on the walks and the murmur of the gathering crowd smothered the gardener's moans. Nan joined the others and they found the old man flat on his back in the street, his eyes wide with pain, his lips moving softly. Mrs. Crandall put down her packages and took charge.

"Call the emergency hospital," she snapped. "Get the police. Some one help me lift him to the curb . . ."

"NO!"

Nan was as startled as the other people as the word sprang from her lips. Mrs. Crandall looked up angrily.

"Come on, somebody! Lift him up," she ordered.

Nan dropped down beside her. Her cheeks were flaming but her earnestness was intense.

"Mrs. Crandall," she said, "he should not be moved. First, is coming the doctor . . ."

Mrs. Crandall's eyes blazed. "Do you want to leave him lying on the street? Who do you think you are?"

Nan met her stare bravely. "It is best to leaving him alone," she repeated. She slipped from her coat and spread it over the man. "And keep him warm . . ."

Mrs. Crandall's voice soared in bitterness. "Maybe leaving people in the street is the way you foreigners do—but it ain't the American way!"

Nan turned to the crowd, pleading, "He must *not* be moved!"

The people muttered, and she saw they were against her. The Mexican said something, and Nan smiled at him and patted his shoulder. She looked at Mrs. Crandall.

"He says not to move him. His feet are cold. Please"—she turned again to the crowd—"will you get blankets . . . and hot water in bottles?" She looked directly at the grocer. "Mister, will you call the doctor?"

"How do you know what he said?" snapped Mrs. Crandall.

Nan had a feeling of victory. "Because I speak Spanish," she said. She bent over the man and asked him if he could move his toes. He couldn't. He could move his fingers, though. Nan brushed the hair from his forehead. "Lie quietly," she said softly in Spanish. "The doctor will be soon here."

Blankets arrived and she piled them around him.

"Spanish!" snorted Mrs. Crandall.

Nan turned on her. "I also speak German, Mrs. Crandall," she said fiercely, "and French, and Danish, and Swedish, and Norwegian! And some day soon, I will speak English like the Americans —because I am an American now!"

An intern broke through the crowd and knelt beside the Mexican.

"The toes can't move, doctor," Nan said. "The back, I think . . ." And, at the doctor's warning glance, she said, "It is all right. He does not speak English. He is a foreigner."

The doctor made a rapid examination, Nan interpreting for him. He signaled for a stretcher and stood up. He smiled gratefully at Nan. "Thank the Lord you had sense enough not to move him," he said. "Most people would have had him sit up on the curb."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Crandall. She pushed out of the group.

The young doctor glanced curiously at her, then turned back to Nan, and his eyes danced understandingly.

"It's lucky for him," he said, loud enough for all the crowd to hear, "that you knew what you were doing."

The crowd somehow looked a little pleased with itself. Nan felt a curious responsive glow within her.

"That's Mrs. Lovick," piped a young voice. "She lives right across the street from us. Doesn't she, mama?"

Nan blushed and looked down at little Johnny Evans. He was grinning proudly and his mother smiled, too.

Johnny went on loudly, "She gives us cookies!"

The people around her laughed a bit and Nan's cheeks burned. When the injured man had been taken away, she turned back toward her house. She forgot the milk, because she walked back with Johnny Evans and his mother. It was good to be walking down your street, talking with your neighbors. As Nan turned to cross the street, Mrs. Evans said:

"I wish you'd come over sometime, Mrs. Lovick. My grandmother's visiting us. She's French-Canadian, and doesn't speak much English. I know she'd love talking French with you."

When Nan closed her front door her heart was singing. The sinking sun slanted through the windows, touching the furniture with gold and it seemed that some of it had struck her heart. If only Eyvind were here!

THE doorbell rang and she opened the front door to let in a round-faced little man wearing a white steel helmet and an arm band. It was Mr. Evans.

"Live just across the street," he said self-consciously. "Been meaning to get over and make sure you're all right . . . but you know how it is. . . . My wife says you helped with an accident. Says you did real well."

"I only do what I can to helping," Nan smiled.

Mr. Evans grinned. "I'm the air-raid warden, Mrs. Lovick. Guess you know. I was wondering if you'd be the block mother. You know—in case of disaster —bombing or something—we'd like to have a good steady woman to look after the little kids who're caught on the street."

Nan stared at him. "You mean—you would trust with me your children?"

"Why, sure," he said, surprised. "After the way you did today, we know there isn't a better woman on the whole darned street!" He smiled a little sheepishly.

"Americans," he said vaguely, "well, we're kinda provincial, I guess, Mrs. Lovick. We're kinda smug, maybe. Just because a person's got an accent, we think he's kinda dumb. We're getting over it—but—well, it'll take a little time." He smiled again, warmly. "We're all real glad to have you for a neighbor, Mrs. Lovick."

When he had gone she went to the desk, took the letter from the drawer and tore it up. Then she started another: "Eyvind," she wrote, "they even say I am the best woman on the whole darned street. . . ."

The doorbell rang again, and when she answered it, Billy Crandall stood there, a glass of jelly in his hand.

"Mom sent over some of her new crab-apple jelly, Mrs. Lovick."

"Crab *apple?*" It was a new word.

"She said to explain it's made from little apples. They're kinda sour, but—boy—is it good on French toast!"

"Thank you," Nan said with difficulty. "Thank your mother so much. . . ."

He grinned and went down the steps in a jump. She closed the door and leaned against it, laughter bubbling through the ache in her throat. Why, it was the same all the world over! In Fredrikstad it would be just so—jelly, a cake, some cookies. She hugged the glass in a fierce involuntary motion. Crab-apple jelly for the block mother: This was a fine new land, after all, and she and Eyvind—they would be oh, so happy here!

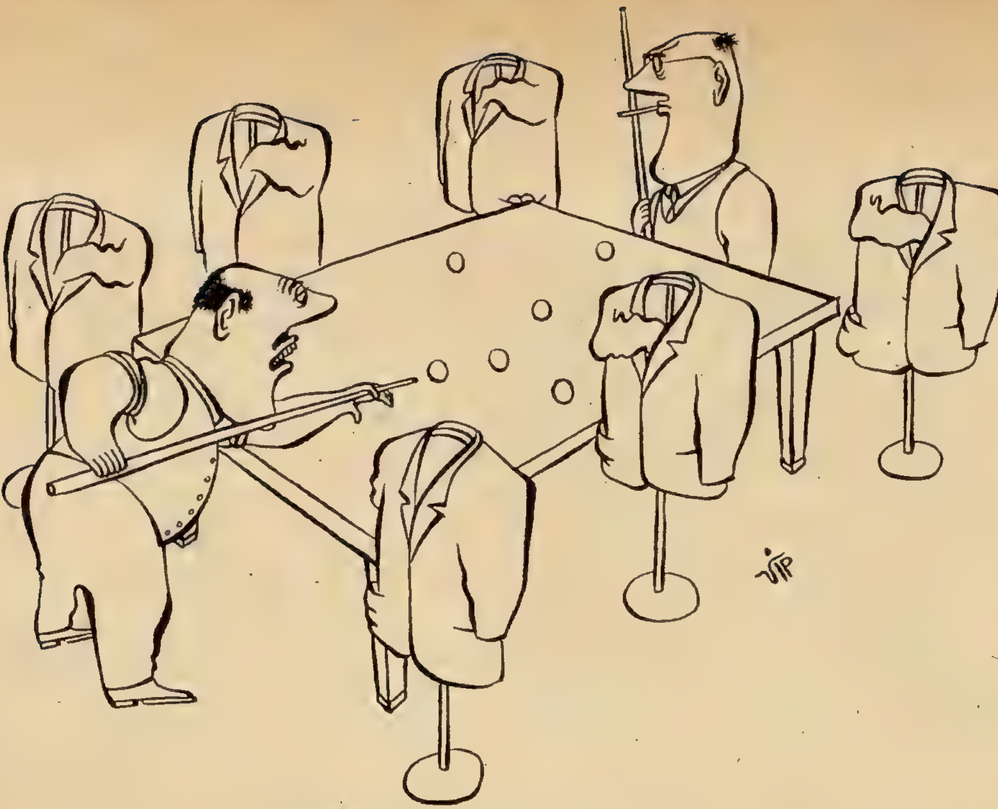
THE END

"Put out dangerous rumors!"—says HI to HATT

A bomb is easier to kill than rumors is, my friend
That's why they tell us keepin' still saves trouble, in the end!
HI
HATT
KESSLER'S Private Blend
Every label bears facsimile of my signature
Julius Kessler
KESSLER'S Private Blend
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JULIUS KESSLER DISTILLING CO., INC. LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
ONE PINT
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"

KESSLER'S
BLENDED WHISKEY

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 55% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.



"The six ball in the side pocket."

CARLSON'S IMMORTAL RAIDERS

Continued from Page 15

His soft, deep voice is barely audible at its usual level. He is a strange mixture of the thinker, the evangelist, and the military man.

Having missed an appointment to Annapolis, he ran away at sixteen to enlist in the Army. He qualified for an officer's commission, but had to wait until he was twenty-one to receive it. Before he was twenty-two he had advanced two grades, to captain. In World War I he became assistant adjutant general on General Pershing's staff, and held the same post in the Army of Occupation in Germany.

AFTER the war the Army seemed tame and Carlson resigned. But two years later he re-enlisted—this time in the Marines and again a private! After a year or so he was commissioned. He served in the Philippines, Nicaragua, and China. He led troops and performed every sort of staff job.

In 1934, while stationed at Quantico, he studied international law and international politics at Georgetown University, and wrote a thesis on Japanese Expansion in East Asia which he sold to a magazine for more than the cost of his tuition. He is author of two books, Twin Stars of China and The Chinese Army, and is widely known as a lecturer.

And during all these years of varied service Carlson's theory of human relations in war was taking shape.

In Nicaragua he had been assigned to command a detachment of natives which had killed its two preceding Marine Corps officers. Going to his post of duty on a transport, he did some thinking.

"I figured if those officers had been killed," he says, "it must have been because they did not understand the people they were dealing with. I made up my mind to understand them. My Spanish wasn't too good, but from the first I never used an interpreter. I never punished a man, either, until I had been able to make him admit he deserved it. I felt before I left that those peons were my friends. They were even bringing me their family quarrels to settle. I learned one lesson—that people everywhere are pretty much the same and respond to the same treatment."

Transferred to the legation at Peiping, Carlson, as adjutant to the Marine Guard, found he had to punish a hundred or more marines a month for minor infractions of discipline: drunkenness, assaults on civilians, and so on. Figuring that this stemmed from the same lack of understanding, Carlson set up a school within the legation. Teachers from mission schools came in and held classes in Chinese language, art, history, literature, customs. For the first time, the marines got interested in trying to understand their surroundings—so interested that the list of punishments fell away to three or four a month.

But it was his experience with the Chinese 8th Route Army, the Communist Army, which finally crystallized Carlson's theory and gave it a name, *gung ho*—*gung* meaning work, and *ho* harmony.

As observer, he lived as the Chinese live, ate their scanty rations, slept on the ground, kept up with them on their long forced marches, watched their indoctrination classes in which whole regiments of peasants learned to read and write and were instructed in their duty to their country and to each other. He saw officers and men living together in perfect equality. More than anything else, he noted the amazing results of their training.

"When I saw 600 men, fully armed, start on a fifty-eight-mile march one day, and every one of them finished," Carlson related, "I knew that something within themselves was keeping them up. I was sold on *gung ho* from that day."

His praise of the Chinese 8th Route Army and condemnation of the Japs, given in interviews on his return to Hong Kong, resulted in official censure and led ultimately to his resignation from the Marine Corps in 1938. The inevitability of a clash between Japan and the United States had become apparent to him. He returned to this country and devoted his entire time and most of his resources to lecturing against sending scrap steel and other war material to our future enemy. In May, 1940, when he felt sure that war was a question of months only, he applied for active service and was commissioned a major in the Marine Corps Reserve.

Now he got his big chance—the opportunity to organize an independent outfit and inculcate in it the ideas he had formed in his thirty years of soldiering.

It was to be a raider outfit. Since the work would be extra hazardous, it would be made up of volunteers. Of the 15,000 eligible marines in the area, 7,000 volunteered. Fewer than 1,000 were chosen, and these were further cut down by weeding out during training.

Applicants went through a double interrogation, first by a junior officer, then by Carlson himself. The interrogations might almost have been called confessionals. The applicants were told that nothing said would be held against them or ever repeated outside.

Just why were they volunteering for a duty which might cost their lives? Could they kill an enemy with their bare hands? Could they cut a man's throat? Did they like to fight? What did they think of the war? Of the Marine Corps? Of the enemy?

"The whole *gung ho* system is based on the individual soldier," Carlson explained. "I wanted to know as much about each one of them—his intelligence, adaptability, initiative—as an employer would want to know about a key man he intended hiring. At the same time I wanted him to feel that he was more than a serial number to me. He was that certain individual, John Smith or Ignace Poniatowski, and if he passed muster we were going on to do a job together—he and I."

THE questionnaires revealed some curious case histories. There was the Kentucky feudist—call him Hatfield, though that wasn't his name. He wanted to kill plenty of Japs because the McCoy boys had joined the Army, and if he didn't do more'n they did his pappy'd whale the daylights out of him, big as he was.

A number had lost relatives at Pearl Harbor and on Bataan and were seeking the shortest way to get at a Jap's throat. One man who had fought with the Lincoln Brigade in Spain said: "It's all part of the same war—the war on Fascism."

A rather undersized but stocky youth said he had always been called a no-good kid ever since his stepfather pushed him out on the streets of Brooklyn after his mother died. He just wanted to prove he was good for something, after all.

There was an ordained minister. There were farm boys, small-town boys, boys from the cities, Jews, Gentiles, German-Americans, Italian-Americans, four American Indians, a heavyweight boxer, the son of a canned-soup millionaire, an Armenian from the Saroyan country who became one of the outstanding heroes of the outfit. One by one, they passed through Carlson's office.

He took his time with each one, asking questions in his gentle voice, weighing answers.

When the men were finally chosen, training proceeded along two parallel lines. One was the ordinary line of physical fitness, proficiency with weapone, drill, tactics. The other Carlson called "ethical indoctrination." His "*gung ho* meetings." These opened with song, usually the Marines' hymn, and ended with the national anthem. Through a loud-speaker he would open the meeting with the call. "Ahoy, Raiders!" and be answered by a shout of "Hi, Raider!" He would give a brief talk and then turn the meeting over to the men. Any private soldier was privileged to speak his mind on any subject, to suggest or to criticize.

"My first step was to abolish all social distinctions between officers and men," Carlson said. "There must be obedience, of course. That was the cornerstone of everything. But I told my officers they must command by virtue of their ability to command, not by possession of a piece of paper. Their rank meant nothing until they had proved their right to it by their actions.

"Officers and men ate the same food, slept under the same conditions. If not enough beer, for instance, came out to camp for all of us, no one had any.

"Next we attacked all discrimination based on the type of work a man might be doing. It was the way a man did his work, not the work itself, that counted.

"Finally we adopted *gung ho* as a yardstick. Any action was *gung ho* or it wasn't. To help a man out of a tight spot, to jump in and do anything that needed doing without asking whose turn it was to do it—that was *gung ho.* Believe me, the farther we got into the jungle and hand-to-hand battle, the more we leaned on *gung ho.*"

As training progressed, each step was discussed in meeting: the reason for it, the best way to accomplish it, the results. Everything was examined through the eyes of youth, accustomed to look for short cuts and improvements.

When the outfit went into battle the same system was followed. The imminent action was outlined in meeting by Colonel Carlson. The objective was described, together with the steps by which it was hoped to accomplish it.

"Every man was told exactly what his part in the plan was to be," said Carlson. "If he thought he had a better idea, he stated it. If his plan sold itself to the rest of us, we adopted it. If it didn't we invariably unsold the proponent."

After every battle the action was discussed with absolute freedom. In the first meeting after the Makin raid, a corporal rose.

"Sir," he said, "I don't think it was a good idea to have to meet the submarines at a certain time. If we could have waited until the surf went down, just called the subs by radio when we wanted them to come up, I think we could have saved some casualties."

"You're right," said Carlson promptly. "There was a special reason we did it this time—but I'll never do it again."

But usually, Carlson says, the remarks were self-criticism. If an officer had made a miscue, he called attention to it before any one else had a chance.

Coming out of Guadalcanal, Carlson's Raiders expected a brief rest and then another raid. Next time they hoped it would be somewhere in Japan itself. Instead, the Second Battalion was consolidated with three others into a Marine Raider Regiment. Carlson was put second in command, and the *gung ho* system was discarded. Carlson himself, sick with malaria, came home for hospitalization. He has since been returned to active duty, but to a staff job at Camp Pendleton, California.

THE END

LITTLE LOSS

Women who manage without a maid
Find that it's what they prefer,
Since maids aren't what they used to be—
Besides they never were!

—*MAY RICHSTONE.*

THERE'S NO HOT WATER IN A FOX-HOLE—
(NOR AT BASE CAMP EITHER)

—THAT'S WHY I BET ON LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM FOR QUICKER, EASIER SHAVES WITH COLD WATER OR EVEN A USED BLADE!

LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE

• Here's why Lifebuoy's "stay-moist" lather gives easier, better shaves than other drier lathers—*even with cold water and a used blade!* It's because Lifebuoy picks up and holds longer *more moisture* than any other popular shaving cream! Try it.

You'll like its mild fragrance

LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM HOLDS MOISTURE LIKE A CAMEL

AT SODA FOUNTAINS

Guth COLA

ERNEST C. GUTH, INC.-BALTIMORE, MD.

THE BEST FIVE CENT DRINK

One dash makes fish sure taste delish!
HEINZ
57
SAUCE
BEEFSTEAK CHOPS-GRAVIES FISH-CHEESE
MADE BY H.J.HEINZ COMPANY

• Equally popular for use in the kitchen or at the table, Heinz 57 Sauce is the condiment all America is asking for! Rare tropical and domestic fruits and vegetables—richly spiced—give this patiently aged sauce matchless zest and man-appeal. You'll like it in gravies, stews—on eggs or chops!

Heinz

57-SAUCE

17 flavors blended into one

BUY A WAR BOND
TODAY - - - FOR SURE

SMOKING TOO MUCH?

Get a * **ZEUS**

Filter CIGARETTE HOLDER

Eliminates major part of nicotine and tars—by official laboratory test

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

USE ANY CIGARETTE IN HOLDER AS FILTER
BEFORE
AFTER
after smoking 20-30 cigarettes
$1

"SMOKE ALL YOU LIKE —like all you smoke"

AT ALL GOOD STORES L & H Stern, Inc., B'klyn, N. Y.

SOUND-TRACK STAR

Continued from Page 30

place in which they, and incidentally Smith himself, have ever found themselves was in the stratosphere testing laboratories of Douglas Aircraft in Santa Monica. There, in a temperature equal to that found at an altitude of 40,000 feet, all hands wore diver-like clothes.

"The hottest place is always while doing the Polly Patterson cooking shorts—you put the duck in the upper berth of a hot oven," reveals Pete Smith. "Apart from the heat of the heavy lighting that Technicolor demands, all the ovens are going at once, and we never remember to dress for the occasion."

Pete Smith shorts call for the old silent screen technique. The actors do not talk and have to convey every emotion in pantomime. "Most of them are not up to it," says Smith. "Frankly, the most intelligent actor we've ever had in one of our pictures was the seal in Social Lions. Gifted with superhuman intelligence, he was Boyer at his best."

Pete kids his "actors" mercilessly. Describing an Indian ball game, he introduced "Chief Hasenpfeffer, who has a fighting heart and a floating kidney." Once he described a motorcycle stuntster as "Flying Mercurochrome." Other characters in the Pete Smith gag gallery include Count Splashbottom, noted diver; Hugh Hightonsil, prominent lawyer; Dashing Jack Ginsberg, matinee idol; Horse Pistol Pete, fearless cowboy; Arsenic Annie, who is walking poison; and Low Gear O'Toole, the Irish hurler, so named because he was shifty.

WITH a top budget of $25,000, these pictures are never more than three days in the making. Preparation, however, is a different matter. The radium subject was in process of getting ready for the cameras exactly one year. The casts of these pictures are limited—rarely more than four characters and mostly only one. One exception was Marines in the Making, which boasted a cast of several hundred honest-to-goodness marines.

Sets also are strictly limited, because Pete Smith has long since learned that elaborate or complicated backgrounds tend to slow down proceedings. All tendency to yield to extravagance is crushed at preliminary story conferences, at which any and every one can be present, and usually is.

To date, the most expensive production Pete Smith has ever made was in connection with the filming of Fala, the President's dog. This picture ran way up above usual budget allowances, because so many trips to Washington had to be made. "As for Fala, there's another natural-born actor for you. Just a ham." The production crew cleaned Washington's largest dime store out of horns, squeakers, and other attention-getting toys, in a vain effort to make Fala cock his head or wag his tail.

Trickery is never resorted to in these pictures, and sometimes Pete Smith has found it necessary to include a signed affidavit in order to convey that what follows is authentic. This was done when Follow the Arrow showed that the traditional William Tell episode could really have happened. Here the affidavit shared equally with the actual demonstration—that of a person having an apple on his head pierced by an arrow—in convincing the audience.

Pete Smith has made pictures dealing with every form of animal life from dogs to raccoons. He it was, too, who chose to wed the short short story of the magazines to the short subject of the movie theaters. He first united the two by purchasing Liberty's short short The Grand Bounce and making it into a picture. Today his shorts are deep in the war effort. Seventh Column treats of the accident problem, and his latest, Scrap Happy, of the scrap-metal drive.

About the early part of his life Peter Gridley Smith has this to say: "I was born in New York and raised in Hell's Kitchen, where your fist was your fortune. A frail youngster, I had to learn to talk fast to keep out of trouble, and the knack still serves me." He got his first taste of show business by putting on amateur minstrel shows. Once, when his star comedian walked out, he acted as end man himself and cleaned up a net profit of $2.53. From then on, show business was in his blood. His parents insisting that he should go to business school, he did so. He found a job that paid six dollars a week as a stenographer, couldn't read his own shorthand, wrote most of the letters purely from memory, got a dollar-a-year raise for three years, and figured finally there was no real future to it. So he became secretary of an organization of vaudeville actors.

He was an advertising solicitor when he landed a job as movie critic on Billboard—this only by being honest enough to confess that he knew nothing about movies. In addition, he reviewed burlesque shows. All went well until a burlesque show played a return engagement. Anxious to go to a ball game, Pete repeated his previous review of the show. Unfortunately, the comedian had broken his leg the day before the reopening.

A BASE HIT

A Jap soldier camped on Attu
Fell flat when Yank bombs played
tattoo.
Then he sighed, "Velly solly
For miserable folly.
Lose face and place where me sat,
too!"

—DON MOORE.

Next step was the launching of a career as press agent. Pete headed for Hollywood. There, for fifteen years, he press-agented, crashing national headlines again and again. Once he effectively masqueraded an actor as President Wilson and nearly broke up the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco.

But ten years as publicity head of M-G-M finally convinced him that he was in a rut. Although he could have been made a producer of epics, he didn't want it. His new job, whatever it was going to be, should be short, sweet, and permanent. No worrying over projects months and millions in the making. It was then that some one told him that five thousand feet of rodeo footage was going to waste. The rest you know.

THE END

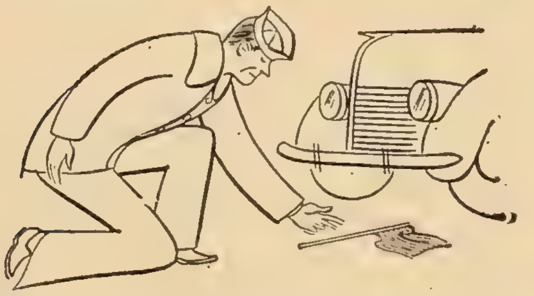
Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

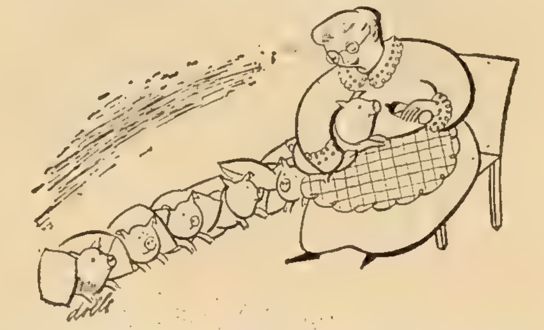
THE NEW WOMAN: In the good old days it was enough for a woman to be a competent wife and mother, one hand on the cradle, the other on the stove. Today husbands expect their wives to be a noble blend of Ilka Chase, Betty Grable, Whistler's Mother, Florence Nightingale, and Fanny Farmer, even though Mom may also be doing the laundry and welding a battleship. We must be good sports, good cooks, good hostesses, good women, good soldiers, good mothers, good listeners, good talkers, and good lookers. P.S.: We're having more fun than grandmother had.

TWO OUT OF THREE: Guy Moffett, assistant to William H. McReynolds, Office for Personnel Management, Executive Office of the President, says that two out of every three people in government jobs will lose them after the war—probably within six months after the shooting is over. Says he: "The civilian force of the government may be expected to shrink from 3,500,000 to its prewar level of approximately 1,000,000 in a relatively short time." Since the service has expanded about threefold, it is natural to expect it to regain its slimmer prewar figure. How many of the dear departed will be absorbed by private industry, no one can say. Reinstatement of veterans both in private industry and government will come first, so smart citizens will manage somehow to salt away a nest egg to nibble when the rainy day comes. . . . Nest eggs in the shape of War Bonds make sense, cents, and dollars.

EVERY DAY IS FLAG DAY: The traffic was heavy on Connecticut Avenue in Washington, but not too heavy for two sailors driving a sedan to spot a tiny flag lying in the middle of the street. Carefully they slowed down and stopped in front of it, so that one reverent gob could disembark, rescue the flag, and return with it to his buddy. No self-consciousness, no laughing it off—just a patriot doing right by his flag.



INFANT PRODIGY DEPARTMENT: At Massachusetts General Hospital two-year-old Jean Coppinger underwent an operation for the removal of a nickel lodged in her throat. She proved to be a hoarder. Surgeons retrieved the nickel but found a dime with it. . . . Twenty-three baby pigs were left motherless last March on the farm of Mrs. Conrad Stieglitz near Melvin, Iowa. Though sixty-seven years old, Mrs. Stieglitz never relaxed in her struggle to save the baby porkers. For five weeks she fed them with nursing bottles, and kept them warm with bags of hot sand. Then she taught them to drink from a trough. Result: They all lived, and now average 180 to 200 pounds. Total: Nearly 5,000 pounds of pork. . . . First baby born in a Nevada bus was the surprised daughter of astonished Mrs. Rosie Basket. When Driver Fred Nazarene saw what was cooking, he ordered the other passengers out, till Baby Basket had arrived. The bus company promised her a $100 War Bond for being their first arrival en route.



LONELY HEARTS: Many women, successful in business, are far from bright in their handling of the men they marry—or would like to marry. Women should never be *too* smart. Men don't like it. Really smart women play dumb at strategic moments, and never let their swains develop an inferiority complex, which wrecks so many love matches.

SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR

When he's hungry, tired, or hurt,
Baby clings to Momma's skirt.
His occasional dejection
Fans the flame of his affection.
And I notice, when disaster
Overtakes my lord and master,
He seems very little older
In his weakness for my shoulder.

SHORT ON RATION STAMPS?—Recipes for Cooking Muskrat Meat may be obtained free of charge from the Fish and Wildlife Service of the U. S. Department of the Interior. If that hungry, write direct to Washington, D. C., and ask for Wildlife Leaflet No. 229. Their meat may be fried or broiled if the muskrats are young. For older animals, stewing is indicated.

BRIGHT SAYINGS: Eavesdropping in Washington, we hear that far too many of our war agencies overlap, tangle, and do a muddling job. "But," said the distinguished walrus at a table close to our eager earlobe, "though the frustrated civilian agencies are despised by the military, they're all part of the omelet, and occasionally show through like parsley."

. . . and be sure it's a GENUINE-REGISTERED **Keepsake**

THAT'S an order from headquarters soldier! And good stategy, too . . . because that lovely lady of yours knows that the enduring beauty and true value of a "Keepsake" makes it the perfect symbol of the engagement. The Keepsake Certificate of Guarantee and Registration is part of your purchase. See the new matched sets at your Keepsake Jeweler . . . to $2500.

IF YOU ARE OVERSEAS *you may send a money order to the person to whom you want to give a "Keepsake" and have that person write to us for the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. There are Authorized Keepsake Jewelers in practically every city and town in the United States, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Hawaii and Alaska.*

WESTBURY Set 475.00
Engagement Ring 400.00

LYNWOOD Set 235.00
Engagement Ring 225.00

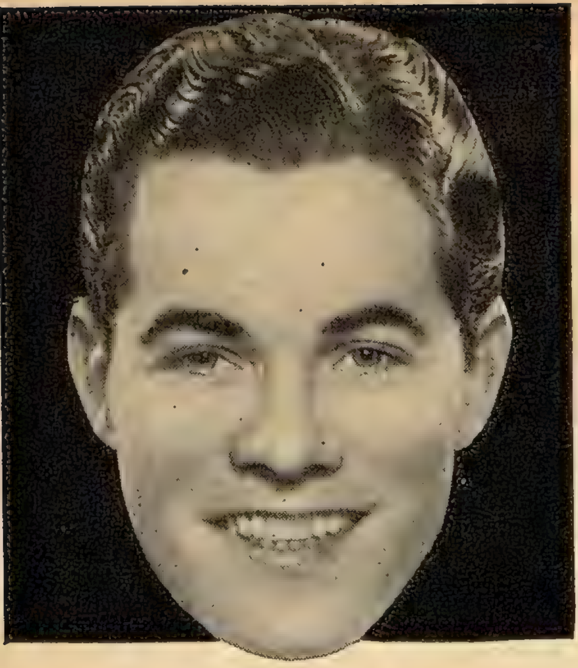
RAMONA Set 212.50
Engagement Ring 150.00

Substitutes may be offered
but if it is a "Keepsake"
the name is in the ring.
Rings enlarged to show details.

GENUINE-REGISTERED
Keepsake
DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RINGS

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.
Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of "Keepsake" Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name ....
Street and No...........
City..........*LY 11-43*



YOUR

appearance depends upon the care you give your

HAIR

Loose dandruff disappears with daily applications of

JERIS

for Loose Dandruff

At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Notice of change of address should be sent not less than four weeks prior to the date change becomes effective. Send the address at which copies are now being received and the new address at which you wish to receive copies.

LIBERTY
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Makes All-Day Standing Easy On Your Feet

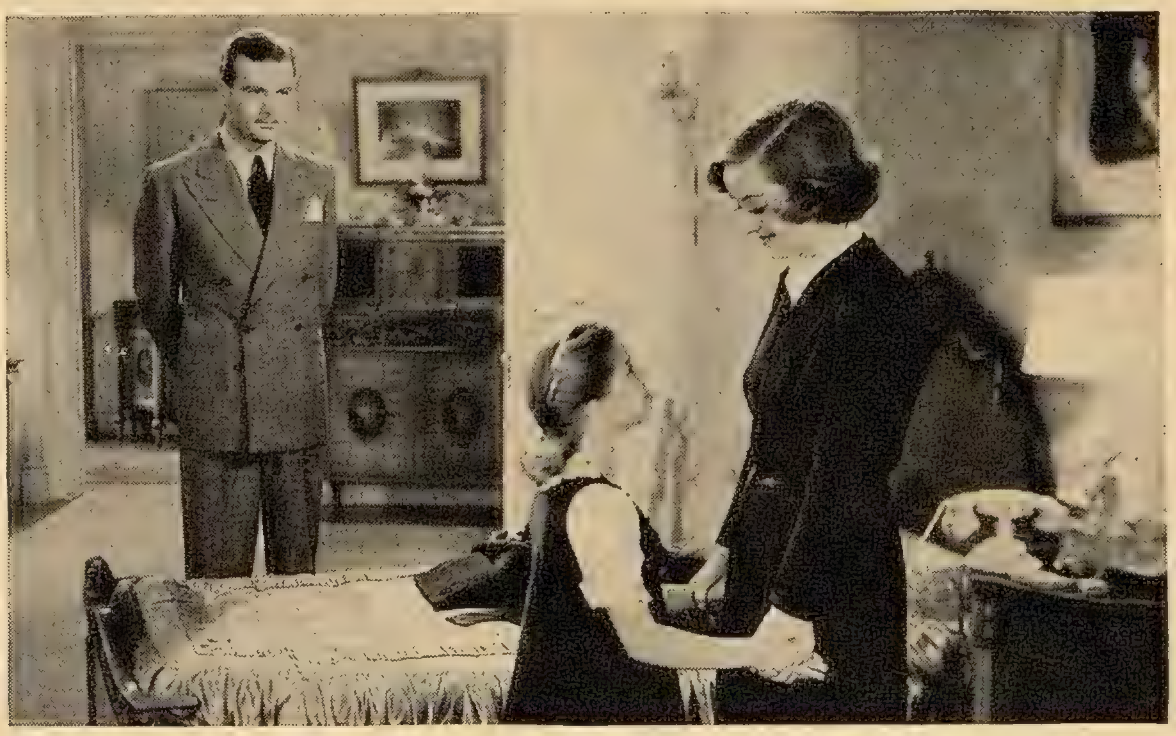
If you are on your feet all day—walking the floor or standing in front of a machine — just sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease on your feet and into your shoes every morning. This soothing powder really brings quick relief from the discomfort of tired, burning feet. When feet tend to swell and shoes feel pinched from all day standing, try Allen's Foot-Ease to relieve this congestion. Also acts to absorb excessive perspiration and prevent offensive foot odors. If you want real foot comfort, be sure to ask for Allen's Foot-Ease — the easy, simple way to all-day standing and walking comfort. At all druggists.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD

OLD ACQUAINTANCE

(Warner Brothers)
Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins



Millie's husband (John Loder) and child (Francine Ruffo) both adore Kit.

ONE of the fables about Hollywood is that movie makers like to repeat themselves—especially when they have a successful trend or a starring team to play with.

Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins, co-starring in The Old Maid, were a smash hit in 1939. The critics raved, the audiences poured into the theater, and everybody was happy—especially the Warner Brothers, who promptly started looking for another vehicle to repeat their success with the Davis-Hopkins team.

Unfortunately the play they chose does not live up to their previous effort. Making a stage play into a movie has always been a ticklish proposition, especially if the play is neither extremely good nor very recent. Old Acquaintance was a fairly static play, relying almost entirely on conversation rather than physical action. As a result, this screen version of John Van Druten's play of several seasons ago emerges on the screen as a dated melodrama with little of the humor of the original.

Old Acquaintance is a character study of two women who have been friends since childhood. The film starts as both women embark on writing careers. Millie (Miriam Hopkins), a spoiled female who writes trashy novels for the money and fame involved, is insanely jealous of her friend Kit (Bette Davis), the sophisticated, gracious author of "literary" books and plays.

Millie's husband (John Loder) finally leaves his selfish wife and asks Kit to marry him. She loves him, but refuses because of her friendship for Millie. But this is not the end of Kit's passion for self-sacrifice, which assumes angel-like proportions before the final climax.

Good direction and competent performances (Bette Davis is the only one who really delivers) would have made Old Acquaintance a better picture. As it stands, however, it will appeal mostly to those who like their sentiment in large doses.

Kit and Millie, the old friends of the title, settle down to middle age.

TRUE TO LIFE

(Paramount)

Mary Martin, Dick Powell, Franchot Tone

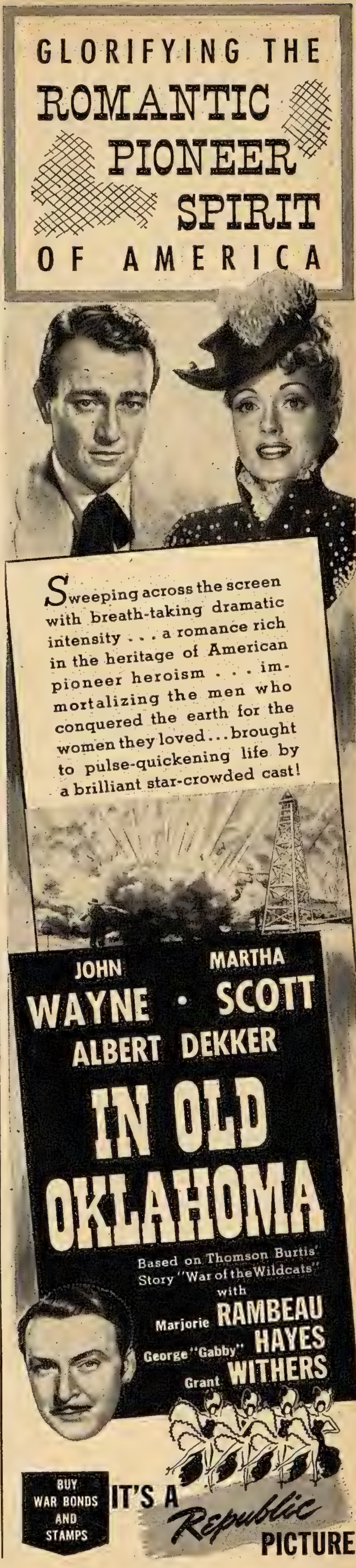
HERE'S a pleasant little comedy with no great pretensions and more than a few laughs. It's about two radio serial writers—Dick Powell and Franchot Tone—who run dry of ideas. Desperately in need of inspiration, Powell unearths the wacky Porter family—consisting of Mary Martin, Victor Moore, and a few other uninhibited characters—worms his way into their home and proceeds to use their dialogue and behavior in this new soap opera. Most of the plot centers around keeping the Porters from finding out that they have become the most famous family on the radio. There are romantic complications to spice things up, but mostly True to Life is honest straightforward slapstick. Victor Moore is his usual funny self, Mary Martin sings a bit, and radio's soap operas take a good-humored ribbing.

CORVETTE K225

(Universal)

Randolph Scott, James Brown, Ella Raines

WE'VE had Air Force (about Flying Fortresses), Action in the North Atlantic (about Liberty ships), and an assortment of pictures about bombers, destroyers, and submarines—so why not a picture about corvettes? Now those tiny (200-foot) gun-bristling convoy escorts take their turn before the cameras and prove themselves mighty good actors. Corvette K225 is the story of the maiden voyage of one of these valuable little ships and the crew who man her. Packed with action, lurking submarines, diving Stukas, tense watches on foggy nights—the story is only slightly dressed up with a Hollywood love theme. With Producer Howard Hawks (who made Air Force) plotting the course and Randolph Scott at the helm, Corvette K225 comes through a busy little picture just right on a good double bill.



GLORIFYING THE ROMANTIC PIONEER SPIRIT OF AMERICA

Sweeping across the screen with breath-taking dramatic intensity . . . a romance rich in the heritage of American pioneer heroism . . . immortalizing the men who conquered the earth for the women they loved . . . brought to pulse-quickening life by a brilliant star-crowded cast!

JOHN WAYNE · MARTHA SCOTT

ALBERT DEKKER

IN OLD OKLAHOMA

Based on Thomson Burtis' Story "War of the Wildcats"

with

Marjorie RAMBEAU

George "Gabby" HAYES

Grant WITHERS

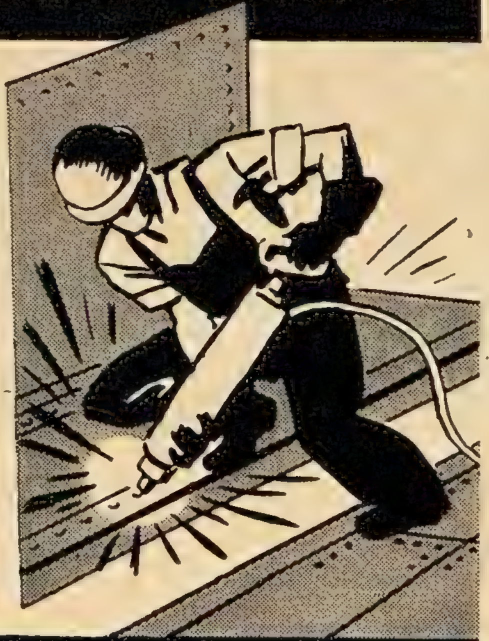
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

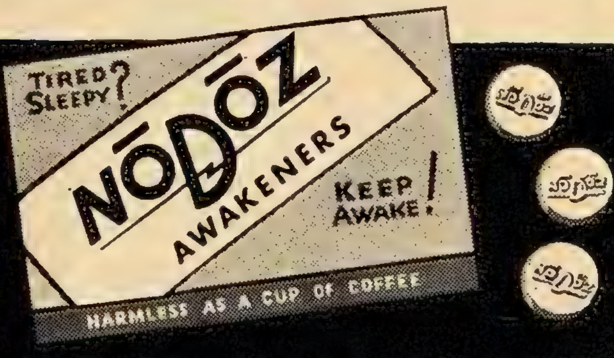
IT'S A Republic PICTURE

How to **KEEP AWAKE** ON THE "GRAVEYARD SHIFT"

Thousands of Americans behind desks, driving cars, on production lines, use NoDoz Awakeners to keep awake, alert and more efficient. When the going gets tough and you have a job to do —*don't take a chance* . . . TAKE A NODOZ AWAKENER!

For trial-size package, send 10c to NoDoz Awakeners, Tribune Tower, Dept. L-8, Oakland 12, California
This offer not good after Nov. 30, 1943





AT YOUR DRUGGIST 25¢

Over fifty million NoDoz Awakeners have been used since 1933

WHEN WE WIN . . . YOU CAN BUY THE THINGS YOU WANT IF YOU SAVE NOW IN **WAR BONDS**

PIPE CLEANERS *NOT* ESSENTIAL WITH MEDICO FILTERED SMOKING

The mouthpiece *stays clean* at all times, thanks to the patented 66 Baffle Filter which retains flakes —slugs—and absorbs moisture. When *filter is discolored,* it has done its job. Discard it and put in a fresh one—costs only ONE CENT. If moisture from tobacco causes slight accumulation in bottom of bowl, simply insert pick or awl through shank to insure free draft. Medico Filtered Smoking is clean—sanitary —mild, and unbelievably improves taste and aroma of your favorite tobacco.

ABSORBENT FILTERS for Frank MEDICO
PAT'D BAFFLE SCREEN INTERIOR WITH "CELLOPHANE" EXTERIOR

GENUINE FILTERS FOR MEDICO PACKED ONLY IN THIS RED & BLACK BOX

Frank MEDICO—STILL ONE DOLLAR WITH BOX OF FILTERS FREE!

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

BEST FOOT FORWARD (M-G-M). Lucille Ball, William Gaxton. . . . *Musical comedy* (a glamorous movie star spends a hectic week-end at a boys' military academy).

CLAUDIA (20th Century-Fox). Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Ina Claire. . . . *Comedy-drama* (a pair of newlyweds discover that being adult doesn't mean you're grown up).

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount). Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Katina Paxinou. . . . *Drama* (the screen version of Ernest Hemingway's novel about love and war in Spain).

GIRL CRAZY (M-G-M). Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney. . . . *Musical comedy* (M-G-M's version of the Gershwin stage show that started Ginger Rogers and Ethel Merman off in '30).

HEAVEN CAN WAIT (20th Century-Fox). Don Ameche, Gene Tierney, Charles Coburn. . . . *Comedy-drama* (a man dies and applies for admittance to hell—sure heaven won't have him. He tells his story).

LASSIE COME HOME (M-G-M). Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Elsa Lanchester, Dame May Whitty. . . . *Drama* (the poignant story of the love and devotion of a dog for her master).

PRINCESS O'ROURKE (Warner Bros.). Olivia de Havilland, Charles Coburn, Robert Cummings. . . . *Comedy* (princess in exile chooses an American pilot for her prince consort—and ends up plain Mrs. O'Rourke).

SAHARA (Columbia). Humphrey Bogart. . . . *War drama* (an American tank crew lose their company and make their mark on North African sands).

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY (20th Century-Fox). Betty Grable, Robert Young. . . . *Musical* (an ex-burlesque artiste goes swanky and is put in her place by a Police Gazette reporter. Time: roaring '80s).

THE CITY THAT STOPPED HITLER—STALINGRAD (Paramount). . . . *Documentary* (a dramatic record of the 162-day Battle of Stalingrad).

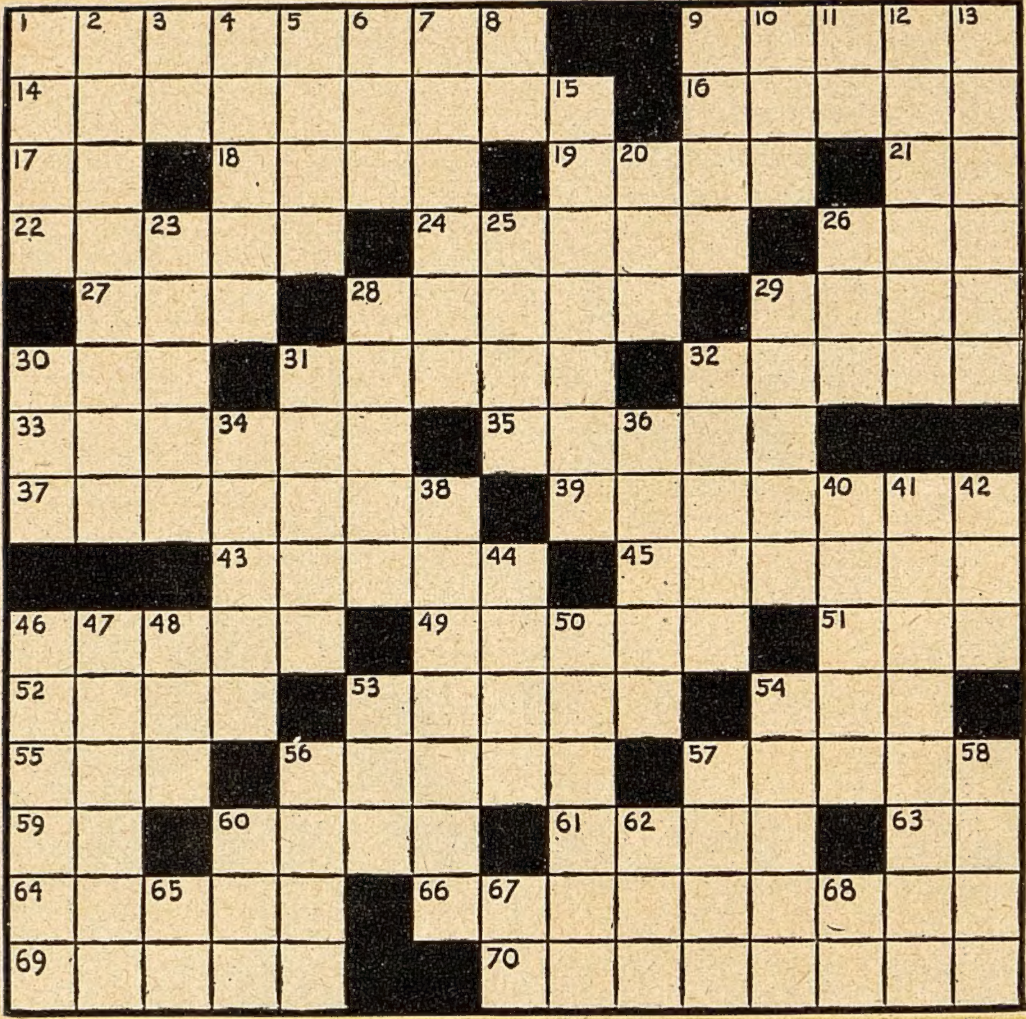
THIS IS THE ARMY (Warner Bros.). U. S. Army. . . . *Musical* (movie version of those two great all-soldier shows—Yip, Yip, Yaphank and This Is the Army).

THOUSANDS CHEER (M-G-M). All-star cast. . . . *Musical* (Metro's parade of stars plus José Iturbi and a nice love story.

WATCH ON THE RHINE (Warner Bros.). Paul Lukas, Bette Davis. . . . *Drama* (the story of an anti-Fascist who fights and lives for freedom).

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 A Yank, Limey, Ozzie, Chink or Rooshian
9 Mighty snazzy
14 Get into one if you want to keep warm this winter (two wds.)
16 Pegler bait
17 Two letters that don't mean a darned thing
18 They're little better than nothing at all
19 Even he didn't wear the fig leaf of the fambly
21 When Greek cows meet Greek cows they do what?
22 What the Nazi army does every day in weakness
24 He has no mind of his own
26 A Roman kiss
27 Scientists predict fish from them in the future
28 If persistent and abusive he's not one (two wds.)
29 If your steak tastes like leather, you must surrender this coupon
30 Fifth Avenue "gang"
31 It set in after the Bore War
32 Indoor stationary polo
33 Where our finest hamburger's coming from
35 Manufacture sheet music
37 Designates
39 Plucky things
43 Flighty things
45 A trying person
46 Glamorous coat
49 Kind of heads the battling brewers were at
51 Tito had his eye knocked out getting in here
52 Pressing engagement (you'll have to take a buss)
53 Tender
54 May in France
55 Lowered the groceries from the entrance to the cellar
56 Modern sky scraper
57 Rumba, military style
59 Something it's nice to dish out and take (abbr.)

S	T	E	W	■	■	S	A	M	P	A	N	■
A	R	G	O	■	M	I	R	A	C	L	E	S
G	I	■	M	A	E	W	E	S	T	■	R	A
■	L	I	E	D	■	A	S	K	■	C	O	D
B	L	O	N	D	E	S	■	S	U	H	■	■
I	I	O	■	L	A	H	R	■	G	A	R	■
G	O	O	B	E	R	■	I	G	O	R	O	T
■	N	O	R	■	S	A	G	A	■	I	C	E
■	■	O	A	F	■	B	A	Z	O	O	K	A
A	M	O	■	E	E	L	■	E	S	T	E	■
S	O	■	M	A	N	A	S	S	A	■	T	B
P	O	L	A	R	I	Z	E	■	G	A	T	E
■	R	I	B	■	D	E	W	■	E	D	E	N

Last week's answer

60 Even these are crowded on trains
61 A Man o' War fly swatter
63 1 minus a thousand
64 A shocking expression
66 Ice cube from heaven
69 So small you can put 'em in your eye
70 They serf a lot of heels, but have a great sense of humus

VERTICAL

1 Speech with wings
2 Soldiers' favorite pack, streamlined (pl.)
3 Rumpot's Love (abbr.)
4 Rationed item; victim: Ma Hubbard's dog (two wds.)
5 Cracks in the humorist's head
6 To erp backward
7 Put salt on a shavetail and what have you?
8 Old-line conservative (abbr.)
9 Only thing an old maid finds under her bed
10 A kind of meaty Fish
11 What the Ancient Mariner was (abbr.)
12 Guys who make love in balconies
13 Plums that worry
15 Precipitating toms and water spaniels
20 What a teardrop will do to an i
23 Greek eyes
25 Member of the Roman idol class
26 Short article
28 An aunt in Brooklyn
29 Closes in the Ozarks
30 Souse Samerican Aceboxes (abbr.)
31 Most watchful place in America
32 Ye heard him yelling all night how well things were going
34 Mechanical shanks' mares
36 Un-private sanctum
38 On the I-love-I type
40 Rose juice
41 Something press agents aren't
42 It hangs around trains, theaters, night spots (abbr.)
44 Here's an opening for a Georgia cracker
46 Performed on the athletic bread knives
47 Herr Death
48 Pointed directions (abbr.)
50 Mademoiselle from Armentiere's dotter
53 Worn in the bushings
54 A pain in the Axis' soft underbelly
56 Guys whose skins you love to touch—with a bayonet
57 A ball and chain of tomorrow
58 Old-fashioned weed killers
60 If you do, you may look unseamly
62 A bit of a bit of the South
65 Rubber Ostriches (abbr.)
67 A newsy wire service (abbr.)
68 Best place to keep your hair

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"I'VE WORN Carhartt OVERALLS FOR OVER 50 YEARS"

When you're giving something extra in your war job you should expect something extra in comfort, fit and wear from your work clothes. You can get these extras by wearing Carhartt Work Clothes. Made from stout Sanforized Carhartt Master Cloth—their better tailoring and workmanship, their experienced design and stronger reinforcing and lock stitching make Carhartt's America's outstanding work uniforms. Carhartt has always gone sleds length in giving you the best that money can buy with its famous 50 year old money back guarantee.

Carhartt washable work caps are skillfully tailored, full cut for lasting wear, comfort fit and neat appearance.

On sale at your local dealers

HAMILTON CARHARTT OVERALL CO.
Detroit, Mich. Carhartt Park, Ky.
Atlanta, Ga. Dallas, Texas

Carhartt
UNION MADE WORK CLOTHES
50 Years a Friend to Organized Labor

don't WORRY ABOUT RUPTURE

Why put up with years of needless discomfort and worry? Try a Brooks Automatic Air Cushion. This marvelous appliance permits the opening to close, yet holds reducible rupture securely, comfortably—day and night. Thousands report amazing results. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or stiff springs to chafe or gouge. Made for men, women and children. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Never sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan and proof of results. Correspondence confidential.

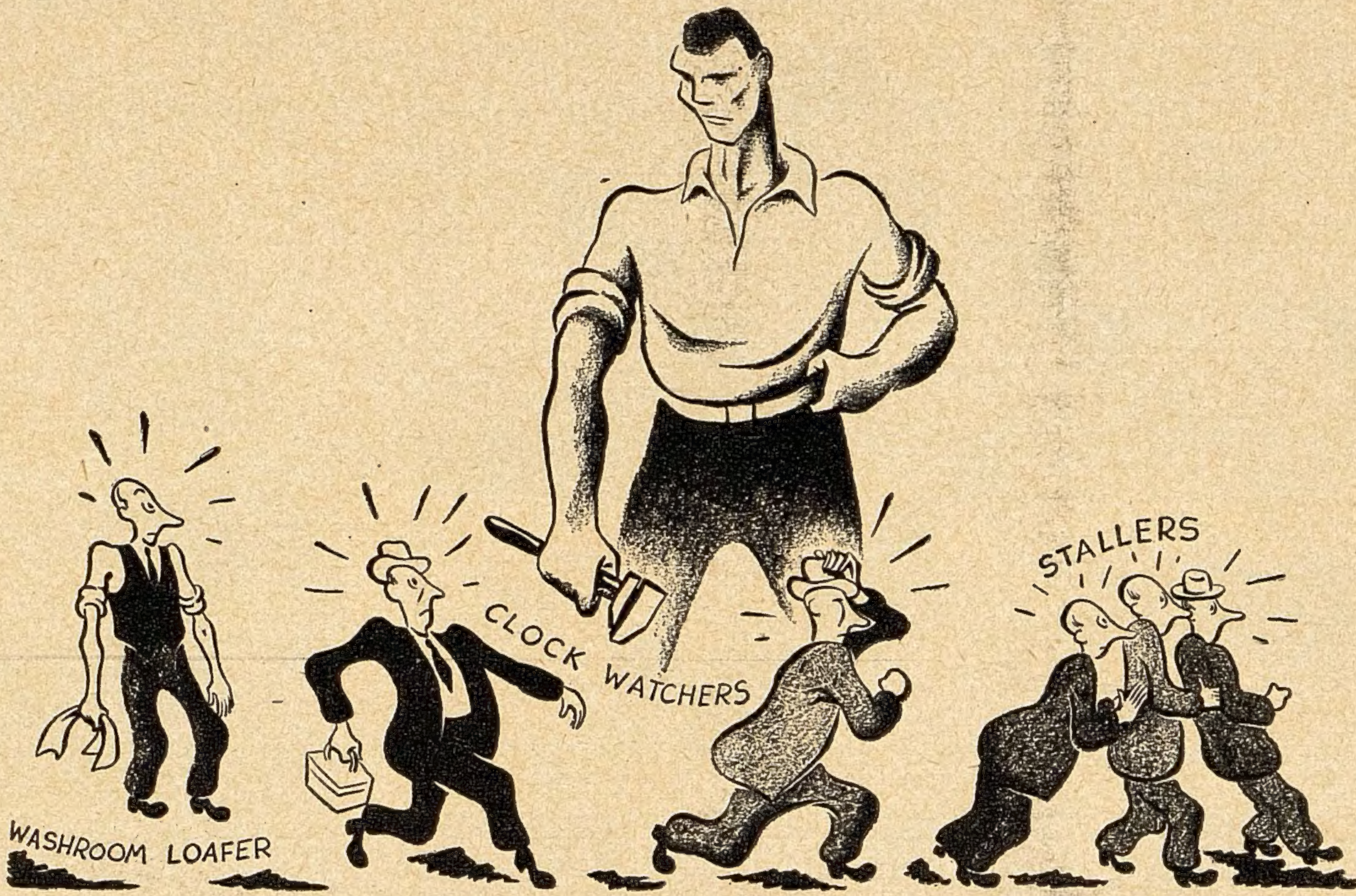
BROOKS COMPANY 210-B State St., Marshall, Mich.

DOES YOUR LAXATIVE Suit You?

It's easy to determine the exact amount of pleasant-tasting Innerclean Herbal Laxative you may need occasionally for pleasant yet *satisfying* thoroughness. Follow the simple directions on the package, for a single, natural-like movement without purging. No brewing, no fuss, no bother. Economical! A 50c package lasts months. Must satisfy 100% or money back. All druggists.

FREE
Generous trial supply.
Write Dept. 26B
INNERCLEAN CO.
Los Angeles 21, Calif.

INNERCLEAN HERBAL LAXATIVE



THE DIGNITY OF LABOR

BACK in 1884, when Grover Cleveland accepted the nomination for President, he wrote, "A truly American sentiment recognizes the dignity of labor and the fact that honor lies in honest toil."

The thought expressed, of course, is indisputable. The man who produces an honest day's work for an honest day's pay need bow to no one. When the day is done, he and his boss are even. They hold each other in mutual respect—even in admiration.

The workman can go home to his family with his head high and a feeling of satisfaction with the free and independent American system under which he can look anybody in the eye and tell him to go to hell if need be.

Most men who work for a living cherish the dignity of labor, but there are some who undermine it.

These are the ones who want the honest day's pay without putting forth the honest day's effort—the stallers, the washroom loafers, the clock watchers, the clever boys who think it is smart to put something over on the boss.

These, whether in overalls, slacks, or white collars, detract from the dignity of labor and disrupt the efforts of the honest majority who enjoy the deep satisfaction of earning their money.

Every factory, office, and retail store has its stallers. Help is hard to get now, and they know it. Therefore they abuse their privileges more flagrantly than usual, realizing the boss has to keep the wheels turning and would rather have halfway workmen than none at all. They take advantage of the fact that the chances of getting fired today are almost *nil.* This is doubly harmful at a time when the country needs every bit of every one's efforts to get this war over with as quickly as possible. Saving the lost man-hours caused by loafing and stalling would more than make up for the present manpower shortage.

No ready-made cure for the situation is apparent. The boss cannot do much about it. He's too hard up for help, as it is, to go around firing people, and besides, he doesn't want to install a plant Gestapo to put the finger on the stallers. Perhaps the cure for stalling lies in the hands of the stallers' fellow workmen. Those who work beside them know who they are. There are two ways in which the honest man can react to stalling going on alongside of him. He can feel he's a sap for not doing likewise. Or he can despise the fellow who ducks his share of the load and thereby detracts from the dignity of every man who labors.

If enough of the honest majority begin to despise the stallers and let them know they're despised, they'll soon either get busy or get out.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

From Stovepipe Hats to Air Raid Helmets

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

1858 STOVEPIPE HATS, target for many a boyish snowball, and satin-lapel coats were the fashion for gentlemen 85 years ago. At that time the name Corby's was first heard in connection with fine whiskey.

1898 STARCHED COLLARS, the higher the better, teamed up with Ascot ties, colorful double-breasted vests and narrow trousers to set styles for men in Corby's 40th year of respected whiskey tradition.

1910 FASHION ON THE CAMPUS in the early 1900's meant peg-top trousers and shoes with bulldog toes. Football came into style at this time, and Corby's reached its fifth decade of fame.

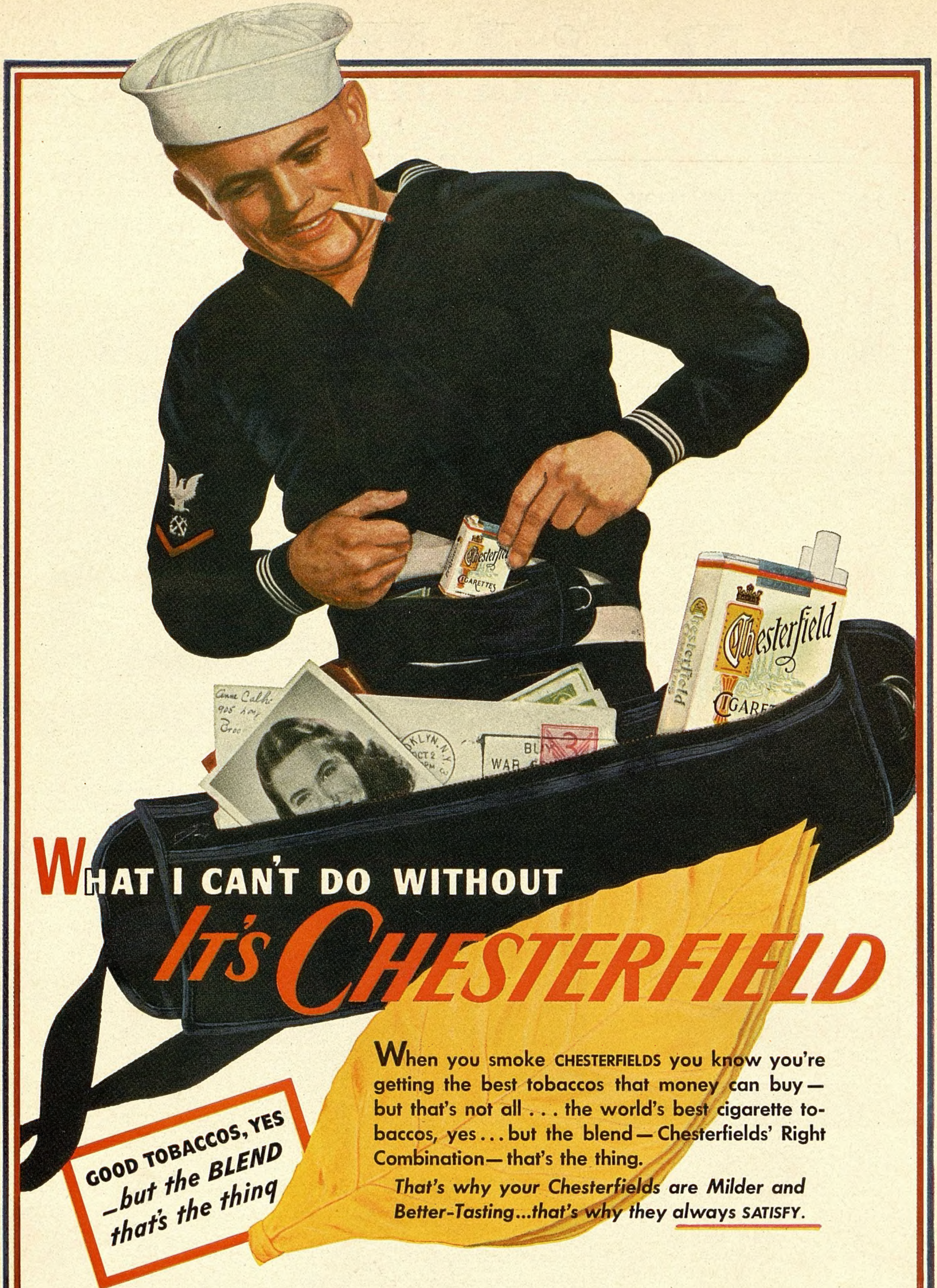
1943 BEST STYLES of today are military uniforms or the accoutrements of volunteer civilian war activities. And Corby's is going through its fourth great war as an honored whiskey name.

N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA - ILLINOIS

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

Fashion is fickle and styles may change. Corby's still stands for the light, sociable whiskey with the grand old Canadian name. Distilleries are on production of war materials. Available Corby's is being distributed as fairly as possible. *Even occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after victory.*

Back the attack-
BUY
WAR BONDS


Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
Anne Calh
905 Ave
Broo
BROOKLYN, N.Y.
OCT 2
BUY
WAR

WHAT I CAN'T DO WITHOUT

IT'S CHESTERFIELD

When you smoke CHESTERFIELDS you know you're getting the best tobaccos that money can buy—but that's not all . . . the world's best cigarette tobaccos, yes . . . but the blend—Chesterfields' Right Combination—that's the thing.

That's why your Chesterfields are Milder and Better-Tasting...that's why they always SATISFY.

GOOD TOBACCOS, YES
—but the BLEND
that's the thing

Copyright 1943, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.